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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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—Photos, National Film Board.

Autumn lingers in B.C. as the "John Antle," hospital ship of the Columbia Coast Mission, anchors at Surge Narrows, 150 miles north of Vancouver. Winter and summer, the Mission's ships journey along 24,000 miles of Canada's west coast to bring medical aid to isolated settlements. See panel, page 38.

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THE FRONT PAGE

This Is Not A Right Turn

THE American elections should not be interpreted as a strong turning to the right in American opinion. They will result in a more rightist tendency in the operations of the government, but that is not what the voters were seeking, any more than the British voters were seeking a more leftist tone in their own government when they threw out the Coalition and put in the Labor party. The British and the Americans were both seeking a change ("Had enough? Vote Republican!"), and it happened that the only possible change was leftward in one case and rightward in the other. The Republican party could make no greater mistake than to interpret these results as an indication that the voters are disposed to tolerate any great amount of reaction.

As a matter of fact there is no ground for supposing that they will make that mistake. Governor Dewey, who emerges as their most promising candidate (at the moment, but it is an early moment) for the Presidency, is incomparably less reactionary than any Southern Senator in the Democratic party. He will inevitably have a good deal of influence in Republican national councils during the next two years, and most of that influence will be exerted in teaching the more reactionary Republicans that they will have to take, and like, a great many things from a Republican Congress that they would have denounced as treason to the American way of life if they had proceeded from the Democrats; and they will learn it all right. A great deal of the Republican bitterness against Roosevelt during his second and third terms was due to failure to realize that three-quarters of what he was doing would have had to be done by any Administration that wanted to keep the country out of chaos; the nearer the Republicans come to power—and they are practically in power now—the easier it will be for them to make this discovery.

It is only in the international field that the switch over from one party to the other may be accompanied by changes of policy, and still worse, by uncertainties about future policy, which will be grave enough to be seriously embarrassing. This applies equally to international trade, now a major factor in international relations, and to military and diplomatic policies. It is perhaps fortunate that the Republicans have already achieved control of both the House and the Senate, for this gives them a measure of responsibility which will compel them to develop their ideas in these fields fairly swiftly. There is encouragement in the fact that Mr. Truman—with whom the Republicans will have to get along to some extent if they are to make their policies operative since he controls the departmental machinery — has already moved quite a long way in the "get tough with Russia" direction, which will be the natural Republican direction, and will be personally disinclined to make much of a stand for pro-Soviet ideas. He will not himself be the next Democratic candidate, and it will probably be good tactics for the Democrats to act as if he were not a Democrat at all, and proclaim that their next candidate is the man to lead the country back to Rooseveltism.

Russia and Refugees

THE policy of compulsory repatriation of all refugees, which is so strongly advocated by the Russians both in UN and in the peace conference, is one which is violently contradictory to all the established ideas of western democracy. (It is well to remember that some of our own current practices, such as the "repatriation" of certain Japanese, are just as inconsistent with those established ideas, but we disguise that fact to ourselves by arguing that the Japanese are not entitled to be treated as ordinary human beings.) To understand how it appears to the Russians we must try to look

(Continued on Page FIVE)

Stained Glass Window Craft Is Still Exclusive

First step in the construction of any stained glass window is the water-color sketch which shows client the design, colors and proportions. Above sketch is for a window in memory of a Canadian airman.

Story and Pictures by
Eric R. Adams

THERE are not many people in Canada who can claim that they work at a trade which was old when Champlain founded Quebec City in 1608, and there are probably less whose profession is so exclusive that it provides employment for only 100 people in the entire Dominion. These pictures, taken in the stained glass window studio of William Meikle and Son tell the story of a business which falls into both categories.

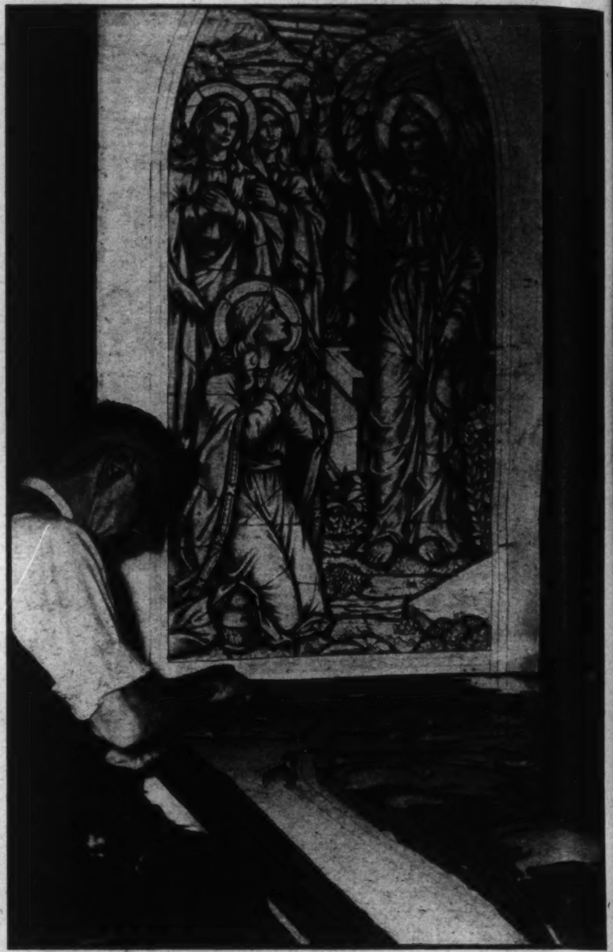
In past centuries the trade was a glamorous one. Murano, an ancient glass centre of Venice, guarded its techniques so carefully that guns fired an alarm when a craftsman escaped to another city, and the business involved so many secret processes and variable factors that no one, including the maker of the window, was any too certain about the final result.

It's somewhat different today. Glass is no longer made and colored secretly by the designers of the window. It's bought in small panes but, like the glass of centuries past, is of varying thickness, and with certain imperfections which make it sparkle and add to the richness of the window. One supplier today lists over 300 shades. Earliest windows seldom involved more than four colors, two of which usually appeared in one tone only. Ruby is the most expensive color because it is "flashed" on the glass. That is to say, the color is on the surface of the glass only. In the case of most other colors it goes all the way through.

It is customary in stained glass window designing nearly always to use certain colors for certain religious figures. Christ, for example, is usually garbed in ruby and the Virgin Mary in blue. It is quite possible, therefore, to recognize major figures even in the case of less conventional designs, some of which show Christ without a beard.

At the present time memorial windows, in memory of sons lost in the war, are being ordered by wealthier churchgoers in various parts of the Dominion.

All windows are specially designed and average jobs take six months to complete. A large window takes about a year.



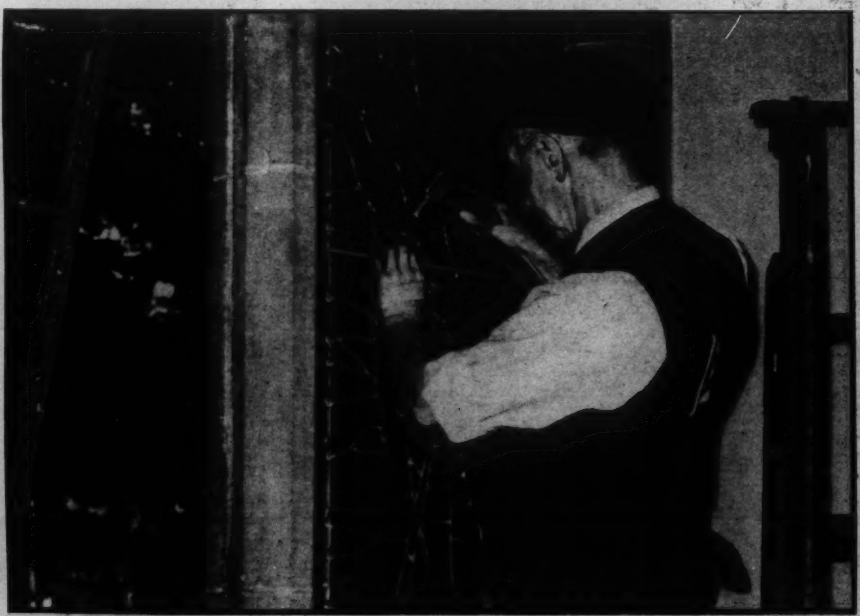
Aided by paper patterns, this craftsman cuts the glass, most of which came from England and Belgium before the war; today a good deal comes from the U.S.

Pieces of glass on which design details have been painted are heated to 1200 degrees in this kiln and then allowed to cool.

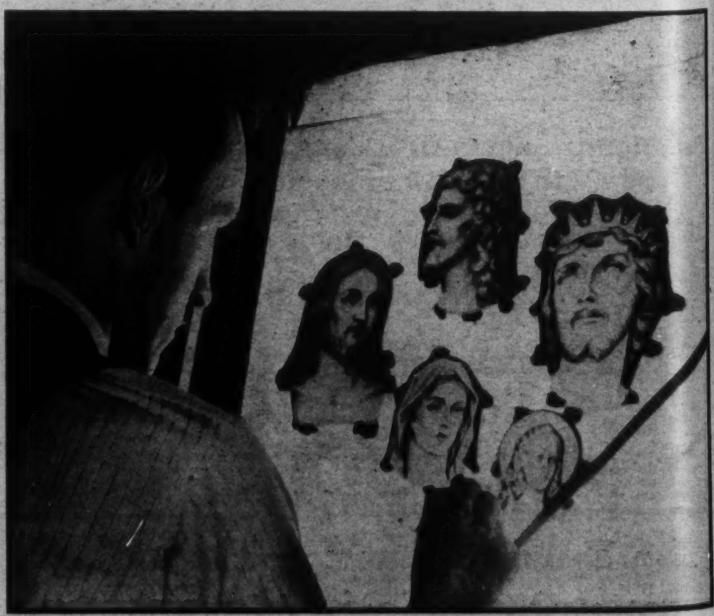
Soldering joins of grooved lead which holds glass together.

Folds in drapery and other details must be painted on glass itself by placing the glass pieces over full-size drawing of the window.

This window is finished and ready for installation. This is done . . .



. . . in sections for safe handling and assembling. Even a small window is surprisingly heavy. All must be designed to prevent sagging.



Heads need great skill; each is usually cut from single piece of glass; features and hair are painted with special pigment.

Masseys' Gift Spotlights Modern British Art

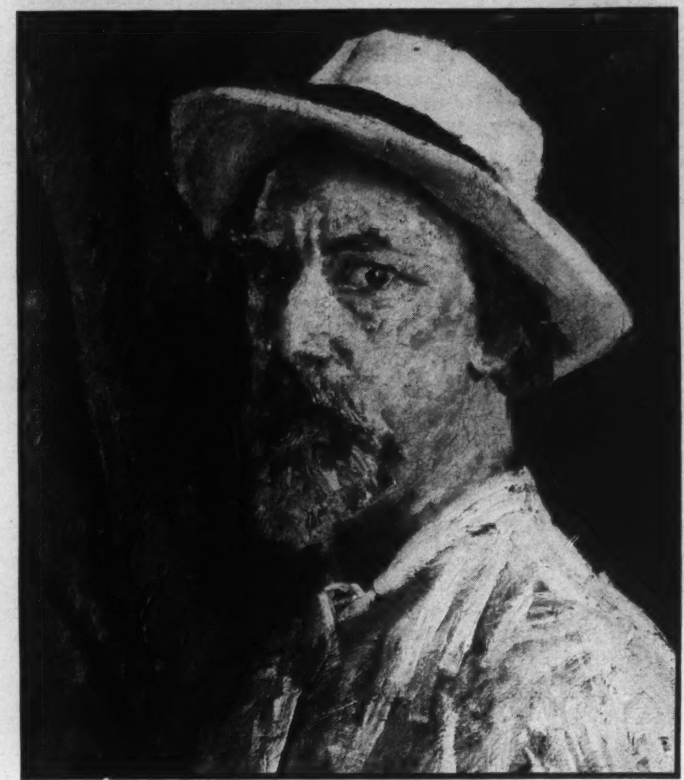
"Marsh Meadow" by Stanley Spencer. Spencer is one of the most remarkable of contemporary English painters, and is regarded by some able critics as Britain's best twentieth-century artist. He is eminent as a muralist.

By Paul Duval

CONTEMPORARY English painting has been under something of a pall during the past few years on this side of the Atlantic. This has been partly due to conditions of war, and also to the pre-occupation of most galleries over here with paintings by artists of the School of Paris. However, English painting of today is now beginning to get a pretty thorough coverage.

One of the most complete collections of present-day English art ever to be owned outside of Britain is now on exhibition at the National Gallery in Ottawa. It is a large group of paintings purchased by the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey during his years as Canada's High Commissioner in England. Now, through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Massey, this major private collection is to become the property of the nation.

Thirty-eight modern English artists are represented in the Massey collection. Besides containing canvases by such comparatively younger men as Matthew Smith, Graham Sutherland, John Piper and Felix Topolski, it is also representative of painters like Charles Conder, Sickert, Orpen and John. Thus, the Massey collection presents a fully-rounded, chronological sequence of English painting since the turn of the century.



"Self Portrait" by Welsh-born Augustus John. John, one of the finest draughtsmen Britain has ever produced, has won world renown as a deft painter of portraits.

"Tulips" by brilliant colorist Matthew Smith.

Christopher Wood's "Landscape Near Venice". This promising artist died at a very early age.

"Day Fighters" by Paul Nash.

Sir William Orpen's canvas "Lottie of Paradise Walk". Orpen was a vigorous . . .

. . . figure among the Royal Academicians. Above, "Fishing Craft at Etretat" by Tristram Hillier. The complete collection will later tour the country.

"House of Commons, 1941" by John Piper, who is one of England's most talented younger men.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Confederate Folk in Canada in the Days of the Civil War

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I WAS most interested in Mr. Fred Kaufman's article, "The Sojourn of Jefferson Davis in the Eastern Townships", in your issue of September 14.

Henry Harry Stotesbury, my grandfather, did not meet Jefferson Davis in Toronto as Mr. Kaufman states. These two families were friends for years in the Southern States.

During the War years, my grandfather sold cotton to Great Britain in exchange for contraband-of-war. The eldest son, my father, Henry Harry, a cadet in the Georgia Military Institute, was drafted into the Southern Army when only sixteen. The family came north to Montreal when peace came, and sent the three younger boys, Hansell, Nuville (Tay) and Herbert to Bishop's College, Lennoxville. The Stotesburys later moved to Port Hope and then to Toronto. My grandfather never returned to the South and I am sure these two men never met again after the defeat of the Southern armies, unless they met in Montreal.

The Stotesbury family, connected by marriage with the Harry family of Dublin, left Ireland and settled in America in early pioneer days. It is interesting to note that the Irish branch through the years has remained true to the Mother Church of England.

More than a hundred years later another Stotesbury family left the Old Land, this time evidently from the south of England, and settled in muddy York.

K. HELENA STOTESBURY

A granddaughter of the Confederacy,

Toronto, Ont.

Alarmed!

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

WHAT a chance you are taking in publishing articles like "Why there is no Statue of Laurier in Quebec"! The information therein may be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but . . . .

There are some people so religiously inclined that they just will not permit any criticism of their ideas or doings. Have you taken to heart what happened to John Charles Harvey and his *Le Jour*?

Once upon a time I read the *Orange Sentinel* and the *Catholic Register* and I didn't bother about comic strips or humorous papers.

Now, Mr. Editor, am I on the verge of being forced to read the *Orange Sentinel* again? I cannot afford two papers. I was fortunate enough to be well treated by another paper in Quebec when *Le Jour* went *hors de combat* but heaven only knows what would happen in Toronto if SATURDAY NIGHT ceased publication.

Winnipeg, Man. ALEX. SMART

Fighting Words

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN SATURDAY NIGHT of November 2 Mr. Wilfrid Eggleston of Ottawa wrote of the Rise and Decline of the Liberal Parliamentary Party in the House of Commons, between 1935 and the by-elections in Pontiac, Portage and Parkdale. He discussed the prospects of that Party and the possibility of alliances with other groups.

"Can anyone picture," he wrote, "the young 'Laurier' Liberals of Quebec, or for that matter the more advanced young Liberals who are not content with nostalgic glances backward to Laurier's time, pulling in harness with the rump of Tory Imperialists, ardent Orangemen and even professional Francophobes who are to be found in company with the Progressive wing of Mr. Bracken's Party?"

"Tory Imperialists", "ardent Orangemen" and "professional Francophobes", are terms of abuse common to the party-owned and party-dominated press of Quebec. They're fighting words, used, like the word "Conscriptionist" in other days, to make Quebec hate the rest of Canada and vote Liberal.

"Tory Imperialists"! Was it not the Liberal Government that voted billions to Britain? Is it not the Liberal Government that is selling the Canadian wheat crop to Britain at $1.55 a bushel when the world price is $2.15?

"Ardent Orangemen"! Are they all evil men? Do none sit on the Liberal Benches?

"Professional Francophobes"! I know of none in Mr. Bracken's Parliamentary following. If Mr. Eggleston knows them, will he name them?

We are accustomed to this type of journalism in Quebec. The Liberal Press has used it—I can give chapter and verse—to swell Liberal majorities at the expense of truth and national harmony. Does SATURDAY NIGHT wish to join that chorus? Is the cause which Mr. Eggleston supports—brilliantly at times—so hopeless that he must resort to name calling?

JOHN T. HACKETT
M.P. for Stanstead, Que.

Montreal, Que.

For the Banks

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

FOR years I am wondering why the Banks in Canada do not close the doors of their lofty banking rooms on Saturday forenoon to enable their clerks to enjoy a two-day week-end.

Personally, I would prefer to work one hour or two on Friday night and have a restful Saturday morning.

Help us to gain the "five-day week".

Quebec, Que. A BANK CLERK

N.B. Handicrafts

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I READ with interest your article on "Handicrafts in New Brunswick" in the October 12, 1946, issue of your paper, but was greatly surprised to find that your source of information completely overlooked two of the older and more prominent centres of Handicraft in this province.

The Handicraft Department of Mount Allison University at Sackville and the Charlotte County Cottage Crafts of St. Andrews have worked for many years to instil an appreciation of, and maintain a high standard in, design and craftsmanship.

The Department of Applied Art, which is a part of the College of Art of Mount Allison University, under the direction of Lawren Harris, Jr., was established about 1909, and gives a three year course leading to a University Certificate. Students are trained as teachers and craftsmen, and have held responsible positions in both Canada and the United States.

Miss Helen Mowatt, of St. Andrews, many years ago organized and trained the women of the surrounding countryside in weaving. Material from their looms, in the form of yard goods, and articles such as bags, scarves, etc., have been very popular with tourists, and the income from these sales has been of great benefit to the community.

In view of the fact that these two centres are in existence, it would seem a pity to let tourists depart with the impression that most of the Handicrafts of New Brunswick are of the peasant type so commonly displayed. Rather should be emphasized the more sophisticated aspect such as the fine pottery products of the Deichmanns.

As a student of handicraft (Ex-C.W.A.C. from Ontario) I am keen to see as wide a development as possible in this field. But along with development there must be maintained high standards of taste and workmanship, otherwise, to my mind, there is little point in spending time, energy, and money in producing articles whose only virtue is the label "handmade".

Sackville, N.B. R. K. JOHNSTON

The Critic Criticized

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN THE editorial entitled "On Misquotation" on page 5 of your October 26 issue, the writer stated that he had been somewhat shocked by an "appalling misquotation" in the Ottawa *Journal*. Said the writer—

"We know all too well the risks of quoting without the authentic text before one . . . And we have too much respect for the *Journal* not to feel pretty sure that anybody who writes for its editorial columns must have felt a little bit of disquiet about that third line, and should have looked it up."

Imagine my surprise, then, when only one week later, again in your editorial columns on page 5 I find a mutilation of one of the best-known lines from one of the best-known plays by the greatest of English poets. I quote—from your November 2 editorial "Slender and Studious"—

"Let me have about me men that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:"

Just try to scan that first line, either in iambic pentameter or any other meter! And then please inform me whether or not the perpetrator of this editorial is unaware of "the risks of quoting without the authentic text before one." Did he not feel "a little bit of disquiet"? Did he not "look it up"? And in what "authentic text"?

Lachine, Que. JOHN T. SANGSTER

The Root of the Matter

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

FEW of the advocates of the system of free enterprise realize how important it is that only production and service be represented or included in the prices of commodities. If factors other than these be included, then prices will exceed purchasing power. Unemployment, want and all their undesirable concomitants will result. The only way unemployment and industrial depression can be avoided is by excluding those non-service factors from prices of commodities.

But when depression and unemployment result, we try to remedy the condition by monetary magic of some kind, such as government expenditure on unproductive enterprises, or by attempts to increase purchasing power by the distribution of pieces of paper with figures printed on them. One such theory is that of Social Credit; and when Parliament is in session one may see the Social Credit members seated in the imposing Commons chamber amid the Gothic grandeur of Parliament Hill, garbed, not in befitting motley but in sober civilian dress gravely advocating the adoption by Parliament of this supreme economic imbecility, guaranteed to make the tares of predation and economic obstruction equal in value with the wheat of production and service. Surely folly could go no farther.

Vancouver, B.C. D. E. PEDDIE

Passing Show

By S. P. TYLER

A RECENT item in *Pravda* denouncing red tape in the Soviet state machinery seems to support the statement of a Russian U.N. delegate who claimed that his country had a truly democratic government.

•

From a toast by Secretary of State Byrnes at a U.N. luncheon:

"Those whom war hath joined together, let no peace put asunder."

So long as they don't keep arguing about it till death do them part.

•

Bermuda has decided to adopt an income tax system. If there is any difficulty in finding one, may we suggest that they are more than welcome to ours.

•

A United Nations conference observer writes that Mr. Molotov has a very engaging smile, but that he should use it more frequently. As Mr. Molotov is under the frequent obligation of having to listen to himself make one of his own speeches, perhaps he just doesn't feel like it.

•

Was He?

On a gravestone erected on the campus of the University of Minnesota is inscribed: "Kilroy is here! 25th October, 1946." Readers are warned that this was nearly a month ago.

•

Junior wants to know why, in spite of the frequent warning that most household accidents occur in the bathtub, people will continue to make use of the thing.

•

It has been revealed that the Polish gold reserve and national art treasures kept in Canada throughout the war are now on their way back to Europe. With a one-way ticket, we hope.

•

In connection with the Montreal lady recently charged on eighteen counts of shop lifting, apparently no expression of appreciation has been offered her for doing her Christmas shopping early.

•

We understand that the cockatoo which died recently in the London Zoo at the age of 138, was able to speak in four bad languages.

•

Melancholy Reflection

It is believed that a man detained by the Quebec police for smashing a mirror in a public restaurant was probably annoyed by something he saw when he looked in it.

•

Centuries ago, says an advertisement, a kind of cigar was made from corn husks by Pueblo Indians. That must have been what we sat next to at the ball game last weekend.

•

Interesting evidence on the influence of man's environment on his evolution was demonstrated in Montreal recently when a street-car straphanger fell fast asleep and still kept on his feet.

•

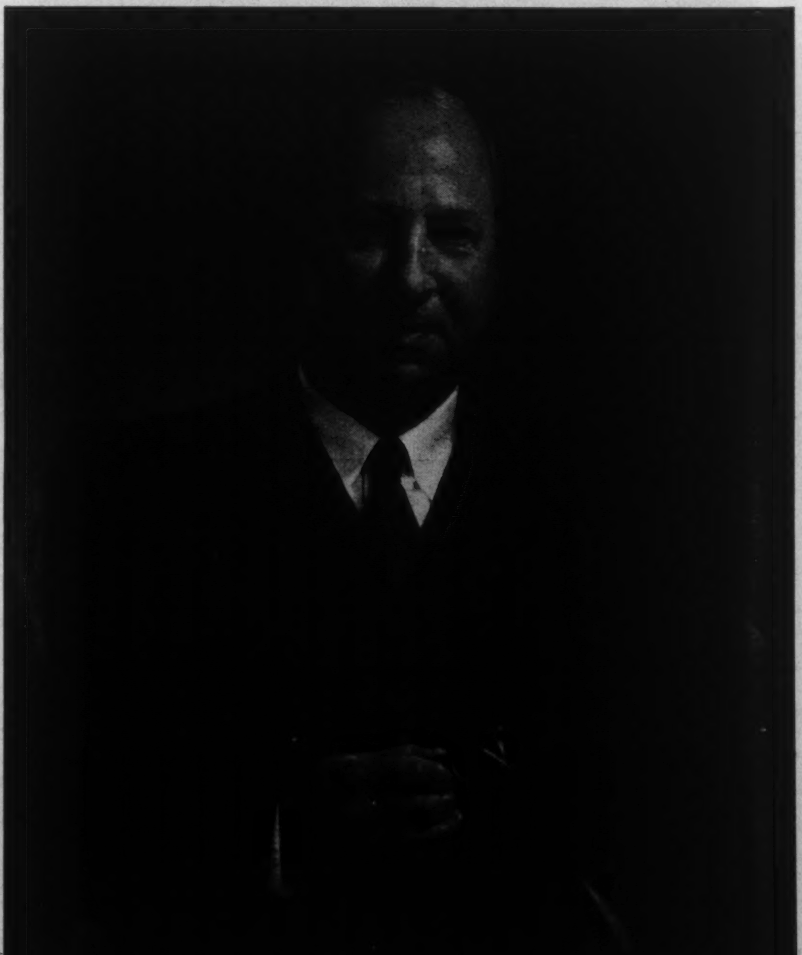
From a Chicago paper:

"The Chicago Opera Company is having its ups and downs."

Which reminds us of the last opera company we heard, when the leading lady appeared to be suffering from a similar handicap.

•

Following the elections last week, we gather from the daily press of our neighbors to the south that it is extremely doubtful if Mr. Truman will or will not be President any time now.



—*Photo by Karsh*

Frank H. Brown is relinquishing his position as financial adviser to the Department of Reconstruction to become Deputy Minister (Taxation) of the Department of National Revenue, Ottawa, succeeding C. Fraser Elliott. During the war Mr. Brown was loaned from the credits department of the Canadian Bank of Commerce to act as associate director of munitions production at Ottawa. He was born in England and is 52.

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The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

at it without those established ideas, which the Russian dismisses as capitalistic prejudices.

The freedom of the individual to choose his own habitat, his own occupation and his own way of life generally is a matter of supreme unimportance to the Russian—who, it must be remembered, is only two or three generations away from a condition of widespread serfdom. The individual, to him, exists for the state, and for the state of which he was born a subject. The communistic states are still desperately hard up for technical skills, and cannot possibly retain such as they have if those who possess such skills are free to migrate to capitalistic countries. Hence no Russian would dream of allowing a Russian technician to leave Russia, and no Russophile government would dream of allowing one of its own technicians to leave its own territory unless it might want to lend him to Russia. From this prohibition against leaving, it is only a step to compulsion to return, applied to those who have got beyond the borders of Russia but not beyond the control of the peace-making authorities with whom Russia is sitting.

In the capitalist countries it is assumed that the leading motive of the Russians is the desire to execute vengeance on the enemies of the Communist regime. We doubt very much whether that is an important factor. An executed technician is no help to the Communist economy. Doubtless a repatriated technician who refused to cooperate with the regime would be severely dealt with, but that would be to compel his cooperation rather than to punish him. Of course the refugees are not all technicians, but the Russians cannot very well proclaim their principle as valid for technicians but not for agriculturists, navvies and soldiers; and anyhow they have no objection to maintaining the population of the areas they control, and will take all sorts of people even if the population they chiefly want is technicians.

Anyhow this doctrine is merely the reverse face of the exclusionist doctrines long practised by the great under-populated countries of the West. If all countries were as hard to get into as Canada and the United States have lately become, there would be no need for any country to make itself hard to get out of. What these two countries are now maintaining, in refusing to let refugees be returned to Russia-dominated countries, is merely the right of the human being to leave his own country and to enter some other country than Canada and the United States. It is not a sublimely logical concept, but it retains a fraction of the old nineteenth-century idea of freedom while the Russian concept abolishes it completely.

Canada, in taking 4,000 out of 100,000 dissident Poles, is obviously not maintaining the right of all Poles now out of Poland to stay out; she is maintaining that right for 4,000 of them and saying that the others can thresh it out between Poland and the countries where they are or where they would like to go. We don't need to feel too awfully superior about it, even if we are a few points nearer to being right, or at least to being nineteenth-century, than the Russians.

Children's Book Week

THE real way to teach children to read and love books is for the parents to read them, to talk about them at home, to show they respect them, and generally to act as if ideas were not things to be afraid of but things to be welcomed. Unfortunately by the time people get to be parents it is too late for them to change their habits much in that respect, so for the unfortunate children of the non-book-loving parent we have to fall back on more indirect methods. The results include the Children's Libraries, which are merely one more (and a very admirable and successful) attempt by the public authorities to do what the family ought to be doing, and the now prevalent institution of Children's Book Week, which is celebrating itself next week.

We are strongly in favor of it, but only on the usual condition that the cause which it represents shall not be advocated for one week in the year and totally neglected for fifty-one weeks. Books are good things for Christmas presents to children, but they are also good things for presents to children at other times.

"WE'VE COME FOR THE WASHING" *Copyright in All Countries*

And one other reservation. The children must not be expected to live on children's books alone. By far the best books for children are those which are not for children at all. By far the best way to make children into readers of books is to set them loose among the books of the grown-ups. (They should have books of their own, too, which will have to be mostly "children's" books, but this is largely to develop their sense of proprietorship; they should also have a bookshelf of their own, just enough larger than the collection of books which they own at the moment to make them want a few more to fill it up.) Give them access to a hundred books, and they will find out which ones they want to read or look at in twenty minutes, and these will never be the ones we should have picked for them. And children like that will eventually have children who will have no need whatever for any Children's Book Week.

A French Voice

IN AN article in this column on September 21 we commented on the demand, which we believed and still believe to have proceeded almost entirely from French Canadian sources, for the grant of amnesty to all who failed to obey the law requiring Canadians to perform military service within the borders of Canada. We pointed out that in the not inconceivable event of a future war with Russia a similar situation was very likely to arise; and we asked certain political and journalistic leaders of French Canada what would be their attitude in that event on (1) the demand for a similar pledge against compulsory service *outside of* Canada, (2) the enforcement of compulsory service *within* Canada during the war, and (3) the demand for amnesty for those who evaded compulsory service, after the war is over. On another page we print the reply of one of the most influential of French Canadian journals, the *Relations* of Montreal, to these questions, as presented by its editor, Father Jean d'Auteuil Richard, of the Society of Jesus.

That Father Richard makes a very able statement of the body of ideas which motivated the French Canadian attitude on compulsory service in the last war we freely admit. On the other hand, it does not seem to us that he does much to aid in the difficulty which confronts any Canadian Government which has to manage the conduct of Canada in a modern war. No such war can ever by any possibility be a war merely between Canada on one side and a hostile nation or group of nations on the other. It must inevitably be a war between Canada plus a group of allies on one side and a group of nations on the other. In such a war the doctrine that Canada should not attempt to do any fighting until her own soil is actually attacked does not seem to us to have any meaning. The question, how and where Canada can best be defended, is not one for us or for *Relations* to settle; it is for the military authorities of the alliance. That the question *may* be rendered unimportant, by reason of Canada being an immediate object of attack, does not answer it in any way; and similarly that the question of amnesty *may* be unimportant because we shall all be wiped out before the war is over does not answer that question either. Canada *might* not be attacked first, and *might* not be wiped out.

But our greatest sense of difficulty arises when Father Richard asserts the right of "conscientious objection" to military service, even for people whose religion does not declare all war to be inherently wrong. In effect he claims for the evaders of military service the right of conscientious objection even if they were members of the Roman Catholic Church. This puts the right upon an entirely personal and individual basis, for that Church has never adopted a pacifist attitude in regard to defensive war. Canada, in common with most other democratic nations, has recognized the right of conscientious objection when claimed, not by running away into the woods, but by appearing before an appropriate tribunal and submitting evidence of membership in a religious society which forbids its members to fight; and even then the pacifists are compelled to perform non-military service which will aid the nation's war effort. Roman Catholics are of course unable to avail themselves of this exemption. But Father Richard's proposition, of the individual's right to hold "an ethical code" which denies that "the State holds supremacy over the body and soul" of its subject, extends tolerance so widely that all attempt at compulsory service would become futile if it were adopted. We presume that the words "and soul" got into this passage by accident, for they do not seem to be relevant; and we do not understand that Father Richard's Church has ever denied the power of the State to conscript the bodies of its subjects when it needed them for its defence in a war which the Church did not condemn.

The Closed Doors

WE ARE glad to welcome the Toronto *Globe and Mail* to the growing list of newspapers which are shocked at the rigidity of Canada's attitude towards the applications for admission of refugees and displaced persons. The Toronto paper's sympathetic feelings were aroused by the picturesque story of the eighteen Estonians who crossed the Atlantic in a 38-foot sloop in order to avoid being returned to their Soviet-dominated homeland. This sympathy led the editor to realize that "Canada is morally bound to accept thousands of European refugees in similar plights. Yet when a mere handful came begging at our door, we turned them away. It was not because they are not the type of settlers this country needs. Estonians, in fact, are considered industrious and enterprising people. They were refused admission because we are still without an operating immigration policy."

In one point the *Globe and Mail* was slightly less than fair to the Director of Immigration for Canada, Mr. A. L. Jolliffe. It remarked that "The Director has the power to say 'No' to almost anybody," which might suggest to some readers that he has the power to say "Yes" to some of those to whom he actually says No. The truth is that Mr. Jolliffe could not have said anything but No to these particular applicants, because the law and the Department regulations would not have allowed him to; and furthermore this particular case does not greatly distress us, because we are not among those who think that people who adopt a picturesque method of reaching the country should have any more right to enter it than those who come in a normal way. There are actually very few people to whom Mr. Jolliffe is permitted to say Yes, and we fancy that he practically always says it when he is permitted to.

What the *Globe and Mail* says about the lack of an operating immigration policy is profoundly and absolutely true. A Committee of the Senate inquired into that subject recently and recommended far-reaching changes in the existing policy, which is practically a policy of complete exclusion, tempered by orders-in-council. To delay those changes much longer will result not only in gross inhumanity to thousands of people whose lives might be re-established by admitting them to this country, but also in the permanent loss to Canada of desirable citizens who could be obtained now, with the world in a state of general shake-up, but will not be obtainable in a few years, when they will either have perished or established themselves somewhere else.

It is almost incredible that we should today be enforcing policies which exclude from Canada thousands of excellent people who dislike and distrust the Soviet economico-political system, yet who will be compelled to go to Soviet-dominated countries and live (or die) under that system if they cannot find entry into some country which is capable of absorbing immigration.

A Gift of Verses

OUR brochure of twenty-four selected poems from SATURDAY NIGHT of the last two years is now ready for distribution. It is an edition of one thousand, of which five hundred are being used as Christmas gifts by members of the organization. Nearly half of the remainder have been disposed of before the brochure was off the press. "Poems for the Interim" can be obtained only through the Book Service of SATURDAY NIGHT, at fifty cents postpaid, with gift card and extra envelope for mailing.

No Task for Voters

IT SEEMS to us at times that municipal government in many parts of Canada is democracy gone mad. The task of managing the public affairs of a city is a good deal like that of managing a business. There is no conceivable reason why the electors should not trust their elected representatives to run it for two years or even three instead of one, and thus relieve them of the necessity of campaigning for their jobs every December. And there is no reason why those representatives, when in office, should not run the city themselves instead of constantly appealing to the citizens to be told how.

The city of Ottawa contemplates holding a referendum on whether there should be a five-day week for civic employees. We can imagine nothing on which the electors are less competent to pronounce, and the sole reason for asking them is to enable the elected representatives to dodge the responsibility. Some of them will vote for it because they think it will help to get them a five-day week themselves, with unreduced pay—which it probably will. Nobody is in the least likely to vote either way because of a considered and well-supported belief that the work now being done by the civic employees is worth more or less per hour than what they are now getting. Nobody indeed bothers about what labor is *worth* any more; all that matters is what it can get by putting pressure on the community—sometimes by its votes, sometimes by stopping the supply of essential goods.

And the sad fact is that it can't get much by either method, so long as goods are priced in accordance with costs. For goods will not be produced—until we go socialist—for less than they cost to produce, and about nine-tenths of what they cost to produce goes to labor, so that you cannot give labor more dollars per hour without also giving it less goods per dollar. Will the Ottawa voters consider this? It is highly improbable.

Egypt Wants Business with Britain but No Tommies

By RICHARD LONG

The British Army is slowly moving out of Cairo and preparing quarters at Fayid, Ismalia and elsewhere on the Suez Canal, but the prosperity which war brought to the city lingers on. The boom has made little difference in the unequal distribution of the nation's wealth. King Farouk's leading position in the Arab League has been displaced by King Ibn Saud and the Mufti of Jerusalem. Although the government now has a broader base in cabinet positions, it is still far from a popular representation. Egypt looks to England as a chief source of her imports and India for her exports. She increasingly regards Russia as a menace.

Cairo.

ON returning to Cairo three months ago after an absence of three years, the first impression of change that I got was the lack of crowds of khaki-clad figures on the streets and in the shops.

Gone were the days when the city was full of hurrying staff cars, while the bars and cafes and the terraces of the Continental and Shepheard's hotels were full of soldiers snatching a brief respite among the flesh-pots before returning to the pitiless heat, the flies and sand and hardships of desert warfare.

Today the sight of a group of Tommies sauntering down the street is rare enough to make one look round. Red-tabbed officers are outnumbered in the smarter resorts by groups of gaily-dressed young Egyptians, and the numerous Military Policemen patrolling the streets in cars and on foot have been replaced by an occasional jeep containing a combined Anglo-Egyptian patrol idling through the more frequented spots.

The British Army is slowly disappearing from Cairo and its departure was featured by a monster cocktail-party given by the G.O.C. at the Alamein Club last month as a farewell gesture by the British to their Egyptian hosts of seven years' standing. Many cordial speeches of thanks and regret were exchanged, and the news was published on this occasion that within a month the great Semiramis Hotel, standing on the banks of the Nile beside the Kars-el-Nil bridge, would be evacuated by the H.Q. of the British troops in Egypt and made available once again to civilian visitors.

Changed Face

"B.T.E." (British Troops in Egypt) is going to settle on the Suez Canal, and, with its departure, the face of Cairo is going to change to a degree unknown in the past thirty years. The complete British evacuation of Egypt is guaranteed within three years.

Much can happen to a country in thirty years, yet it is probable that anyone who had last seen Egypt before World War I would not find much change on the surface today. The country has been untouched by the successive waves of totalitarianism, Fascism, Communism and all the other "isms" which have rocked the ships of Western European states. It is still governed by an autocratic king who is powerful enough to install a favorite minister as his Premier by Royal Rescript and to maintain him in power by the sheer strength of his traditional position. Sidky Pasha, the 72-year-old Prime Minister, is a very rich, aristocratic landowner, whose feudal attitude towards the humble fellahin who cultivate his vast estates, whose cultured outlook and proud bearing recall the great English statesmen of the late eighteenth century.*

The Sidky Cabinet has, however, been through times of considerable stress and strain recently, and not even the King's support could avert the eventual broadening of its base, which came about recently with the admission of Saadist representatives to an equal share of the more important portfolios with the Liberal Constitutionalists. There is good reason to believe that once the Treaty has been signed under Sidky's direction he will request his Royal Master's permission to resign from public life and will go to Vichy to take a long cure.

Changed Outlook

King Farouk himself has considerably altered his outlook during the past year. The unfortunate occasion when the British Ambassador had to enforce agreement to a British request in a Palace surrounded by British tanks has been erased from diplomatic memory. Abandoned, too, are the more ambitious plans for leadership of a vast Arab federation. It is well known that no one is more anxious than King Farouk that the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty should be brought to a speedy and successful conclusion, and in anti-Monarchist circles it is whispered that Farouk is more English than the English. The strength of character displayed by King Ibn Saud and the Mufti of Jerusalem has displaced Farouk from the titular leadership of the Arab League States. The League is growing stronger every day, but with each member-state playing an equal part rather than appearing in a subservient role to Egypt.

Nevertheless, by virtue of its geographically central position, Egypt has become the hub of the new movement towards pan-Arab unity. From Iraq, Syria, French North Africa, Libya and the Sudan, leaders of new thought and planners of new movements are flocking to confer with the Mufti and to coordinate measures for the emancipation of their countries. This movement, which began so slowly towards the end of the war, has received tremendous impetus by the series of disastrous events in Palestine.

Egypt looks to England as her chief source of imports, to India as her best market for her exports, to Italy as a potential exchange-mart on a favorable credit balance, to Turkey as a bastion against menace from the North, to the U.S. as the cause of the trouble in Palestine. As to Russia, Egypt's rulers seem to see an increasing menace as reports come in of Communist-inspired trouble in Greece, of rockets flashing over the Balkans, of strife among the oilfields of the East and of large-scale troop movements on the Black Sea coast.

Internally, Egypt is chiefly preoccupied with the devastation caused by a record flooding of the Nile, the question of finding employment for hundreds of workers discharged from service with the British Army, and the disposal of her cotton-crop which once again has yielded only 22 per cent of the short-staple quality preferred by the world markets. The housing problem for the better-off classes, which has been urgent during the war years, is expected to improve rapidly with the release from requisition of so many houses and flats. Ten thousand people are on the waiting-list for telephones and it is not expected that they can be satisfied in under two years. The number of new cars appearing on the market is a dribble compared

* A fortnight ago Prime Minister Sidky Pasha on return to Cairo from discussions in London permitted a spokesman to say that Mr. Bevin had promised the Egyptians sovereignty over Anglo-Egyptian Sudan to the south. The British quickly denied this, looking upon the area as an important section of the Central Africa defence system.

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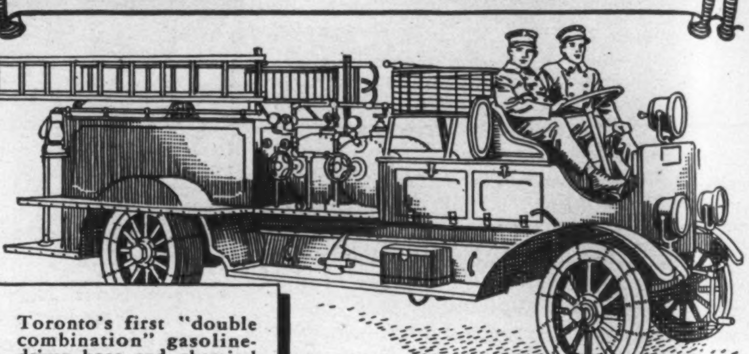
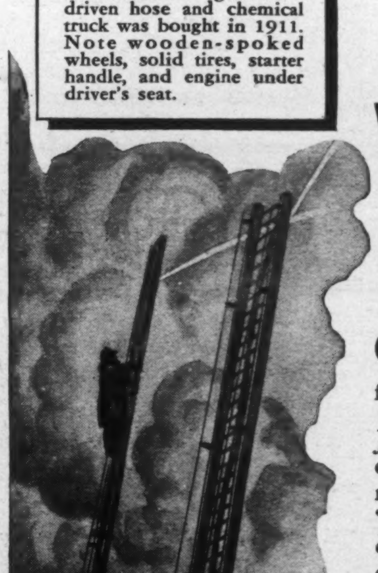


Toronto's first "double combination" gasoline-driven hose and chemical truck was bought in 1911. Note wooden-spoked wheels, solid tires, starter handle, and engine under driver's seat.



When Motor-Driven Fire Equipment Doomed Old Dobbin

COMING of the "horseless carriage" spelled the doom of faithful old Dobbin as a firefighter.

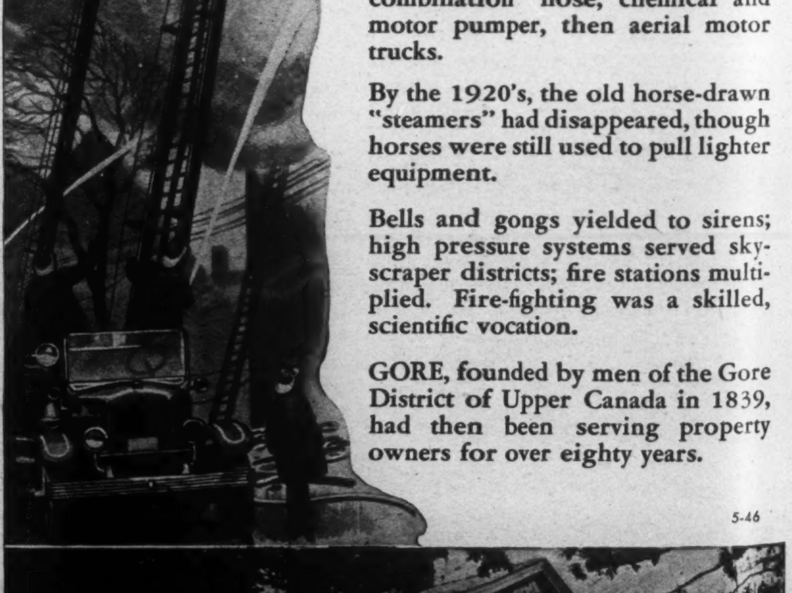
Just before World War I, Canadian city fire departments began to install motorized equipment—first the "double combination" hose and chemical truck, then the "triple combination" hose, chemical and motor pumper, then aerial motor trucks.

By the 1920's, the old horse-drawn "steamers" had disappeared, though horses were still used to pull lighter equipment.

Bells and gongs yielded to sirens; high pressure systems served skyscraper districts; fire stations multiplied. Fire-fighting was a skilled, scientific vocation.

GORE, founded by men of the Gore District of Upper Canada in 1839, had then been serving property owners for over eighty years.

5-46



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FIRE AUTOMOBILE AND CASUALTY INSURANCE

with the flood of orders given by businessmen who have made huge profits during the war.

This summer there was a general exodus from Egypt by the wealthy Greeks, Egyptians and Copts who possess three-quarters of the country's money. For seven years they had been unable to holiday abroad, having to remain content with visits to Alexandria and the other coastal resorts, or at the most a sojourn in Syria for the luckier ones. Today Paris, Geneva, Rome and London are full of visitors from Cairo who have no intention of returning until the winter, when they expect to find their new and sumptuous houses waiting for them or their flats luxuriously redecorated.

Renovation

Everywhere in Cairo and Alexandria shops are having their faces lifted. New blocks of flats and private houses are going up, and money is being spent like water on fittings and furniture which could not be obtained during the war. Labor is cheap and plentiful and there are no restrictions.

Food is also cheap—my "suffragi" lives on one shilling per day. Tea, sugar, paraffin and supplies of local cotton cloth only are rationed, and a week's ration of these commodities equals about six months' supply in England. Gin and Scotch whiskey are in good supply. English cigarettes are obtainable everywhere. British aircraft and British cars are being bought as fast as they arrive from England—and this article is being typed on a brand-new British typewriter.

Clothes are expensive and the best tailor in Cairo charges as much as his fellow-craftsman in London's exclusive Savile Row, the only difference being that the Egyptian does not ask for coupons and will not take more than six weeks to complete an order. Shoes are less easy to come by, and are high in price. All luxury goods are wildly expensive but this is only due to the excessive amount of money in circulation. The chief shortages in the shops are due to lack of rubber and plastic materials.

The expanded currency-circulation is causing some anxiety to the more balanced thinkers and there is much speculation as to the problem of how best Egypt can dispose of her credits in England, or rather England's debts in Egypt. This country is anxious not to spoil her commercial relations with Britain by demanding too high a payment in cash, and it is quite on the cards that she may renounce a portion of her just claims in order to retain a stable exchange.

As a result of this surplus money, the price of certain luxury goods has rocketed to impossible heights, black-coated workers' wages have had to be supplemented by a high-cost-of-living bonus which in some cases exceeds basic rates of pay, and the Stock Exchange is at times almost frivolous in the quotation of shares. Countless small companies are being floated which can have no chance of survival although at the moment their shares are fetching top prices. Huge dividends are being paid out by the less responsible firms without regard for the need for future retrenchment.

Illiteracy

So long as the Egyptian pound is linked to the sterling bloc there is little fear of a sudden crash, but it is unlikely that an economically sound level of finance will be reached so long as 90 per cent of the wealth of the country is in the hands of 8 per cent of the population, and 80 per cent of the population remains illiterate.

One factor of the country's economic situation does not seem to have been appreciated yet by her rulers. Egypt is at present full of money gained through the artificial impetus supplied by the presence of a huge army at war. But one of Egypt's main sources of income always was, and must remain, tourism. With the departure of the occupying troops, hotels and places of interest and entertainment are going to feel the pinch severely and for some time to come must, like the camel, live upon their hump.

For the new and intensely nationalist spirit which is growing among the younger generations insists upon a stricter control of immigration and even of transit passages, and it is easier for the ordinary traveller to find a house in London than to get a visa for Egypt. Egypt must look ahead to the not-too-distant days when better traveling conditions will encourage the arrival of the "new rich" to visit the Pyramids, Luxor and the battlefields, and merchants purchasing carpets and cotton in the bazaars.

Home industries are gradually expanding in Egypt. Besides the great salt and soda factory between Cairo and Alexandria, the recently-built cotton mills and the cement factory at Tourah on the Nile, a wool factory is being constructed at Mersa Matruh, existing film studios are being enlarged, and large sums are being spent on the improvement of the railways, including the purchase of new rolling-stock from England.

And finally, a word about the British soldier who has marched out with flags flying from the citadel above Cairo and is now preparing quarters for himself at Moascar, Fayid, Ismailia and elsewhere along the Suez Canal. He is a young chap, this 1946 guardian of the Great Waterway, who wears no ribbons on his chest and who knows little or nothing of desert convoys floundering through sand and wadis, of endless bitter-cold nights on the Tobruk perimeter, of uncharted minefields encountered in the dark, or of the supreme happiness of driving at last down the sea front at Tripoli.

He is no war veteran, this young soldier from Britain, but he carries himself smartly, he knows his drill, and his commanders are not afraid to send him into areas where the maintenance of law and order is a more difficult thing to achieve bloodlessly than the winning of any battle in wartime.

I have seen this soldier in Palestine, on the burning plains of Cyprus, amid the cool avenues of Asmara 8,000 ft. above sea level. I have listened to reports of him from Libya, Suez and the Delta. He does his job—often an unpleasant task—coolly and calmly. He regards the local inhabitants with serene detachment. And when his job is done he goes off and plays a terrific game of football regardless of season or climate. I have seen men of a famous airborne regiment kicking a ball in regulation shorts and colored shirts in weather which made me want only to sit in the shade with a tinkling glass.

The British Tommy of 1946 is fit in mind and body, and, with proper disinterest, is more concerned with the prospects of going home than with the rights and wrongs of the men and women he has to guard and succor.

• •

BEGINNING

A POLE was rescued from concentration camp and sent to a hospital in Scotland. Recovered, he went to London to see a Polish friend.

"Well, Wladyslaw," said the friend, "have you learned any English yet?"

"Aye, a wee bit."

—*This Week*

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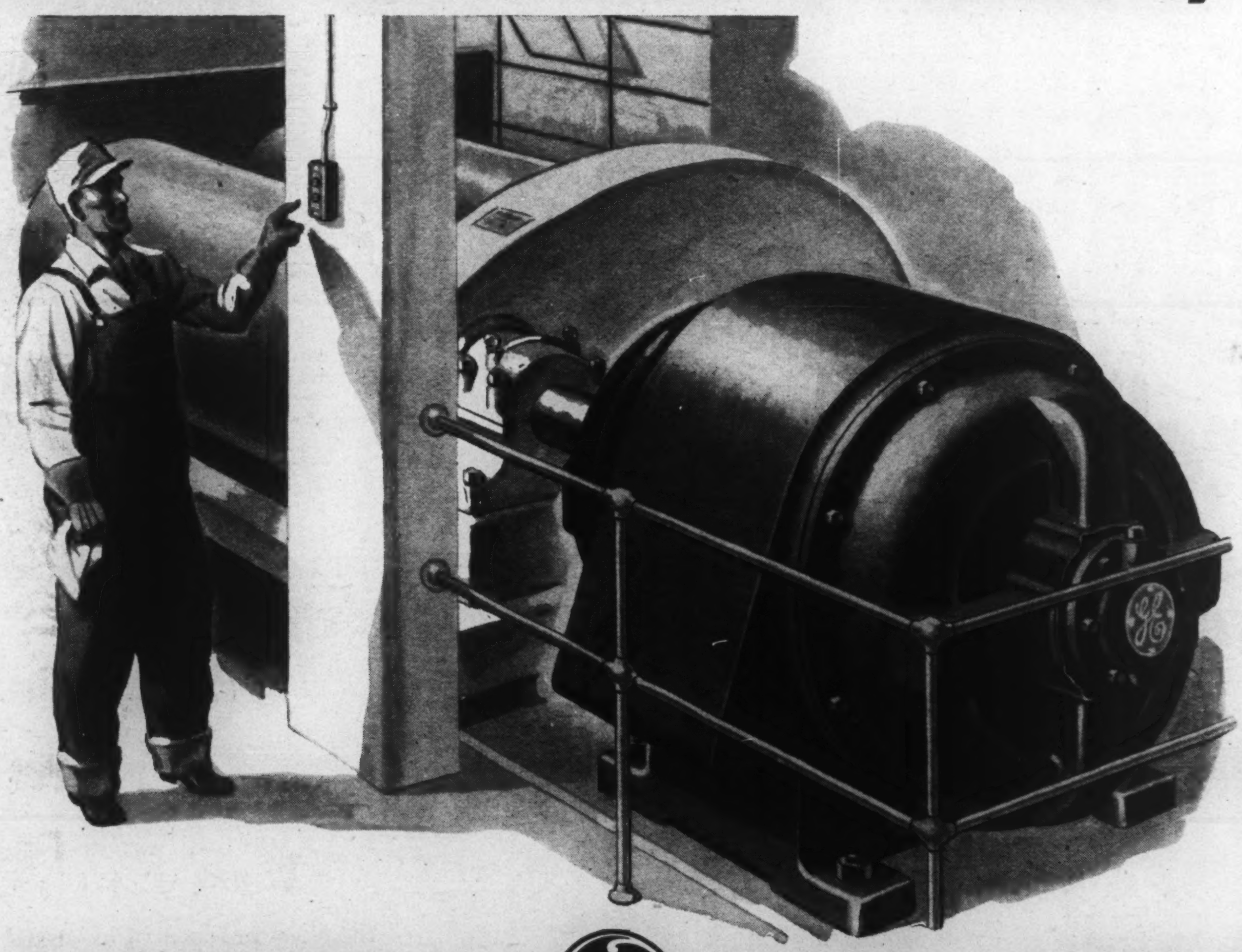

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OTTAWA LETTER

Electoral Reform Problem Grows with the Number of Parties

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

Ottawa.

WE HAVE been hearing quite a bit lately about a reform of our election machinery. It has been pointed out frequently that the simple "x" ballot with a vote for one candidate results in the return of candidates who may lack the support of the majority of the voters in that riding. Indeed, a candidate may go to Ottawa with as little as 25 per cent or 30 per cent of the total vote cast in that constituency. It is being contended that this is highly undemocratic, and that ways should be devised to enable the representation in the House of Commons to reflect more accurately the will of the people.

Prime Minister Mackenzie King held one of his infrequent press conferences last week, and he was asked about electoral reform. Both from what he said and the way he said it, I judge the present government will make no early or vigorous move in that direction. It is not that the Liberals are opposed in principle to a fairer system of choosing candidates. Rather that, with the present multi-party political picture, the introduction of a scientific way of giving minorities due weight in parliament would almost certainly make it impossible to elect a government from any one party. We should then be in for an era of coalitions, or of a re-scrambling of party lines, or of a succession of unstable governments.

Mr. Mackenzie King believes this is not a good time for instability. He thinks that what Canada needs most of all just now is a stable government—a good stable *Liberal* government, of course. He is not inclined to invite disaster to the stability of parliament or to the future fortunes of the Liberal party by experiments with proportional representation, or the single transferable vote, or any other system which gives a precise correspondence between the voting in the country and the seats in the House of Commons.

Menace

The Prime Minister clearly looks upon the rise of third, fourth and fifth parties as a menace to our parliamentary system. He hinted at as much in his press conference. He believes there is a natural logical division in a philosophical sense—of the persons who are Liberal and the persons who are Conservative. This is the old two-party division, and while it existed there was no problem of fair representation in the House. The party with the majority of votes also, broadly speaking, got the majority of seats. There was no third or fourth party to worry about, and the unpredictable quirks of a two-party system in a multi-party world did not have to be worried about.

Clearly Mr. Mackenzie King would like to see Canada go back to two-party politics. That, to his mind, would be the best solution of the problem of electoral reform.

There is no doubt that the simple "x" ballot in a multi-party world is capable of some extraordinary distortions of the popular will. The problem of electoral reform really arose in Canada with the birth of third, fourth and fifth parties. And so long as we have many parties our general elections are going to distort representation. In every election since 1935 and in several provincial general elections, there has been at least one party which has been, in the most glaring way, the "victim" of the unreformed voting system which most of Canada uses.

Look back to 1935, for a brilliant example. I list the party vote, followed, in brackets, by the number of members elected to the House of Commons:

General Election, 1935

Conservatives	1,302,814 (39)
Liberals	2,058,699 (171)
C.C.F.	386,094 (7)
Reconstruction	384,017 (1)
Social Credit	181,457 (17)
Others	79,346 (10)

Consider some of the more absurd aspects of that pattern. Hon. H. H. Stevens collects 384,017 votes—nearly as many as the C.C.F.—and elects one member—himself! The C.C.F. with a mere handful more elect seven. But the Social Credit party, with less than half the vote for either Mr. Stevens or Mr. Woodsworth, managed to send 17 to the House of Commons.

The idiosyncrasies of the simple "x" ballot on that occasion substantially favored the Liberals and the followers of Social Credit, and worked serious injustice against the Conservatives, the C.C.F and Hon. H. H. Stevens. Between them, the latter three polled substantially more votes than the Liberals did, yet the Liberals obtained about four times as many seats. This is certainly not to be described as an accurate reflection of public will.

In 1940, the Liberals had an overall majority of votes cast (55 per cent) though this did not warrant the election of nearly 180 members in a House of 245. In 1945 the Liberals again came out very fortunately. They polled about 40 per cent of the votal vote but managed (adding in some Independent Liberals) to obtain a majority of seats.

In provincial elections—notably in Alberta and Saskatchewan—the Liberals have been the victims of the same system. With substantial percentages of the popular vote they have failed to elect more than a tiny per cent of the members.

In the 1945 general election there were no such fantastic results as in the election a decade earlier. An analysis made a few days after the voting indicated the following:

Party	*Members*	*Per Cent*
Liberals	118	39
Conservatives	66	28
C.C.F.	26	15
Social Credit	13	4
L.P.P.	2	1

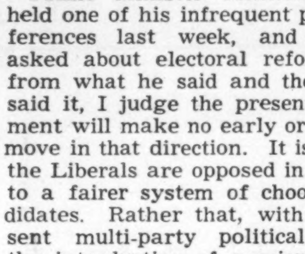
Had there been a scientific voting system in force at the last general election, capable of reflecting very accurately the popular vote across the country, it is possible no party would have been able to form a government. The situation when the House met would then have been along the following lines:

Liberals	98 seats
Conservatives	72 seats
C.C.F.	36 seats
Social Credit	9 seats
L.P.P.	5 seats
Bloc Populaire	7 seats
All Others	18 seats

It is just conceivable that the Liberals could have got through a session or two in that kind of a House, without making overtures to any other group, but a government in that position would inevitably have been very weak. And the latest polls of public opinion suggest that another general election at present would not materially change the picture.

At his press conference, the Prime Minister was asked his opinion about coalitions. He expressed definite disapproval of them. They might be necessary on occasion to carry out a specific measure, but it was, he thought, almost impossible to find common ground between two parties on the varied issues which constantly arise to face governments.

The present electoral system may be theoretically unfair, but in practice it handicaps and discourages the formation of "splinter groups" and it renders rough justice. Also, it enables the parliamentary system to operate in the face of a multitude of parties. For these reasons, Canadian politicians may choose the lesser of two evils, meantime praying that we return to a two-party political system.



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Republican Victory Is Issue for Canada

By F. D. L. SMITH

In viewing the political overturn which took place in the United States on November 5, the writer notes the tariff records of the Democratic and Republican parties in past times and the effects of their divergent policies upon the Dominion of Canada. He asks what the outcome will be this time.

THE sweeping Opposition victory at the polls in the United States has presented Canada anew with an old problem. To what extent will the Republican Party, now in control of both houses of Congress, permit the Democratic Executive at Washington to perpetuate the policies introduced by the late President Roosevelt and followed for the past 14 years? We have particularly in mind, for one thing, the question of international trade and tariffs. The Republicans have long been the high tariff party. In office their consistent practice has been to reverse the freer trade policies of Democratic administrations and to go the limit in protecting United States industry at the expense of Canadian industry and the industries of other foreign countries. It may indeed be fairly said that the United States has been, after Germany, the pioneer and leader in the creation of modern high customs barriers.

Many of our people today believe that permanent modifications of excessive customs tariffs all over the world should make for general prosperity; but Canadian manufacturers, workers and farmers recall continuously unfavorable economic balances in trade between Canada and the neighboring Republic.

The United States is capable of taking large quantities of our products, but in peace times it has always been an uncertain market, subject to sudden changes in fiscal policies at Washington. One trouble is that the two countries produce surpluses of some of the same things. In the past, whenever Canadian exporters have taken advantage of American tariff concessions by increasing exports to the States, subsequent alterations in the American customs schedules have checked the flow of Canadian produce and cut off or limited the American outlet overnight.

Successive tariff measures adopted at Washington from 1921 to 1930 reduced Canada's exports of agricultural products and manufactures thereof from $175,000,000 to about $3,000,000 per annum. The Mackenzie King Government of that day took no steps to protect our primary and secondary producers during that prolonged period. It was not until the Bennett Government in 1930 jumped the Canadian tariff to admittedly excessively high emergency levels and in 1932 obtained the Empire Trade Treaties that this country began to climb back out of the great depression. I am all for close collaboration with our great North American ally—provided always that Canada and the Empire obtain an equitable deal. The tariff ever since 1878 has been a useful instrument of Canadian development and is not to be lightly thrown away without adequate compensation.

What to Hope For

One real world hope for the future lies in cordial cooperation in peace as in war between the two great branches of the English-speaking world as a nucleus of universal international amity. Each successive Canadian Government should strive for the larger permanent cooperation between Empire Republic instead of for a lesser arrangement between Canada and the United States—the latter at the expense of that Empire which has been the spearhead of human liberty down through the centuries and which still stands out as the most potent secular influence for good in all the world.

For decades Canada's favorable trade balance with the United Kingdom was required to meet an adverse trade balance in our trade with the United States. As noted already, the Empire Trade Preferences, concluded at Ottawa in 1932, were mainly responsible in turning the tide in Canada's favor. In these postwar years the advantages thus gained should not be abandoned without simultaneous, full, compensating benefits direct or indirect.

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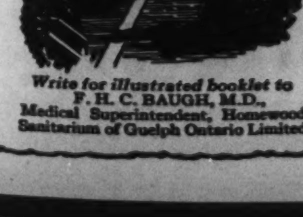

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THE NEW WALTHAM

OTTAWA LETTER

Electoral Reform Problem Grows with the Number of Parties

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

Ottawa.

WE HAVE been hearing quite a bit lately about a reform of our election machinery. It has been pointed out frequently that the simple "x" ballot with a vote for one candidate results in the return of candidates who may lack the support of the majority of the voters in that riding. Indeed, a candidate may go to Ottawa with as little as 25 per cent or 30 per cent of the total vote cast in that constituency. It is being contended that this is highly undemocratic, and that ways should be devised to enable the representation in the House of Commons to reflect more accurately the will of the people.

Prime Minister Mackenzie King held one of his infrequent press conferences last week, and he was asked about electoral reform. Both from what he said and the way he said it, I judge the present government will make no early or vigorous move in that direction. It is not that the Liberals are opposed in principle to a fairer system of choosing candidates. Rather that, with the present multi-party political picture, the introduction of a scientific way of giving minorities due weight in parliament would almost certainly make it impossible to elect a government from any one party. We should then be in for an era of coalitions, or of a re-scrambling of party lines, or of a succession of unstable governments.

Mr. Mackenzie King believes this is not a good time for instability. He thinks that what Canada needs most of all just now is a stable government—a good stable *Liberal* government, of course. He is not inclined to invite disaster to the stability of parliament or to the future fortunes of the Liberal party by experiments with proportional representation, or the single transferable vote, or any other system which gives a precise correspondence between the voting in the country and the seats in the House of Commons.

Menace

The Prime Minister clearly looks upon the rise of third, fourth and fifth-parties as a menace to our parliamentary system. He hinted at as much in his press conference. He believes there is a natural logical division in a philosophical sense—of the persons who are Liberal and the persons who are Conservative. This is the old two-party division, and while it existed there was no problem of fair representation in the House. The party with the majority of votes also, broadly speaking, got the majority of seats. There was no third or fourth party to worry about, and the unpredictable quirks of a two-party system in a multi-party world did not have to be worried about.

Clearly Mr. Mackenzie King would like to see Canada go back to two-party politics. That, to his mind, would be the best solution of the problem of electoral reform.

There is no doubt that the simple "x" ballot in a multi-party world is capable of some extraordinary distortions of the popular will. The problem of electoral reform really arose in Canada with the birth of third, fourth and fifth parties. And so long as we have many parties our general elections are going to distort representation. In every election since 1935 and in several provincial general elections, there has been at least one party which has been, in the most glaring way, the "victim" of the unreformed voting system which most of Canada uses.

Look back to 1935, for a brilliant example. I list the party vote, followed, in brackets, by the number of members elected to the House of Commons:

General Election, 1935

Conservatives	1,302,814 (39)
Liberals	2,058,699 (171)
C.C.F.	386,094 (7)
Reconstruction	384,017 (1)
Social Credit	181,457 (17)
Others	79,346 (10)

Consider some of the more absurd aspects of that pattern. Hon. H. H. Stevens collects 384,017 votes—nearly as many as the C.C.F.—and elects one member—himself! The C.C.F. with a mere handful more elect seven. But the Social Credit party, with less than half the vote for either Mr. Stevens or Mr. Woodsworth, managed to send 17 to the House of Commons.

The idiosyncrasies of the simple "x" ballot on that occasion substantially favored the Liberals and the followers of Social Credit, and worked serious injustice against the Conservatives, the C.C.F and Hon. H. H. Stevens. Between them, the latter three polled substantially more votes than the Liberals did, yet the Liberals obtained about four times as many seats. This is certainly not to be described as an accurate reflection of public will.

In 1940, the Liberals had an overall majority of votes cast (55 per cent) though this did not warrant the election of nearly 180 members in a House of 245. In 1945 the Liberals again came out very fortunately. They polled about 40 per cent of the votal vote but managed (adding in some Independent Liberals) to obtain a majority of seats.

In provincial elections—notably in Alberta and Saskatchewan—the Liberals have been the victims of the same system. With substantial percentages of the popular vote they have failed to elect more than a tiny per cent of the members.

In the 1945 general election there were no such fantastic results as in the election a decade earlier. An analysis made a few days after the voting indicated the following:

Party	Members	Per Cent
Liberals	118	39
Conservatives	66	28
C.C.F.	26	15
Social Credit	13	4
L.P.P.	2	1

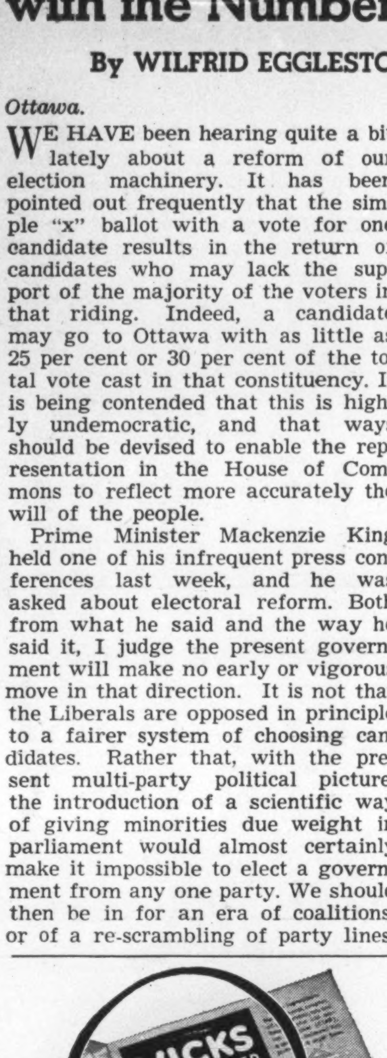
Had there been a scientific voting system in force at the last general election, capable of reflecting very accurately the popular vote across the country, it is possible no party would have been able to form a government. The situation when the House met would then have been along the following lines:

Liberals	98 seats
Conservatives	72 seats
C.C.F.	36 seats
Social Credit	9 seats
L.P.P.	5 seats
Bloc Populaire	7 seats
All Others	18 seats

It is just conceivable that the Liberals could have got through a session or two in that kind of a House, without making overtures to any other group, but a government in that position would inevitably have been very weak. And the latest polls of public opinion suggest that another general election at present would not materially change the picture.

At his press conference, the Prime Minister was asked his opinion about coalitions. He expressed definite disapproval of them. They might be necessary on occasion to carry out a specific measure, but it was, he thought, almost impossible to find common ground between two parties on the varied issues which constantly arise to face governments.

The present electoral system may be theoretically unfair, but in practice it handicaps and discourages the formation of "splinter groups" and it renders rough justice. Also, it enables the parliamentary system to operate in the face of a multitude of parties. For these reasons, Canadian politicians may choose the lesser of two evils, meantime praying that we return to a two-party political system.



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Republican Victory Is Issue for Canada

By F. D. L. SMITH

In viewing the political overturn which took place in the United States on November 5, the writer notes the tariff records of the Democratic and Republican parties in past times and the effects of their divergent policies upon the Dominion of Canada. He asks what the outcome will be this time.

THE sweeping Opposition victory at the polls in the United States has presented Canada anew with an old problem. To what extent will the Republican Party, now in control of both houses of Congress, permit the Democratic Executive at Washington to perpetuate the policies introduced by the late President Roosevelt and followed for the past 14 years? We have particularly in mind, for one thing, the question of international trade and tariffs. The Republicans have long been the high tariff party. In office their consistent practice has been to reverse the freer trade policies of Democratic administrations and to go the limit in protecting United States industry at the expense of Canadian industry and the industries of other foreign countries. It may indeed be fairly said that the United States has been, after Germany, the pioneer and leader in the creation of modern high customs barriers.

Many of our people today believe that permanent modifications of excessive customs tariffs all over the world should make for general prosperity; but Canadian manufacturers, workers and farmers recall continuously unfavorable economic balances in trade between Canada and the neighboring Republic.

The United States is capable of taking large quantities of our products, but in peace times it has always been an uncertain market, subject to sudden changes in fiscal policies at Washington. One trouble is that the two countries produce surpluses of some of the same things. In the past, whenever Canadian exporters have taken advantage of American tariff concessions by increasing exports to the States, subsequent alterations in the American customs schedules have checked the flow of Canadian produce and cut off or limited the American outlet overnight.

Successive tariff measures adopted at Washington from 1921 to 1930 reduced Canada's exports of agricultural products and manufactures thereof from $175,000,000 to about $3,000,000 per annum. The Mackenzie King Government of that day took no steps to protect our primary and secondary producers during that prolonged period. It was not until the Bennett Government in 1930 jumped the Canadian tariff to admittedly excessively high emergency levels and in 1932 obtained the Empire Trade Treaties that this country began to climb back out of the great depression. I am all for close collaboration with our great North American ally—provided always that Canada and the Empire obtain an equitable deal. The tariff ever since 1878 has been a useful instrument of Canadian development and is not to be lightly thrown away without adequate compensation.

What to Hope For

One real world hope for the future lies in cordial cooperation in peace as in war between the two great branches of the English-speaking world as a nucleus of universal international amity. Each successive Canadian Government should strive for the larger permanent cooperation between Empire Republic instead of for a lesser arrangement between Canada and the United States—the latter at the expense of that Empire which has been the spearhead of human liberty down through the centuries and which still stands out as the most potent secular influence for good in all the world.

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THE NEW WALTHAM

THE LIGHTER SIDE

Mr. Placebo's Retreat

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

MANY thousands of people attended the gala postwar opening of the Greater Rialto Motion Picture Palace. They wandered, deep in broadloom, through the various lobbies and levels of the vast new enterprise. They visited the Retiring Rooms, the Games and Recreation Rooms, the Powder Rooms, the Snack Bar and the Art Exhibit in the upper lobby, and they finally came to the great auditorium which was the heart of the enterprise. Here, sitting in adjustable, individually styled chairs, they watched the première of the five million dollar film "For Whom the Bell Always Tolls Twice," starring Ingrid Bergman, John Garfield, Lana Turner and Gary Cooper.

Mr. Henry Placebo was one of the last people to emerge from the auditorium. And since he couldn't bring himself to leave the fabulous place and go back to his little hall bedroom, he sat down in the lobby and gazed about him into endless mirrored depths. Soft music and conditioned air breathed through hidden orifices in the wall. Across the lobby was the Snack Bar, where gratuitous refreshments were served to all. He sniffed the heady tang of bracken and Russian leather — that would be the Gentlemen's Retiring Room. Luxury, thought Mr. Placebo. One could live here in luxury forever.

And why not? Mr. Placebo leaned back and allowed the vision to take possession of him. After all, why dream of dwelling in marble halls? Why not move in and occupy them?

The more he thought of it, the more irresistible the idea became. Five minutes later, when he rose and made his way into the street, he had resolved to become a permanent resident of the Greater Rialto.

He took two careful days for observation. The night shift of cleaning women, he discovered, arrived as soon as the last patron had left the auditorium. They began with the loge and Mr. Placebo had only to linger at the Snack Bar till the coast was clear. He could then skip up to the loge and relax comfortably for the rest of the night in a moulded floatex loveseat. At the end of the week he gave his landlady notice and with a small briefcase containing pyjamas, a toothbrush, a change of underwear and a shaving-kit, moved into his new home.

THE best time of all, he presently discovered, was the period between the night and day shifts, when from six o'clock till eight in the morning he had the place to himself. He would get up as soon the the last cleaning woman had left, bath and shave in the Gentlemen's Retiring Room, and then wander about enjoying the Art Exhibit or playing himself a game of backgammon in the recreation room. Occasionally when he was sure the night watchman had made his final round, he would go up to the projection room and treat himself to a private film showing. Sometimes he would experiment with running the film backwards and he got endless amusement from watching the lovers retreat from their kiss, the bullet recoil from its victim, the eminent statesman concluding his speech before he had even begun it.

One of the pleasing features of the new arrangements was that he could come and go as he pleased. He would slip out with the crowd, and when he wanted to return to his luxury world buy his way back with a matinee ticket. He was even able to entertain in a modest way with cards or backgammon in the games room, followed by refreshments at the Snack Bar.

For five months Mr. Placebo was perfectly happy. Then life at the Greater Rialto began to lose some of its charm. The food served at the Snack Bar—pretzels, potato chips and soft drinks—was increasingly hard to digest. He had exhausted the Art Exhibit and he was beginning to loathe the pungent tang of bracken and Russian leather. He was seeing too many million dollar features and was becoming more and more oppressed by the awful weight of mass entertainment.

Sundays were the worst. Mr. Placebo was a devout Anglican and his new life interfered with church attendance. Once to be sure he remained in church all night, but since the seats were hard and the church cold he did not repeat the experiment. He did resolve, however, that at the next meeting of the Synod he would bring in a paper on the relationship between church attendance and personalized Floatex Opera Seats.

By the end of six months Mr. Placebo was ready to quit. Before leaving the Greater Rialto, however, he determined to visit the managing director of the Greater Rialto Enterprise and make a few suggestions.

The managing director, a Mr. Gresham Kelly, was a man of great energy and initiative. When Mr. Placebo announced that he had come to make a few suggestions for the improvement of the Greater Rialto, he welcomed his visitor and gave him a cigar, noting at the same time that while he looked as though he had slept in his clothes (as indeed he had) his face was intelligent and keen.

"I HAVE noticed," Mr. Placebo said, "that while the Greater Rialto takes care of every material necessity it overlooks the fact that its patrons are spiritual beings."

"Our motion pictures are created by the greatest artists in the world," Mr. Kelly pointed out.

"That is not enough," Mr. Placebo said. "Man, after all, is a religious animal. You have left him no opportunity to worship."

Mr. Kelly considered. "We could, of course, use the auditorium for special church services on Sunday afternoons," he suggested.

Mr. Placebo shook his head. Religious worship, he pointed out, was surely as much entitled to its own special accommodation as powder room facilities and snack bars. "I would suggest a small additional chapel, designed by a good architect with the right ecclesiastical feeling," he said, "perhaps the type of accommodation that is provided by the better class mortuary establishments."

Mr. Kelly drew over a memo pad and thoughtfully put down Mr. Placebo's suggestion.

"There is another point," Mr. Placebo went on. "In the Greater Rialto you take care of your patrons at almost every stage of their experience. You have nurseries with trained attendants where mothers may leave their infants while they enjoy the picture. You have an infirmary for the sick. You have hearing aids and special sections for the wheel-chair patrons. Unfortunately you have overlooked the last and most solemn stage of all. Mr. Kelly, you should add a mortuary establishment to your great enterprise."

"The point is worth considering," Mr. Kelly said, and scribbled busily on his pad.

Mr. Placebo rose. "And now I would like to thank you for your hospitality over the past six months. The food to be sure is a little monotonous and the sleeping arrangements are not perhaps adequate for overnight accommodation, but on the whole I have nothing to complain of."

"Food, sleeping arrangements," wrote Mr. Kelly, and then did a double-take that would have been a credit to Edward Everett Horton. "Do I understand you have actually been *living* at the Greater Rialto?"

"For the past six months."

"Great Heavens!" cried Mr. Kelly. "This is impossible! I have a special squatter's clause in my insurance policy to cover this contingency!"

"The contingency is over," Mr. Placebo said soothingly. "I have rented a small hall-bedroom and am moving out this afternoon." He moved to the door. "Good afternoon, Mr. Kelly, and again, many thanks for your hospitality."

Mr. Kelly sat staring at the place where his visitor had been. "It's impossible" he said. After a moment his face cleared. "Quite impossible. Just a screwball." And taking the sheet from his memo pad he tore it into little pieces and dropped it into the wastepaper basket.

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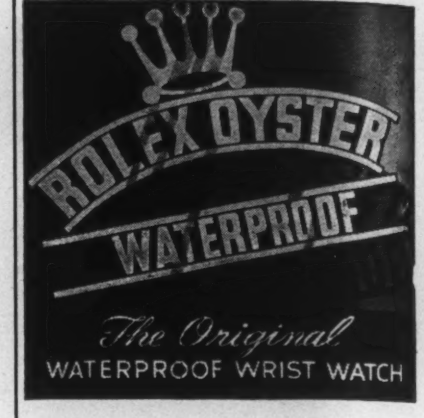

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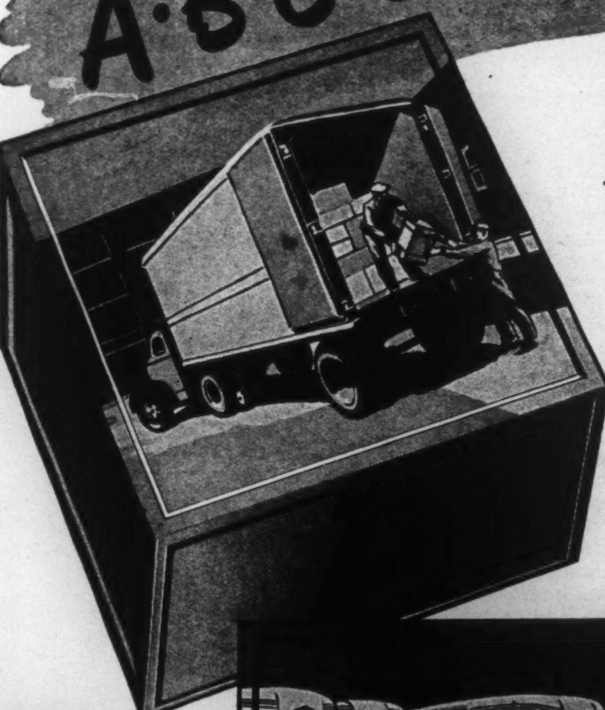

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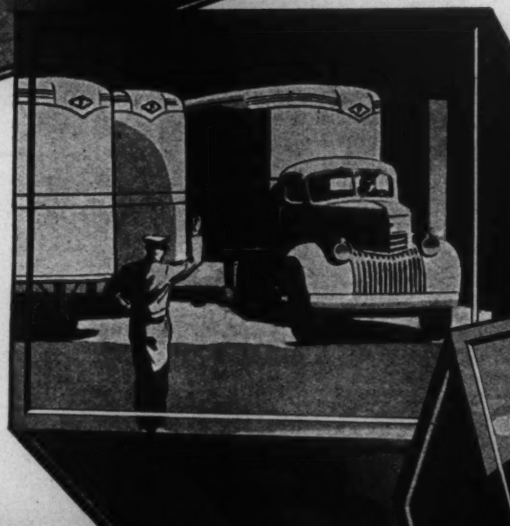

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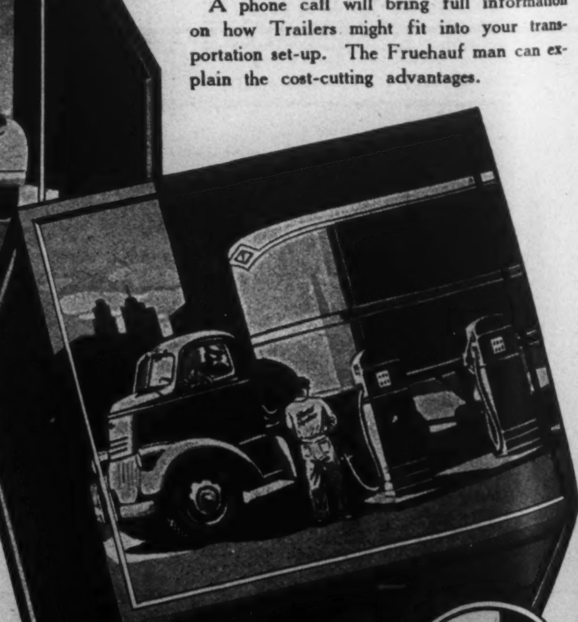

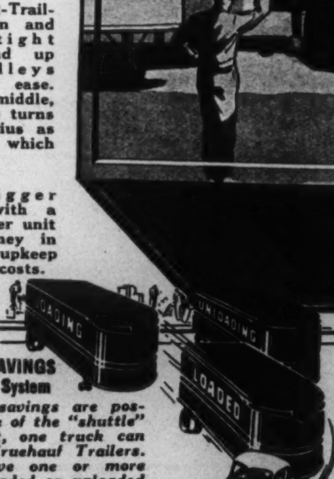

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WASHINGTON LETTER

G.O.P. May Probe Democratic Acts for Presidency Fight Material

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

PRESIDENT Truman recently dubbed it a "dead horse" but you can expect the $34,000,000 Canol Project, wartime development of Canada's far northwest oil resources as a fuel supply against a once-feared Alaskan invasion, to become a live issue under the Republican Congressional regime.

If they carry through their post-election promises, G.O.P. leaders in the House and Senate will "open every session with a prayer and close it with a probe." They have threatened to launch special investigations into virtually every phase of the Democratic administration during the last 14 years. That means a lot of probes, and also a lot of ammunition for the '48 Republican presidential campaign.

There has been a lot of talk by both Democrats and Republicans of cooperation in the 80th Congress which opens early in January, but unless human nature and politics change radically in the next few weeks, a lot of knock-down drag-out legislating is in the offing. Mr. Truman laid on the veto gently, in the vain hope of winning something like cooperation from a Democratic Congress, but with control of both House and Senate in G.O.P. hands, he can be expected to swing it high, wide and handsome, if the occasion demands.

Republicans, eager to create a positive record for the 1948 campaign, will override the veto if they deem legislation important enough. The Canol project is just one of many that may be investigated. There is talk of another Pearl Harbor probe, of an inquiry into the financial affairs of Elliott Roosevelt, the influence of Harry L. Hopkins in the Roosevelt Regime, of the International Highway linking North and South America, the Supreme Court squabble, and a probe into loans made to Henry J. Kaiser, now called "a pampered New Deal darling." Other Republicans want to investigate State Department personnel for pink leanings, or the distribution of radio station licences by the Federal Communications Commission.

President Truman this week told his first press conference since the election that he hopes to work in a nonpartisan spirit with the Republican legislative majorities and to put aside personal and political considerations in the interests of the general welfare.

Foreign Policy

The President is determined that the nation's foreign policy continue to be nonpartisan and this conviction is shared by most Republicans. The election results have freed Mr. Truman from obligations to blocs or pressure groups in domestic affairs. The returns, doubtless, have enlightened him on the folly of hewing too closely to the party line on national issues and there is every indication that he will try to act independently and progressively on major issues. He may not have wanted to be President, but he has two tough years in which to prove himself to the American electorate.

Mr. Truman has alternatives. He can compromise with the Republican dominated Congress on controversial domestic and foreign issues, or fight back with Democratic-backed votes. He can try to lead his party back to a more conservative line, which the G.O.P. victory indicates is more popular with the electorate, than the Roosevelt new dealism which he has somewhat dispiritedly tried to perpetuate. On the other hand, he may endeavor to steer the party over to the "left of centre" again. He may rally the Democratic forces to back his own candidacy in 1948 or step aside for some other nominee.

Both before and since the election, Democrats have expressed doubt that Harry Truman would seek renomination in 1948. The New Deal element in the Democratic Party is already rallying its forces, and Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas has been definitely mentioned as a possible candidate. Party stalwarts doubt that Henry A. Wallace, former Vice President and Commerce Secretary, could win the nomination.

Some segments of the Democratic party say they are not downhearted, and they consider the whopping Republican victory only a "temporary setback." These are the leaders of the "Conference of Progressives," who met in Chicago recently to chart an expansion — or should it be called a re-expansion — program.

As a dampener to their enthusiasm, William C. Murphy, Jr., publicity director of the Republican National Committee, has come forth with some figures which show that on the basis of the 32,808,200 popular votes cast in the Congressional elections, a Republican candidate for president would have won by 357 votes, with President Truman getting 174. The G.O.P. figures that with a good record on Congress and reasonably good economic conditions, they can retain that voting predominance in 1948.

The G.O.P. has six men eager to carry the Presidential ball. Governor Dewey of New York has the advantage of a resounding victory in being reelected governor but the handicap in the tradition that Republicans have never renominated an unsuccessful presidential candidate. Also in the field are Senator-elect John W. Bricker of Ohio; former Governor Harold E. Stassen of Minnesota; Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio; Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan and Governor Earl Warren of Cal.

Go Easy with Labor

Liberal Republicans like Senator Morse of Oregon have warned the party sachems that they had better go easy with labor if they want to win in 1948. Labor, incidentally, is fearful that the new regime means passage of strike control legislation. Three States during the recent campaign passed laws against the closed shop.

Incidentally, the election results have had the opposite effect on left-wing elements in the Democratic party. Sentiment has crystallized in the C.I.O. to oust Communists from its ranks.

The 1948 campaign will overshadow everything that is done by Congress and the president, it is believed. There's a strong political flavor to Republican promises, at this early stage of their victory, to cut individual income taxes by 20 per cent in 1947, to lop ten billions off government spending, to balance the budget, and to launch those investigations.

One of their first acts, it is expected, will be to strip the Democratic President of his special wartime powers, and to toss many of the 520 special wartime laws out the window. Except for controls on rent, sugar and rice, the present Administration is already dropping all price controls, and wage controls are slated for the axe.

The Congress will first have to take action on three major matters: (1) termination of the war; (2) termination of hostilities; and (3) termination of the emergency. There is some doubt that the new Congress will be able to act precipitously, or would wish to do so, on the wartime powers.

The patronage problem is a major factor in whether or not the Republicans adopt the committee consolidation section of the Congressional streamlining voted in the last session. It will mean great sacrifices for committeemen who have served for years only to find their committees abolished just as they are to succeed to influential chairmanships. The House is to reduce its committees from 48 to 19 and the Senate from 33 to 15.

There has been no indication that either Republicans or Democrats want to alter any other provisions of the streamlining bill, which boosts Congressional pay from $10,000 to $12,500, provides a tax-free $2,500 annual expense account, increases clerk and technical help hire, gives Congress more control over the Federal budget, and requires lobbyists to register.

Were it not for the expressed determination of both President Truman and Republican leaders to try to cooperate on legislation for the public good, many Americans fear that the present situation, with Democrats controlling the White House and Republicans the Congress, would mean a stalemate for the next two years.

The Canadian and British parliamentary systems whereby a new party takes over when it wins a majority have been cited as "more democratic" forms of government. Efforts will be made in the new Congress to correct the situation.

Unless there is a change for the worse in the economic picture by 1948 it is now considered likely the line of succession to the White House will be decided by an electorate voting in a Republican president. It's really too early for Presidential predictions, though.

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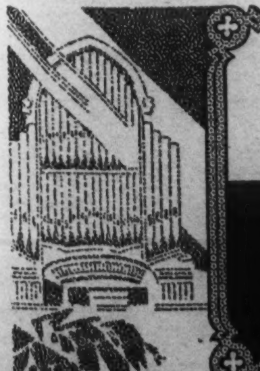

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THE WORLD TODAY

The United Nations In Committee; Bowing to Will of Majority

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

New York.

I HAVE been wondering whether the old saying "familiarity breeds contempt" applies to watching the United Nations at work in the intimacy of its committee rooms. Perhaps it is true in a measure; but often I have experienced, on the contrary, a greatly increased respect for some delegate or nation of whom I had little conception before.

Rather, you are seeing the United Nations as it is, with all the limitations which its mode of action imposes on it. You may still say to yourself, occasionally, as you look round the oval table: "Imagine, almost all of the nations of the world brought together, right in this room." But you are impressed more and more by the cumbersome procedures and the sometimes extreme differences in outlook which limit their real achievement.

Too often it starts with an incompetent chairman, chosen according to the part of the world he comes from rather than because of any particular qualifications. And in the United Nations, just as in a church or home-and-school club, a committee can get nowhere without a competent chairman.

Then, all too understandably—"even as you and I"—there are many members of these 51-nation committees who believe they have specially important contributions to make, which would lose their force and value if they were condensed. And there are a surprising number of others who, while declaring that enough time has been spent on this discussion already, conceive that just a further brief "clarification" by them would help out the other members.

I, personally, am sponsoring for engraving above all U.N. Committee rooms the slogan: "A few well-chosen words". On this painful score my favorite is currently Sir Alexander Cadogan, so brief, precise and restrained. It may in the end be our own Canadian delegation, which rarely intervenes at all.

It could hardly be the Australians, in spite of their high average rate of ideas contributed per thousand words. It could never, never be the Soviet or Soviet satellite speakers, of whom one might almost suspect that they receive a substantial bonus for all speeches over an hour in length.

Next as a bane to U.N. progress is the enormous time-loss in translation. This again applies especially to Russian speeches, because they are so long and because they have to be translated twice, into French and into English. Mrs. Roosevelt spoke quite crossly about this to Mr. Vishinsky the other day, after he had occupied the entire afternoon from 3 o'clock until 6.30 in this way, leaving no time for any discussion.

A Canadian Proposal

All Soviet speeches, but notably Molotov's, are endlessly repetitive, and would be far more effective if condensed. Yet the Soviets lead the opposition to the Canadian proposal to set a time-limit on speeches. Having had some years of experience with a four-minute-forty-second limit, I think that our proposed ten-minute rule is just about right in the circumstances.

Limitation of speeches is still opposed by some, but the translation problem at least is being licked. In the single committee room which so far has been equipped with the glassed-in translators' booths and the International Business Machines' simultaneous earphone translation system, —the one which was used at Nuremberg—the discussion marches right along. The U.N., like everybody else, can solve its technical problems more readily than its political and moral problems.

Yet even equipped with simultaneous earphone translation a committee can, and often does, get caught in long arguments over procedure and rules. These may arise originally out of some very small matter, but they build up as they absorb the interest of the lawyers who inevitably make up a large proportion of the delegates.

The U.N. started virtually without rules of procedure, as was painfully apparent at San Francisco, and still is developing these from day to day. By and large, however, Western parliamentary and committee procedure is accepted as the natural ideal by delegates from every corner of the world and every type of society.

Finally, a difficulty which no technical invention can dispel, and one which constantly plagues the debates when they get beyond the troublesome questions of procedure into the substance, is the suspicion which Soviet delegates continually express as to the true motives of their colleagues; and the tendency of Soviet speakers to describe as black what other members see as white, and vice versa. Very often there seem to be two worlds of thought here with no bridge or passage between them.

Talking 'Stead of Slugging

The debate rarely brings any real agreement or even compromise between the two points of view. The voting—on big questions—is monotonously along the lines of the Soviet bloc versus the rest, with smaller nations who are caught in between the two abstaining. And then, finally, if the question is one of close concern to the Soviet Union, its various delegations will rise one after the other, and with slight variation in their prepared statements, declare that this decision has been taken contrary to the rules (or perhaps the spirit) of the Charter, and therefore the Soviet Union, the Ukraine, etc, "does not feel itself bound by it".

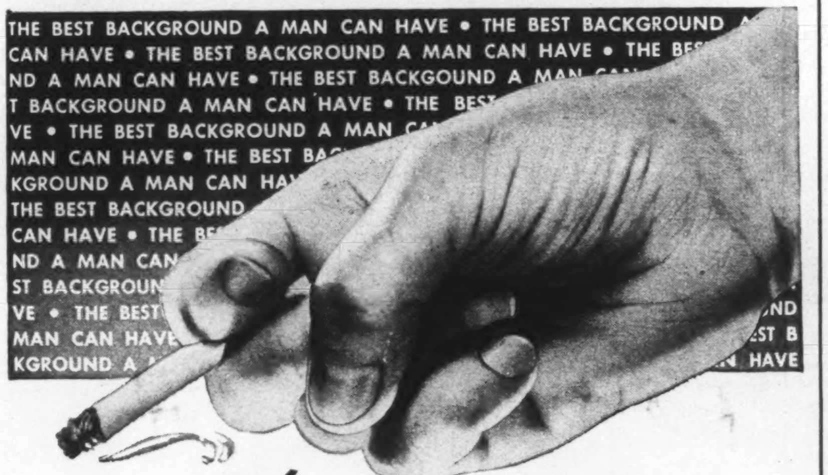
So there you are where you started. It is beautiful, this attempt of the nations to reach agreement by talking, instead of slugging; but to work it requires a tradition of acceptance of majority decisions. This it seems to me is the core of the whole U.N. problem. It is not built to force the big powers to do anything. It can only threaten to use, or can only use, force against a small nation which it can prove to be endangering the peace of its neighbors, and which has no big power to protect it by use of the veto.

For all the rest it can only beg its members to accept the decision of a majority vote. But the Soviet bloc, which could be doubled in numbers next year through the admission of Albania, Outer Mongolia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary and Finland, has shown that it will flatly reject all decisions which it does not like. And too many of the others begin to orate about "sovereign rights" and "meddling in internal affairs" when the discussion touches on their countries.

There was a debate the other day which contained so many of these elements which hamper progress here as to become a small, inverse U.N. classic. It was in the important Committee Number One, on political affairs, which is loaded with delegation chiefs and headed for discussion of such hot topics as Spain, the veto, maintenance of troops in non-enemy countries, treatment of Indians in South Africa, and so on.

This battle royal arose out of an issue which, curiously enough, seemed so obscure and unimportant to many of the delegations that they abstained on the first vote, but so vitally important to the Soviets that they protested it as an attempt to revise the Charter. The point under discussion was a recommendation by this committee to the General Assembly concerning the admission of three new members, already approved by the Security Council.

The Argentine delegation chief, anxious as he said "to defend the powers and rights of the General Assembly" wanted to slip in an innocuous-looking little phrase saying that the Assembly had "taken note" of the applications



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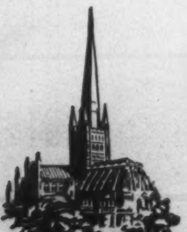

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for membership and of the recommendations of the Security Council. Mr. Wellington Koo said that the amendment was unnecessary and could have no effect, as the Charter laid down that the Assembly is required to act on Security Council recommendations as to new memberships.

An Evasive Chairman

The chairman, Mr. Manuilsky, of the Ukrainian delegation, called for a vote which produced the unusually indecisive result of 19 in favor, 14 against and 16 abstaining. Only the Soviet bloc remained intact, except for Jan Masaryk's abstention. All other blocs and groups split three ways.

But meanwhile Manuilsky and the other Soviet representatives had been stirred to suspicion by Australia's approval of this amendment. They smell Dr. Evatt's old campaign to keep the right to admit new members in the hands of the Assembly, and suddenly saw in this Argentine amendment a subtle change in the Charter intended to diminish the authority of the Security Council—and hence the scope of the veto.

Manuilsky began a sly and evasive effort to overrule the vote which had just been registered, an effort which persisted through the noon hour and until mid-afternoon, and ultimately brought upon him the most decisive rebuke of this U.N. session.

First he took the line that this amendment was a matter of substance, which required a two-thirds majority, and was therefore defeated. When it was pointed out that the rules of committee voting allowed for no difference between matters of procedure or substance, but called merely for "a simple majority of those present and voting", he shifted his ground deftly.

People who abstained, he now insisted, were certainly present, and by their very hesitation were expressing an opinion, or voting. Therefore 19 affirmative votes fell short of a simple majority, which would require 26. So the amendment was lost, he reiterated.

Tide Begins To Rise

Then began to rise, slowly but irresistibly, a ground *swell* which forced him in the end to do his duty according to the rules, and record that under a vote properly taken the Argentine amendment had been carried. Manuilsky first tried instead to carry out a new vote, on a revised version of the Argentine amendment, which he presented through the rapporteur at his elbow. But this attempt to supersede immediately a proposal which had just been carried only added to the storm.

Bolivia said that too much was being made of this affair, which did not justify splitting into blocs. Lange of Poland contradicted his colleagues of the Soviet bloc in a very mild but firm speech declaring that the issue was unimportant, the rules on voting clear, that abstainers could not be counted, and therefore the Argentine amendment, though he opposed it, should be considered carried. And the Netherlands made an admirable intervention, calling for a unanimous vote on the rapporteur's version.

Still the tide rose. Mexico, Liberia, Venezuela, Panama, South Africa all demanded, to growing applause, that the chairman declare that the Argentine vote had been quite proper and had been carried. Spaak arrived, to rescue his threatened U.N., and sat behind Manuilsky. Then bluff old Senator Tom Connolly broke the show wide open.

In his Texas drawl, and pounding the table as he is accustomed to doing his Senate desk, he said: "*Gentlemen*, this discussion could go on *endlessly*. I voted against the Argentine amendment, but I bow to the will of the majority. Rule 68 says that an appeal such as Mexico has raised shall be put to a vote immediately. Not after five more speeches, but *immediately* (bang! on the desk). Not after any more observations by the chairman, but *immediately*. Not after any more consultations between the chairman and his private advisers, but *immediately*."

A Majority of 46 to 4

"I have great respect for the chair, but the chairman should remember that he is the servant of this committee and not dictator over it. (Bang! again; the applause and laughter grow). This committee is supposed to be run according to democratic rules. The Chairman should acquaint himself with the ways of democracy. I insist on an exact interpretation of the rules, which call for an *immediate* vote."

At this Manuilsky, who had been floundering badly, capitulated, though he still took time to give his own views once again. The roll-call was dramatic. Voting on whether they agreed with the chairman's interpretation, member after member said No! in a clear voice, with only three Soviet delegates and the Yugoslav declaring Yes. Czechoslovakia abstained, and Poland voted against the Soviet bloc. The count was 46 to 4.

Never, to my recollection, has there been a larger majority vote in a United Nations meeting. And yet the U.S.S.R. delegate rose up promptly to protest that the Soviet Union did not consider herself bound by decisions taken in this way. It was fair warning that, no matter what the majority vote, the Soviet Union will never accept any decision of the United Nations which she believes to run counter to her interests. The majority, to her, is not right; it is merely hostile.

It was on an occasion such as this that I overheard in the corridor afterwards the quip (which a telegrapher thought to improve on last week) "this world cannot endure half-Slav and half-free."

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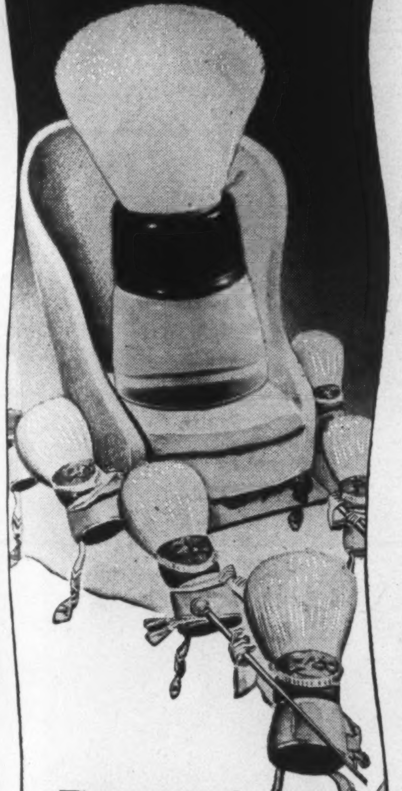

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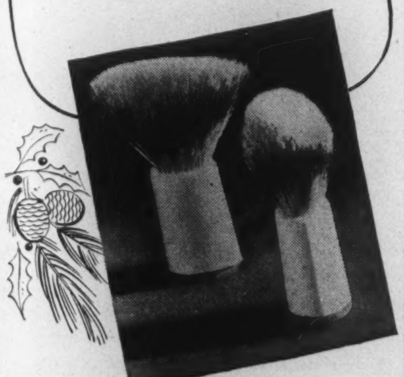

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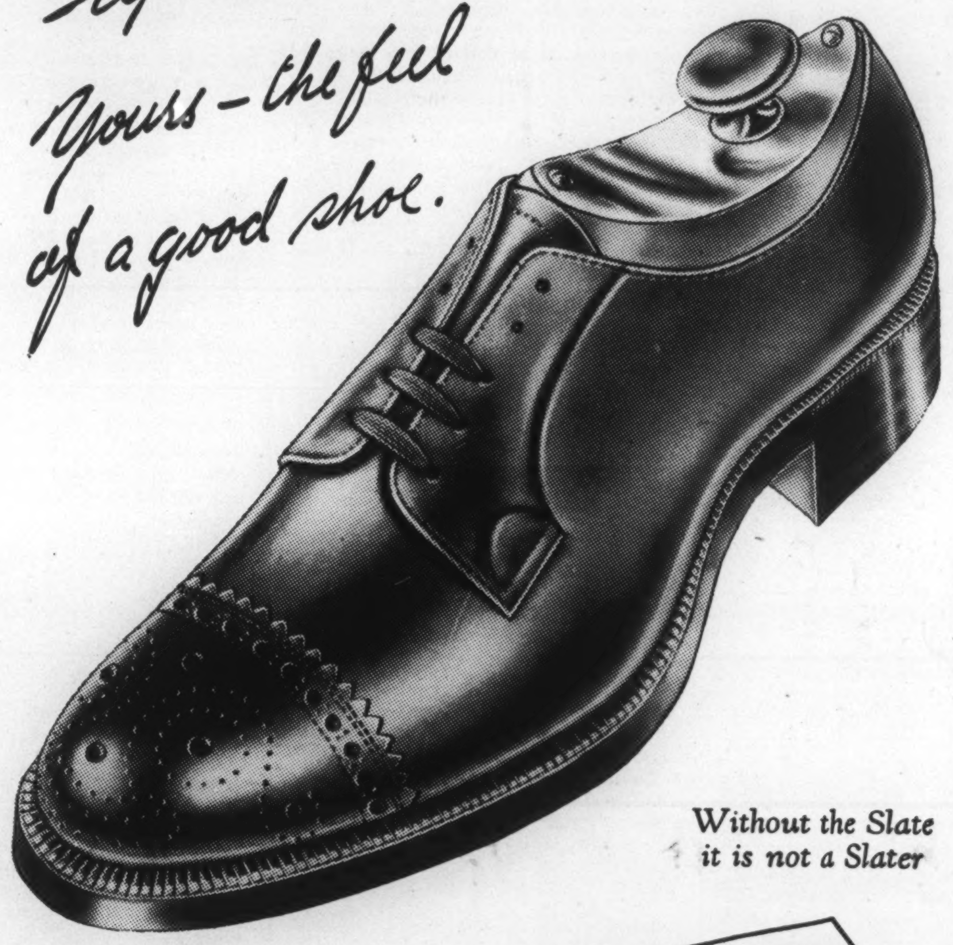

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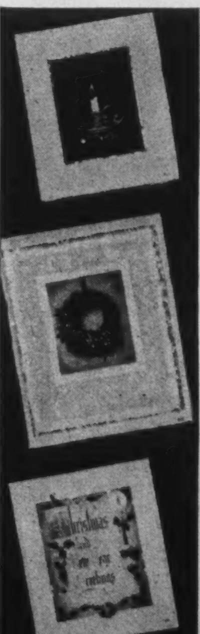

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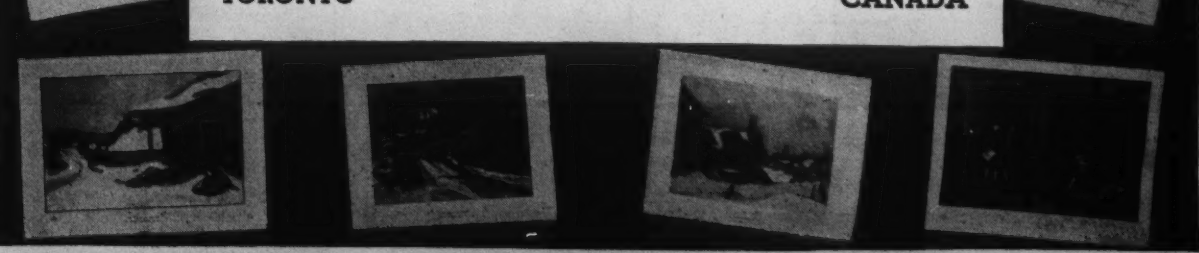

Should Ottawa Assist Maritimes Industry?

By D. P. O'HEARN

The movement for the development of new industry in the Maritime Provinces is encouraging, Mr. O'Hearn says, but it promises to be greatly retarded by inadequate financing.

This is a field in which Ottawa might give some assistance and hope to improve the welfare of the area generally.

One even might make a case, the writer says, that some capital assistance is owing to the Maritimes from the Dominion.

This is the third of four articles on the Maritime Provinces by Mr. O'Hearn.

Halifax.

IN my first article in this series I noted that an encouraging sign here was the development of new industry by both government and private interests. In its implications this development is most important. It has long been recognized that before this part of the country could hope for any measure of real prosperity there would have to be a substantial change in its economy. That from its traditional role as a primary producer of natural products it should shift to a predominantly crafts and small industry economy operating on the natural products base.

It is not possible, however, for the observer to share the optimism about the present movement that is felt in many quarters here. This is partly for reasons which I have already noted; mainly, that the industries established, and being established, now still have to prove themselves in normal markets, and one can't have entire faith in their prospects. But beyond this it seems extremely doubtful if, on a wider scale, under present conditions the movement can do anything like the job that is required to have any marked effect on the Maritimes picture in the near future.

The movement has many things in its favor, including enthusiasm and aggressiveness. But I believe it will be severely handicapped by one great drawback: lack of capital. The job that it is aiming to do will require a great deal of money, both for investment in enterprise and for organization by government, and the money doesn't seem to be available.

This, of course, is an old Maritimes' short-coming. Since the economy of the area started on the down-grade many years ago there has been a great lack of capital, particularly of venture capital willing to invest in its prospects. Even capital owned in the area has sought the bulk of its investment in other parts of the country.

With the present development, government, to a limited extent, has been doing some financing. And a few more-intrepid private interests have entered vigorously into the movement. But so far there has been no sign of the very substantial private capital or government funds required to do the proper job.

Eventually, I believe, the money will be found. This course is obviously the logical solution to the Maritimes' position. Commissions, government and private interests who have inquired into the Maritimes' economic problems have generally agreed that this was the path that the area should follow. (None, however, have been able to suggest a practical means of following it.) With something so logical, and so necessary, eventually a way will be found. But the immediate prospects are not bright.

Economic Assistance

It was this I had in mind particularly when I said in my last article that the Maritimes could be assisted. I wasn't thinking of new bridges, causeways and other public works, tariff changes and other current requests of Ottawa. These things are perhaps important enough, but none of them with the exception of the tariff (and I don't think the Maritimes can ever hope to see a tariff adjusted in favor of their present economy) can have an important influence on the economy generally. But in this sphere of industrial development anything which is done should materially improve the position of the provinces as a whole.

Shortly the Dominion and the Maritime Provinces will be discussing public investment, and presumably will be talking about public works and other capital expenditures. If these talks take the line of the past, certain subsidies and subventions will also be discussed, and the tariff question argued to no satisfactory conclusion. So far as I know there will be no question of the Dominion being asked to lend any assistance in industrial development. But it seems a matter that would be worth considering. If the Dominion were to grant a capital sum (arbitrarily, let us say fifty million dollars) the interest on which would be available to the three provinces specifically for industrial development, one can't but believe that in the long run it would prove an exceptionally good investment; possibly much better for the national interest than ten million dollars in a Toronto subway, or a few hundred millions in baby bonuses.

Such a sum would enable the Maritimes to have funds available, first of all, to lend to new industries. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have been doing this on a small scale up till now, on something the same lines as the Industrial Development Bank. But their funds have been much too limited to make a very material contribution.

Secondly, it would put them in a position to establish research, marketing and merchandising services and other organization for development, which is essential before there can be widespread industrial growth. The local governments are doing some things along these lines now, but their efforts are very limited.

Action in this direction by the Dominion wouldn't perhaps be orthodox. Ottawa customarily doesn't give money for development such as this. But in the case of the Maritimes some unorthodoxy is called for by now. This part of the country has been depressed for many, many years.

And so far as that goes I think you might even make a good case that something is definitely owing to this part of the country by the Dominion, based on the old question of the tariff. No matter what one's opinion about the tariff structure and the reasons for its erection, it can't be denied that its effect was to benefit Central Canada and militate strongly against this part of the country. There possibly is no argument that this shouldn't have been done. At the time the structure was instituted it was probably essential that our manufacturing industries be built up. But nevertheless we have followed the principle of building up one part of the country at the direct expense of the rest, and the true effect of this policy on the Maritimes has never been effectively recognized or compensated for.

Feeble Attempts

There have been some feeble political attempts at compensating the Maritimes in the way of subsidies, etc. But there has never been any recognition of the factor, particularly, of capital loss. The tariff structure, in blocking Maritimes prosperity, also directly depleted the capital plant of this part of the country. Through outmoding the old economy, it also outmoded its capital plant. And Ottawa, I think, might have recognized this in the past.

Before now, it seems, it might have been wise to recognize that while the national interest might demand protection for Central Canada it should also provide compensation for parts of the country directly affected by the policy. Or in other words, if in building up one part of the economy you are ruining another part you should give the other fellow help in developing along new lines. If this principle had been recognized some time ago, I think the Maritimes possibly mightn't have had such an unfortunate economic history. As it is, it should be an excellent reason for giving assistance now, when it would definitely be most beneficial.

However, in the way of things such assistance probably won't come along. And lacking it, I think, one can only look on the present development here as encouraging and a step in the right direction, but one which is liable to take a very long time in evolving to the state where it can make a marked improvement in the welfare of the area. As I have already noted, this new path probably will eventually be followed successfully. But under present conditions of inadequate financing it promises to be a very hard path, and it looks as though "eventually" will probably be a very long time.

Can You Afford to Lose $600?

That's just what the Continental Accident and Sickness Plan would pay you for 3 months' disability . . .

FULL TIME PROTECTION FOR YOUR PAY CHEQUE

Continental Accident and Sickness Plans pay $50 to $200 a month as long as disabled through accident or confining sickness, whether it be for days, weeks, months or years—yes—*even for life*. You may need this protection *sooner than you think.*

NO RED TAPE • NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION
GET THE FACTS, TODAY

Continental
CASUALTY COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA: Federal Building, Toronto
R. D. BEDOLFE, Canadian General Manager

CANADA'S NO. 1 ACCIDENT and SICKNESS Company

Now! "FLICK THE KEY—SET THE MARGIN!"

Keyboard Margin Control*

Exclusive on the New Remington!

Other Firsts that Appeared First On America's First Typewriter

FIRST—in 1873—to manufacture a practical typewriter.

Personal Touch, instantly adjustable to your own typing touch for smoother typing.

All Plastic Keys, ring-free and finger-fitted for your comfort.

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Unit Construction makes cleaning easier, assures longer life.

Silent, Lighter Carriage Return, roller-bearing mounted, makes typing easier, faster.

Keyboard Margin Control on the New Remington brings margin setting to the keyboard for the first time in typewriter history. It is the latest achievement in the long list of triumphs of Remington Rand research and development engineers. Keyboard Margin Control provides with incredible speed and absolute ease the means of getting that margin precision so essential to letters of distinction. A mere flick of the finger on the KMC key on the right or left side of the keyboard on the new Remington sets corresponding margins instantly . . . positively . . . where they are wanted. See this superb new Remington Typewriter with its truly personal touch, its smooth easy action, its other features *plus* Keyboard Margin Control. You will see some of the many reasons why more Remingtons have been bought than any other make. Call a Remington Rand office in any one of 33 Canadian cities from coast to coast or write direct to 199 Bay Street, Toronto.

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REMINGTON RAND INC.

Remington Rand
THE FIRST NAME IN TYPEWRITERS
Makers also of world-renowned Remington Rand Portable Typewriters

SPORTING LIFE

Hockey Reorganized

By KIMBALL McILROY

It is reported that an effort will shortly be made to form a union among professional hockey players. A recent attempt to unionize major-league baseball laid an egg—News Item.

ICE UNION ORGANIZER ARRIVES

ERNEST H. (Ernie) O'Rorke, Canadian organizer for the newly-formed Association of Professional Hockey Players, arrived in Queen City last night in a private railway car. Through his secretary Mr. O'Rorke expressed the opinion that professional hockey was a ripe and long overdue field for union organization, and that furthermore capitalism was on the way out. He scoffed at sentiments recently expressed that any hockey player you could name was being paid four times what he was worth, and stated that he believed Mr. Churchill to be the greatest living threat to world peace.

LOT OF PLAYERS IMPROVED

It was announced this evening by B. C. (Chum) Chalmondeley, chairman of the board of the Queen City Oak Leafs, that following a meeting of the directors it had been decided to give substantial salary increases to all players on the club roster, and that nominal bonuses would be provided in the form of a Packard for every goal scored, a Ford for each assist, and a kiddy-car for each child born to a player during the season. Mr. Chalmondeley expressed surprise when informed that an organizer for the A.P.H.P. was in Queen City.

"His presence here has nothing whatever to do with the directors' decision," he said. "They ought to ride the — — — out of town on a rail, though. This will play hob with the stock market."

(The headline on the above news item gave rise to considerable scepticism until it was officially confirmed that most of them hadn't improved at all, and weren't likely to either.)

ALREADY HAVE PACKARDS, SAY PLAYERS

"We've got too many Packards now," Edward (Eddie) Weems, star centre and captain of the Queen City Oak Leafs, said last night in commenting on recent announcements of pay increases and bonuses for Leaf players. "Those salary increases may sound fine to the fellow making only five or six thousand a year," he went on, "but look at me, my wife hasn't had a fur coat this month. Chalmondeley and the rest would be well-advised to leave the ticker tape alone and spend more time at the blue-line." When asked if he had been approached by Ernest H. (Ernie) O'Rorke, A.P.H.P. organizer, Weems said, "Never heard of him. What pictures has he been in?"

HOCKEY PLAYERS STRIKE

Queen City Squad Refuses to Take Ice Until Demands Met

EXACTLY one hour before the scheduled face-off time for tonight's hockey game between the Queen City Oak Leafs and Beantown Bears, Edward (Eddie) Weems, team captain and shop steward of Local 109, Association of Professional Hockey Players, informed the club management that his players would not participate in the game until their "just and rightful demands" had been met. These include the O'Rorke Formula for 100 per cent wage increases and a college education for every baby born to a player during the playing season.

"I have never heard of such a thing," B. C. (Chum) Chalmondeley, Leaf board chairman, said when informed of the players' demands, "but then of course I haven't been around much."

CLUB OFFICIALS DON SKATES

Directors and Front Office Staff Fill in For Team

Beantown 23—Oak Leafs 0

In an effort to break the strike of the club's regular players, non-playing officials of the Queen City Oak Leafs last night donned skates and pads and stepped out on the ice to face Beantown Bears, present league leaders. Led by B. C. (Chum) Chalmondeley, who used to be a player himself in the old Omemee Church League, the officials staged a gallant effort and twice managed to get the puck past their own blue line. Speaking from his room at the Queen City General Hospital this morning, Mr. Chalmondeley said, "We have not yet begun to fight, and for my money I don't think we ever will, either. Things were never like that in Omemee." This reporter found Edward (Eddie) Weems, Leaf strike leader, on the picket line, driving his Packard around Oak Leaf Gardens. When asked to comment on last night's game, Weems said, "Ha!"

WILL RETIRE FROM LEAGUE CLUB—THIS IS A LOCKOUT—PLAYERS POLICEMAN CHARGES LEAF PLAYER

Weems Arrested For Assault

Edward (Eddie) Weems, star centre player for the striking Queen City Oak Leafs, was this afternoon arrested on a charge of assault following an attempt by police to break the picket line of union hockey players around Oak Leaf Gardens. Weems claims that the incident, during which P. C. Henry (Hank) Schultz alleges that he was struck on the head by a hockey stick, was a legitimate body-check. "Schultz ought to get out on the ice some night," the star said scornfully.

Schultz' only comment was, "This is going to be the longest penalty Weems ever served."

OTTAWA TO ARBITRATE STRIKE

IT WAS announced today that Mitchell J. (Mitch) Maguire, Federal Government labor expert and one-time Sunday School teacher, would meet with officials of the Queen City hockey club and striking players in an unsuccessful effort to arbitrate the current dispute between the club and players. Mr. Maguire expressed high hopes of settling the dispute. When asked to comment, B.C. (Chum) Chalmondeley, club board chairman, replied, "My God! did he really?"

ERRATUM

In yesterday's late editions, it was reported that Mitchell J. (Mitch) Maguire, government labor expert, would meet with players and officials of the Oak Leaf hockey club in an "unsuccessful" effort to settle their dispute. The word, of course, should have been "successful." Mr. Maguire's efforts have not yet been unsuccessful.

STRIKE SETTLED!

In a sensational joint announcement last night, B. C. (Chum) Chalmondeley and Edward (Eddie) Weems, board chairman and union shop steward respectively of the strike-bound Queen City Oak Leafs, released the news that despite government efforts at conciliation the week-old strike was at an end. Terms of the agreement were not announced, but were believed by sources close to the club to involve Packards for goals, babies, *and* assists. That is, assists for goals.

"This means peace in our time," Mr. Chalmondeley said.

Weems said, "I've been sort of glancing at that ticker tape. Chalmondeley's got something there."

HOCKEY REFEREES STRIKE
GOAL JUDGES WALK OUT
USHERS FORM UNION
ICE-SCRAPERS DEMAND INCREASES
TONIGHT'S GAME CANCELLED

PLAYER AND BOSS FLAY LABOR DISPUTANTS

In a joint announcement last night, B. C. (Chum) Chalmondeley, business agent for Local 109, Association of Professional Hockey Players, and Edward (Eddie) Weems, ex-centre player and chairman of the board of the Queen City Oak Leafs, expressed the opinion that the public, and especially the sports-going public, would not long put up with the current wave of labor disputes which is disrupting professional sport all over the continent. "The players must be allowed to play if they so desire," the announcement read. "The high-handed tactics of certain union officials comes close to open rebellion. The police must act."

Chalmondeley said, "I earn my salary, and it's a good one, by looking after the interests of the players, and the first of those interests is the right to play, without fear of intimidation."

Mr. Weems said, "It's those Reds who're behind all this."

• •

STUDIO COMMENT

THUS spoke a worker in photography:
"Breathes there a girl, of such sincerity,
So unaffected and so frank that she
Can say about her portrait, honestly,
'It's good; I like it, and it's really me.'?
If such there be, I totally agree
To have her here, and do her portrait free!"

J. E. PARSONS

THEIR ROAD TO
Enjoyment

Two million or more motorists from the States visit us each year . . . thousands of them just for the beauty of our Ontario countryside. Let's see to it that our hospitality matches the perfection of our lakes and hills.

IT'S EVERY-BODY'S BUSINESS
. . . it's good business!

Ontario profits almost as much from tourist business as from gold mining. It's up to us to keep this business growing.

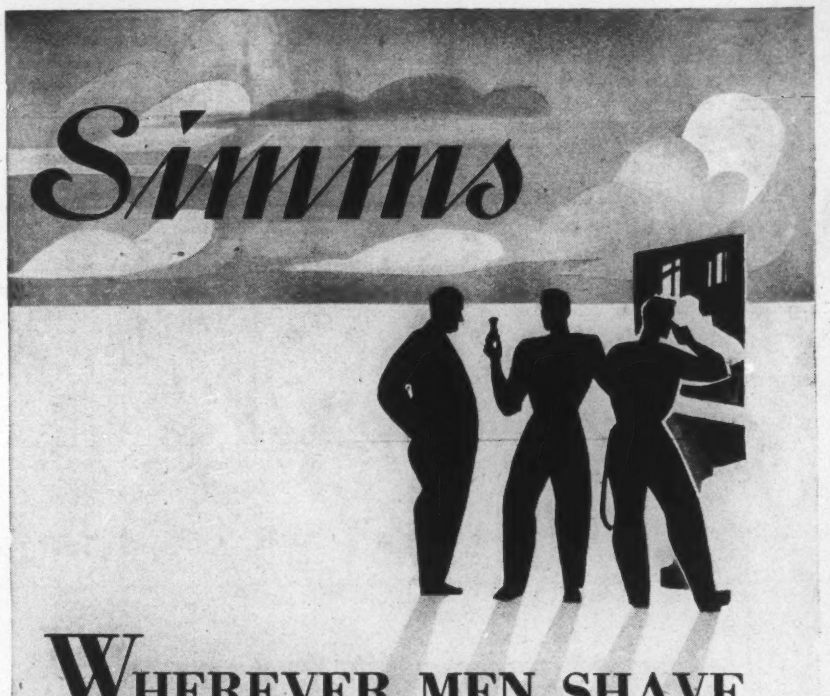
Every tourist dollar is shared this way: 1. Hotels; 2. Stores; 3. Restaurants; 4. Taxes, etc.; 5. Amusements; 6. Garages.

"Let's make them want to come back!"

PLANNING A HOLIDAY? Tune in "Ontario Holiday" CFRB, 10:30 p.m., Thursday, Friday and Saturday

Labatt's

PUBLISHED IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST BY JOHN LABATT LIMITED



WHEREVER MEN SHAVE

MEN MAY differ about their brand of shaving soap or cream . . . they may have their pet razors . . . but when it comes to a *brush* they get together in agreeing upon a *Simms!*

A Simms Shaving Brush has everything that appeals to men who know that good shaves come from good preparation. Made of the supple 'finenesses' of pure Badger Hair . . . a Simms whips up a rich penetrating lather that "readies" the beard for the cleanest kind of shave. When a man produces his Simms, he knows other men will give it the once-over of approval.

THE HALL MARK OF BETTER BRUSHES

Simms Pure Badger Shaving Brushes are priced from $2.00 to $25.00.

T. S. Simms and Co. Limited
SAINT JOHN, N.B.
MONTREAL · TORONTO · WINNIPEG
MAKERS OF FINE QUALITY SHAVING BRUSHES, PAINT BRUSHES, HOUSEHOLD BRUSHES AND MOPS FOR OVER 80 YEARS

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Both Mines and Cranberries Spell Tycoonery for Norman Vincent

By JEAN TWEED

NORMAN VINCENT, president and chief shareholder of Vincent Mining Corporation, is a disconcerting person. His recent rise to power and wealth has proved quite disconcerting to the many citizens of lower Bay Street, Toronto, where the great, the near-great, the has-been-great and the would-be-great rub shoulders. It is not that "The Street" objects to tycoons, mind you. After all even a minor tycoon can be profitable to one and all. But there are the conventions . . . and Vincent has disregarded nearly all the rules of etiquette laid down for growing magnates.

For instance, the Norman Investment Company originally formed to handle Vincent shares only. That didn't sit well with some of "The Street" brokers. Then there's his haphazard method of buying mining companies, industrial companies, any kind of company. Heretofore there was the unwritten law you could pick one field or another; but muscling into all of them in equal quantities is considered unfair to organized tycoons.

And finally, most of the money invested in Vincent's companies finds its way into the company treasuries with a minimum amount diverted into the usual sidepockets. This is quite infra dig for a newcomer, although more established residents can risk it with impunity. All in all, "The Street" has its doubts and predicts with some asperity that Vincent is to be either the biggest success Canada has ever seen, or the biggest flop.

Vincent, himself, attributes his success to his artistic soul. "I like to create," he says. "Some people like to compose music, some like to paint pictures, I like to develop companies. I like to see them grow and expand, giving jobs to Canadians, opening up new prospects for the country. It's profitable and satisfying."

Judging from the companies now under the Vincent helm, no one would dispute that he is something of an artistic genius. Founded in 1944 to consolidate the thousands of acres of Vincent mining claims, the Vincent Mining Corporation now controls 25 mining and eight industrial companies with capital assets around three million dollars.

Ring of Authority

The controller of this little empire looks like a school teacher. He has an air of deceptive modesty. But his speech has the metallic ring of authority and despite his English upbringing no trace of accent, rather an Ontarian twang. In moments of anger the twang vibrates and words pop out of his mouth as if expelled through a pea-shooter. Vincent's humor is surprisingly dry, and although he never jokes about business (who does?) he has a keen appreciation of a situation. In particular he is amused by interviewers, and at the same time self-conscious, so that he unwittingly adapts his personality to suit their preconceived notions. This of course has the advantage of giving the interviewer a good story and Vincent is by no means unaware of the value of publicity.

In fact his desire to shock reporters and his adaptable personality have given his associates some anxiety. Take the case of one reporter who interviewed Vincent without benefit of warning and reported breathlessly to his editor, "The guy is nuts! He says he wants to run Canada and he's going to be prime minister. He's going to lower taxes, populate the country to fifty million people (by immigration), and cut down all the forests. The only thing he hasn't decided is what party he's going to support!"

Another Vincent story painful to some of his colleagues is his rags-to-riches background. Not that the story isn't true, it is; but as one "Streeter" said, "I've told him not to bring in all that stuff about being a Barnardo boy. Maybe it's okay when you're a real big shot to give out with a background like that, it's color then. But when you're just on your way up (and Vincent is) it's not so good."

The background in question is rather unusual. Vincent tells it something like this. "We were a middle-class English family. My father worked in a bank. There was no outstanding business sense in any of us except my great-grandfather Hill who built iron and steel ships on the northeast coast of England and was something of a tycoon in his day.

Geology for Schooling

"But by the time his money got to our family, there wasn't much of it left. My father was killed in 1917 and a lieutenant's pension wasn't enough. I didn't get a great deal of schooling but I'd always been crazy about mining and geology and I studied a bit on my own taking brief courses.

"Well anyway when I was 18, in 1923, my brother Frank and I came out to Canada with a Barnardo group. I worked on a farm near Port Perry, Ontario, for $10 a month and board. I can't say I liked it much; no newspaper, no radio, just the Bible for entertainment. I decided I'd make a good salesman, so I headed for Toronto. I sold magazines, office equipment, clothing, everything. Finally I built up a little novelty manufacturing business. You know, dime store gimmicks, picture frames, that sort of thing? I wanted to get into mining but didn't know how. I took courses, attended prospecting lectures, as long as they were free.

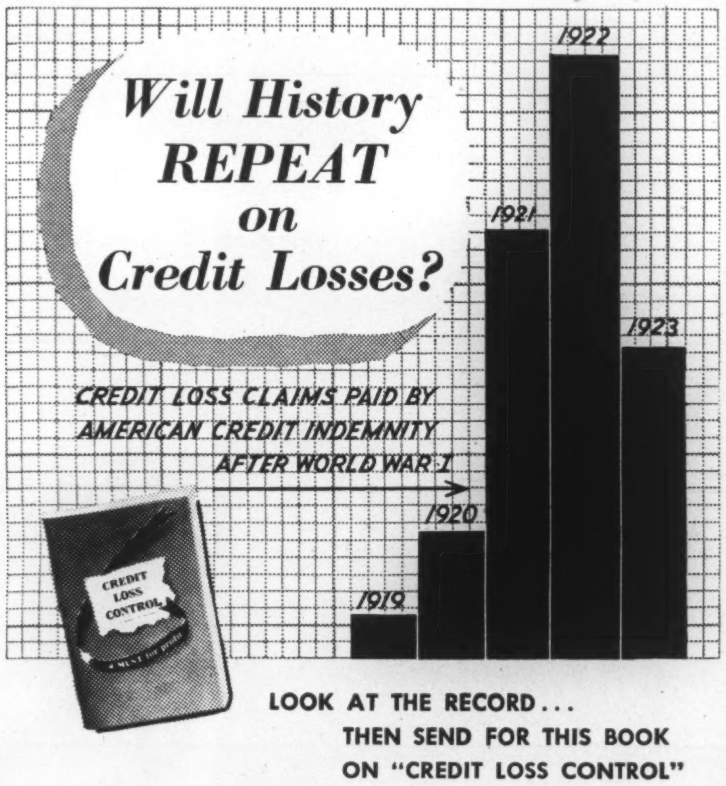
"One day my brother Frank, a teller in a bank by then, phoned me he knew of a prospector who was headed for the Little Long Lac rush, (this was in 1933-34) and wanted a grubstake.

"We rounded up a little syndicate of three or four chaps and each chipped in. The prospector disappeared in the bush somewhere. The telegrams that came in began to look queer and I went up to see what the score was. I found out. The guy was in a hotel with a blonde spending our money. He hadn't been near the bush. And that's how I broke into mining. I had a responsibility to the syndicate and I decided to stay. I stayed four or five years, and I did everything under the sun to make a living. I can't tell you what I went through, maybe sometime when I'm old I'll be able to tell the story, but not now. You can say just that I suffered and starved."

The telephone rang. Vincent picked up one of the two phones on his desk and carried on a few minutes guarded conversation. "Fellow's got a diamond he wants to sell. I collect diamonds. Don't keep them at home of course, too dangerous. But I have quite a nice collection. I like diamonds, they're beautiful and profitable. Don't care for any other kind of jewellery.

"Where was I? Oh yes! Well I started to look for backers and with my last forty dollars I ran an ad in a mining paper. Just a simple little ad written in a chatty style."

The advertisement, dated July 17, 1941, carefully preserved in the Vincent Mining Corp. official scrapbook, proved to be just that. It starts out,



LOOK AT THE RECORD . . .
THEN SEND FOR THIS BOOK
ON "CREDIT LOSS CONTROL"

FAILURES MULTIPLIED after World War I. As one result . . . in just three years . . . credit losses paid by American Credit Insurance jumped to more than 20 times the 1919 figure.

WILL HISTORY REPEAT? No one knows. But your sound business judgment will tell you that your accounts receivable are valuable assets *at all times* . . . subject to risk *at all times* . . . should be protected *at all times.*

FOR THAT REASON . . . manufacturers and wholesalers in over 150 lines of business carry Credit Insurance . . . which *guarantees payment* of accounts receivable for goods shipped . . . pays you when your customers *can't.*

"CREDIT LOSS CONTROL" . . . a timely book for executives . . . may mean the difference between profit and loss for your business in the months and years of uncertainty ahead. For a free copy address: American Credit Indemnity Company of New York, Dept. 53, Toronto, Montreal, Sherbrooke or Baltimore 2, Maryland.

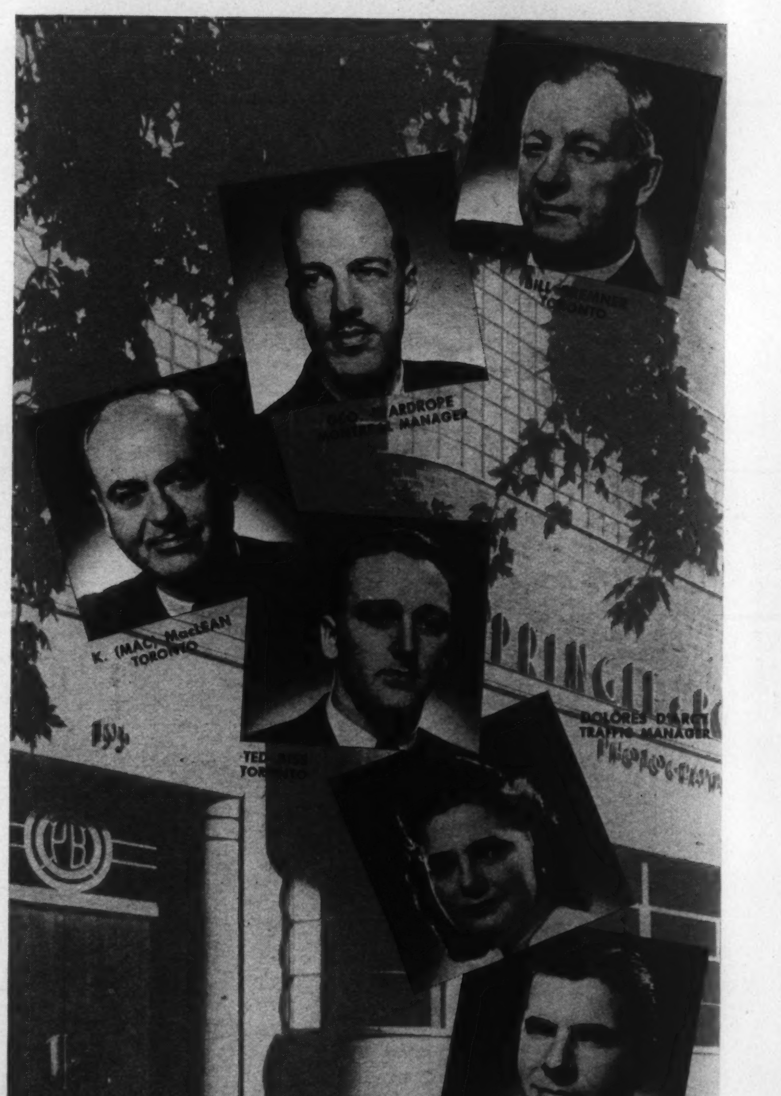
J. F. McFadden
PRESIDENT

53rd Year AMERICAN CREDIT INDEMNITY COMPANY OF NEW YORK 1893 1946

CANADIAN DIVISION
American Credit Insurance
Pays You When Your Customers Can't

OFFICES IN TORONTO, MONTREAL AND SHERBROOKE

Staffed for Service



● Bill Bremner, the latest addition to our sales staff comes to Pringle and Booth with an extensive background in the Advertising field. Our present sales staff welcomes this addition to its ranks and is proud of the service we can offer clients.

Montreal office is now in full swing and very capably managed by George Wardrope—a man thoroughly trained in photography.

Pringle and Booth's "Traffic Manager", Miss Dolores D'Arcy, completes our sales and service with her genial telephone manner and her ability to follow through.

PRINGLE & BOOTH LIMITED
TORONTO MONTREAL

"I have valuable holdings. . ." and ends "Mail coupon now." Evidently enough coupons were mailed, for Vincent began forming more syndicates — gold syndicates, zinc syndicates, molybdenum syndicates and finally the mica syndicate which led to Vincent ownership of the Mica Company of Canada and finally to success.

Since then Vincent advertising hasn't run afoul of the Securities Commission for it has stuck to the "I need money for a good gamble" formula.

His most recent admission of lack of money caused some eyebrow-lifting on "The Street" where tradition has it that no one ever admits to being short of anything, especially cash. He floated a $750,000 bond issue on his holding company, Vincent Mining, which despite the eyebrows sold rapidly.

The present list of Vincent companies has the disconnected sequence of a telephone directory: Bickle-Seagrave Ltd., manufacturers of firefighting equipment; Canadian Anodized Products Ltd., aluminum coloring plant; Continental Coal Corp. at Grassy Lake, Alta.; Fleet Manufacturing and Aircraft Ltd., Fort Erie; Maxson Food Systems Ltd., pre-cooked frozen meals; Mica Company of Canada; Rollins Gears Ltd.; Universal Insulations Ltd.

Pattern for Business

However, a certain pattern could be worked out from this conglomeration. A Fleet airplane with anodized floats and Bickle-Seagrave firefighting equipment, insulated with Universal insulators made of mica, and meals served of Maxson's frozen finest. Perhaps you could carry some gold and silver from the mines in your pocket.

Vincent has a warm feeling for "his" investors who made it all possible and he looks on them as a father looks on a large brood of marriageable daughters — responsibility coupled with personal pride at having sired them.

Organizing and administering such heterogeneous businesses calls for complex thinking, and Vincent in addition to his artistic sense, is a past-master at shrewd opportunism. His method is to call in a corps of experts to run a new company, and control them, and it, through Vincent Mining Corp. He throws himself into each new enterprise with a lush fervor. As soon as Fleet Aircraft came into the fold, he learned to fly. Not only did he learn, but every medically-fit man in the organization took to the air, including the office boy. "How can you build and sell planes, if you don't know how to run one?" asks Vincent rhetorically. At the moment trailers are also being turned out at Fleet Aircraft and employes wouldn't be surprised to hear that in future their homes are where their trailers are.

Working for Vincent tends to be nerve-racking. He has a tendency to demand the impossible and be a trifle miffed if it isn't forthcoming. Fortunately it generally does forthcome, and everyone breathes easier. As one young chap said, "The guy is the kind to give you ulcers but you enjoy getting them. And you get paid enough to cover plenty of doctors' bills." This is consistent with Vincent's policy of paying plushy salaries. The company states in its house organ, "The Vincentive," "Most emphatically we don't believe that labor wants to be or ought to be 'babied'. We want no part of the paternalism which provides the worker with medical care, dental care, and baby sitters. We believe that the average man is intelligent and adult enough to exercise his own choice as to the services he buys, and we believe in paying him enough so that he can exercise his personal preference and look after his personal interests in privacy."

Pattern for Living

During his off-office hours Vincent leads a quiet life. Not strong physically, slight in build, 41 years old, aggressive in temperament, inclined to irritability and impatience, he has kept himself in condition by the modesty of his social life. No clubman, he avoids parties, dinners and back-slapping get-togethers. He has none of tycoonship's expansive aura; no one calls him "good old Norm" or such diminutives. He is referred to by his full name, Norman Vincent, as one might speak of General Foods.

His daily routine is as uneventful as is possible. Two hours on the telephone at home in the morning. ("I have an unlisted number and can phone the people I want, instead of talking to the people who want to phone me. More profitable, isn't it?") Then to the office around eleven. Lunch is from one until two in his office. The afternoon is over at five usually, and dinner is at home at six. The evening is given over to family life with his wife, the former Kathleen Tyndall of Goderich and his 10-months-old daughter, Norma, reading perhaps mining and business literature, or mulling over his post-card chess games. Lights-out is at 10:30.

Vincent stresses his normal, happy, family life as a reason for his normal, happy approach to tycoonery, in much the same fashion as a movie star may publicize her ability in a kitchen. And the kitchen isn't too far from Vincent's business thoughts either, what with Maxson Foods and his projected cranberry development.

As a sideline he looked over the agricultural field and plumped for the hitherto unexploited cranberry. It seems cranberries grow lushly and profitably in bogs, so Vincent and W. L. Maxson, head of the United States parent company, Maxson Food Systems Inc., bought 240 acres worth of bog on Lake Nipissing. They plan to spend half a million dollars developing it, and to take out around $1,500 per acre a year. Vincent is enthusiastic about cranberries. "Most profitable crop known to man. Nice clean-cut farming. No headaches and nothing to do six months of the year."

And, if Vincent's projects all succeed, his mines, his industries and his cranberries, then Canada may have Norman Vincent, Canadian Cranberry King, out of Horatio Alger by Dun and Bradstreet.

NORMAN VINCENT

Help nature drive out fatigue acids with Absorbine Jr.

• Painful, aching muscles often follow unaccustomed exercise. Fatigue acids may have settled in them. That's why they hurt! But you can help nature help you by rubbing those sore muscles with Absorbine Jr. Increasing local circulation in those areas will bring a supply of fresh blood which helps carry fatigue acids away and your stiff, weary muscles limber up again.

It's grand relief! Keep Absorbine Jr. on hand at all times. $1.25 a bottle at your drugstore.

W. F. Young, Inc. Lyman House, Montreal.

Absorbine Jr.

Personal PHOTO CHRISTMAS CARDS

from your favorite snapshot

25 for $1.50

including envelopes

This Christmas send photographic Yulecards, personalized from your own snapshot. They're so exclusively yours—so beautiful—original—inexpensive. Send us a negative of your family, children, doorway, home or any subject you like. We will make FREE beautiful, distinguished cards of highest quality. You have choice of greetings and designs. *See your card before you buy. Send negative of your snapshot, this ad and 5¢ for return postage. We will return to you immediately free Christmas Card, illustrated folder, and your negative No obligation.* Free offer expires December 1.

YULECARDS

Box 220-26 Regina, Saskatchewan

WARM HOSPITALITY AWAITS YOU!

CARDY HOTELS

Do you have trouble sleeping? Do your meals seem monotonous? If so, why not do as hundreds of busy folks do for a quick change of scene — visit Niagara!

You'll be warmly welcomed at the General Brock! The atmosphere is restful and the meals are delicious! Both the Rainbow Room and the Coffee Shop are famous for food. Reserve a room now. Rates are moderate — single $3.00 up, double $5.00 up.

The GENERAL BROCK

NIAGARA FALLS / ONTARIO

Vernon G. Cardy, President Wilfred A. Stead, Manager

"I'd like 11,506,651* others to hear this"

"NO post mortems!" warned Ida, glancing at Ruth. "The game's over. Besides, your husband looks as though he has something on his mind."

"I sure have," said Bill. "Only I'd like the other 11,506,651 Canadians to hear this too. To-day I got hold of some figures that made me proud of the business I'm in. We Canadians now own more than 10 *billion* dollars worth of life insurance. And payments? During 1945 alone, the companies paid out about 66½ million dollars to widows, children and other beneficiaries. And another 95 million dollars was paid to living policyholders through matured endowments, dividends, disability claims, annuities and cash surrender values. That's what life insurance is doing for us Canadians.

"These life insurance benefits helped to pay off mortgages on homes, start youngsters off to college, settle older people into comfortable retirement. Countless families have thanked their stars for life insurance in time of need. Many, many others who are now building future security through their policies will be glad of it. But I want *every* living Canadian to realize the importance of Life Insurance."

• • • • • •

Every life insurance dollar, while waiting to be paid out to its claimant, is working and growing in the service of the public, creating more jobs and more goods for more Canadians. Of that dollar about 57 cents is now invested in Government bonds, 5 cents is laboring for municipalities, 20 cents is building industries and public utilities from coast to coast, 8 cents is in farm and urban mortgages, another 5 cents is on loan to policy holders, 1½ cents is represented by real estate and 3½ cents is in cash and miscellaneous assets.

Life insurance not only grows in the scope of its protection, year after year, but is continually being employed for socially desirable purposes.

A message from the Life Insurance Companies in Canada and their agents.

*Population of Canada, 1941 Census, 11,506,655

L-546B

Canadian Vocal Stars Point Paths to Met

By KATHLEEN STRANGE

Canada's Metropolitan Opera Stars—Raoul Jobin, Mona Paulee, Jacques Gerard, Pierrette Alarie and Mary Henderson—have reached their goals by different paths but, as this writer states, they are holding their own with the world's operatic best. Two other Canadians figure eminently in the Met's activities—the Manager, Dr. Edward Johnson, and one of the conductors, Wilfred Pelletier.

EVERY Saturday afternoon during the winter months Canadian opera lovers listening to the broadcasts from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York should be proud of the fact that no fewer than five Canadian singers are now singing starring roles on the stage of that mecca of all aspiring young artists.

Young tenor singer, Raoul Jobin, born in Quebec, made his Metropolitan debut in the tenor role of Des Grieux in "Manon" in February, 1940. It meant the reaching of a goal for a young man who had started singing in his native city of Quebec as a choir boy in a church. There he used to hear the curé tell the people of the wickedness of the world of the theatre, and his parents, although they favored the boy's interest in music, did so only with a view towards his following a teaching career.

Mr. Jobin, however, determined to make singing his career with his goal the opera stage. In 1930 he achieved his ambition by making his debut at the Paris Opera as the hot-tempered Tybalt in "Romeo et Juliette". From 1934 until the outbreak of the war he was leading tenor of both the Grand Opera and the Opéra Comique, and also made many guest appearances in other capitals of Europe.

Returning to his own country in 1939, Raoul Jobin won the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air Competition for that season and has since sung many Metropolitan roles, including those of Canio in "Pagliacci", Cavaradossi in "Tosca", Don Jose in "Carmen", Faust, Tonio in "Daughter of the Regiment", Gerald in "Lakmé," Julien in "Louise," Pelléas in "Pelléas et Mélisande," Romeo in "Romeo et Juliette."

With an operatic repertory of more than forty roles, Mr. Jobin says that he has no favorite; he enjoys every role he sings, approaches each with enthusiasm, and precedes each with intensive study and thought, regardless of how many times he may have sung the role before. Mr. Jobin is an extremely busy man, singing in concert and on the radio in many different parts of the world in between his Metropolitan seasons. This past summer, however, for the first time in years, he was able to take a much-needed Canadian vacation with his wife and three children.

In 1941 an Alberta-born girl of French-Russian ancestry, vivacious, attractive Mona Paulee of Edmonton, made her debut at the Metropolitan, singing the contralto Giannetta in "L'Elisir d'Amore."

Bouncing Ball Days

In 1923 Mona Paulee's parents, who had been farming for some time near Edmonton, left Canada for the United States. There papa became a theatre manager and Mona a theatre fan. In the pre-talkie days, she used to sit in the orchestra pit beside the organist and lead the audience in following the little bouncing ball when current song hits were flashed on the screen. But Mona Paulee started to sing seriously after she had won an amateur contest in a Portland theatre, working in a bakeshop to pay for her precious singing lessons at the height of the depression. She sang in vaudeville and with a night club troupe, and later did several minor roles with the San Francisco Opera Company.

In 1941 Mona Paulee decided it was "now or never", and so she planned a trip to New York. She was unfortunate enough to come down with bronchial pneumonia shortly before she was to sing in the Metropolitan Audition Contest. The date was postponed for a week. And then still not fully recovered, she defied the doctor's orders and sang anyway. She won the contest and the much-coveted opportunity of singing with the Met.

Among her many roles are Lola in "Cavalleria Rusticana," the Peasant Girl in "Nozze di Figaro", Shepherd in "Tosca," Maddalena in "Rigoletto," Nicklausse in "Tales of Hoffman", Camille in "Louise", Frederic in "Mignon," Wellgunde in "Gotterdammerung." Wellgunde in "Rheingold". Orphan in "Rosenkavalier," Siegrune in "Die Walkure," the Slave in "Salome," and the title role in Columbia Concerts' production of "Carmen." The last named has toured the entire east, middle west and south.

Miss Paulee sang in her native town of Edmonton with the Women's Musical Club Celebrity Series in 1943. This fall she commenced an extended tour of the U.S. and Canada, accompanied by her pianist husband, Captain Dean Holt, shortly to be released by the Air Transport Command. Radio appearances, as well as the Metropolitan, are scheduled for the early winter.

Miss Paulee is happily married, loves cooking, enjoys shopping, adores silly hats, and would be an exemplary housewife were it not for her God-given talent for singing.

In December, 1942, Jacques Gerard, whose real name is Jacques Gerard Poisson, a native of Arthabaska, Quebec, joined the Metropolitan Opera Company, making his tenor debut as Gerald in "Lakmé". He is a nephew of the Canadian painter, the late Su-

This week the Metropolitan Opera opened its 18-week-season with Delibes' "Lakmé", Lily Pons singing the title role and Canadian-born tenor Raoul Jobin (shown above) as Gerald. He also sings in "Faust" on Nov. 16. "Lakmé" will be broadcast on Nov. 23, 2 p.m., E.S.T., C.B.C. Trans-Canada network. Three other Canadian singers at the Met, shown from l. to r., are Mona Paulee, Mary Henderson and Pierrette Alarie.

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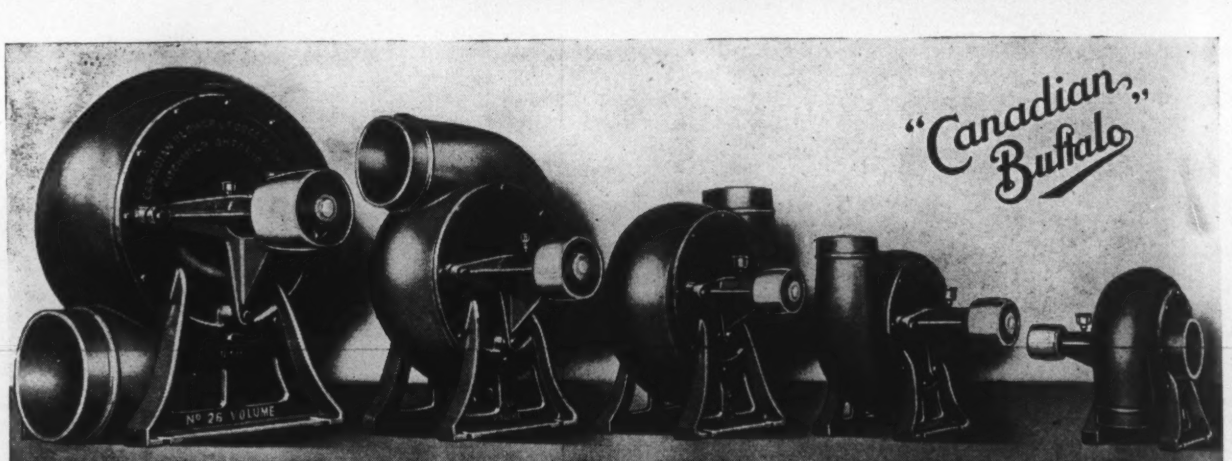

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zor Coté, R.C.A. Gerard had studied in Europe and was for a time first tenor at the Opéra Comique in Paris He returned to Canada in 1933 and in 1942 was chosen by Toscanini as a soloist with the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. Among the roles he has sung at the Metropolitan are Don José in "Carmen", Hoffman in "Tales of Hoffman," Wilhelm in "Mignon," and Romeo.

In January, 1945, Pierrette Alarie, twenty-three-year-old Montreal born coloratura soprano, entered the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air Competition, singing as her test number the Bell Song from "Lakmé". She won honorable mention as a finalist and a $500 award, with an option on her services for the Metropolitan. (The $500 was spent as romantically as possible, by the way—for a "Romeo et Juliette" score!).

Pierrette Alarie (her real name) is blonde, blue-eyed and petite. She fell naturally into the musical tradition, her father being conductor of the Société Canadienne de l'Opérette, and her mother its leading soprano until Miss Alarie herself took over while still in her teens. She earned her first professional money for a radio broadcast over a Montreal station when she was only fourteen.

Four months after her audition Miss Alarie received notice that her contract with the Metropolitan, as a full-fledged member, was ready and she was instructed to prepare the roles of Gilda, Lucia, Lakmé, the Doll ("Tales of Hoffman"), and her debut part, Oscar, in "Un Ballo in Maschera." Two years ago Pierrette Alarie sealed her engagement with the lyric tenor, Leopold Simoneau, by singing with him the love duet from "Romeo et Juliette." Last June the couple were married in an old-fashioned church ceremony in their native Montreal.

Miss Alarie looks forward, in addition to what promises to be a brilliant operatic and concert career, to "a home, two or three children, and interminable amounts of reading".

Margaret Parsons, outstanding Toronto pianist, in recital at Eaton Auditorium on Saturday, Nov. 16.

Via Dancing and Violin

Another young Montrealer to attain Metropolitan fame is Mary Henderson, who at four wanted to be a dancer and showed such a talent for the art that her parents had her taught dancing with the idea that it might eventually become her career.

At ten Mary Henderson decided she would like to play an instrument and after six months of piano work she turned to the violin, at the same time forsaking her dancing.

After finishing school in Montreal, Mary Henderson entered the Conservatorium at McGill Conservatory, majoring in violin. Walter Clapperton, a teacher there, foresaw for her an operatic career and wanted her to change her course and take singing as her first subject. But her father was adamant that she graduate and get her Licentiate of Music, majoring as a concert violinist, which she did.

Mary Henderson then went to New York for auditions in singing, met a very excellent vocal teacher, Carl Waldemar Alves, who comes from a great musical family, and with him she did the greatest part of her vocal work. She tried desperately to get started on her career in New York but the time was not yet ripe. So in 1939 she returned to Montreal, where for two years she sang for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and was soloist at St. Andrew and St. Paul's Church. In 1941 Mary Henderson took her first operatic role, that of Marguerite in "Faust", with the Dominion Opera Guild in Montreal.

In the spring of 1942 she sang for an agent who was passing through Montreal, and at his suggestion arrangements were made for an audition in New York with the New Opera Company. She obtained a contract and sang the role of Lisa in "Pique Dame" and Parassia in "Fair of Sorotchinsk". Both operas were under the baton of the great metropolitan conductor, Emil Cooper. In the spring of 1943 Miss Henderson was a finalist in the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air Contest, but Miss Munsel was the winner that year. Then followed oratorios, concerts, and two seasons of tours with San Carlo.

Her first great opportunity came at the end of January, 1946, when Miss Albanese of the Metropolitan Opera Company fell ill just before a performance of "Madame Butterfly." Miss Henderson was called in to rehearse the role. She rehearsed all afternoon before the day of the performance and was called in again the following day for a dramatic rehearsal. It was not until during the second act that she learned definitely that Miss Albanese had recovered and would be able to sing the role. Miss Henderson, however, was rewarded with a contract that same day. She made her formal debut with the Metropolitan Company on March 30, 1946, singing the role of Micaela.

This past summer Miss Henderson has been singing with the Cincinnati Summer Opera Company, as Micaela and as Marguerite. She has recently started on a radio show called Scalamandie Hour, over WOR, on Wednesdays from 10 to 10:30 p.m. She is working with Paul Althouse, former tenor of the Metropolitan, and is coaching opera with Bellino. A busy and promising career lies ahead of this Canadian singer.

It would seem that all of our Canadian singing stars of the Metropolitan have come up by the hard road, but now that they have achieved their goal they are holding their own with the best.

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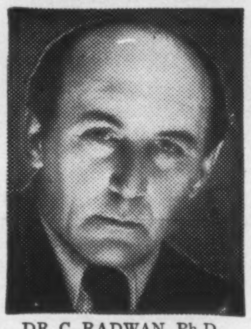

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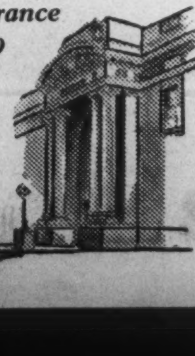

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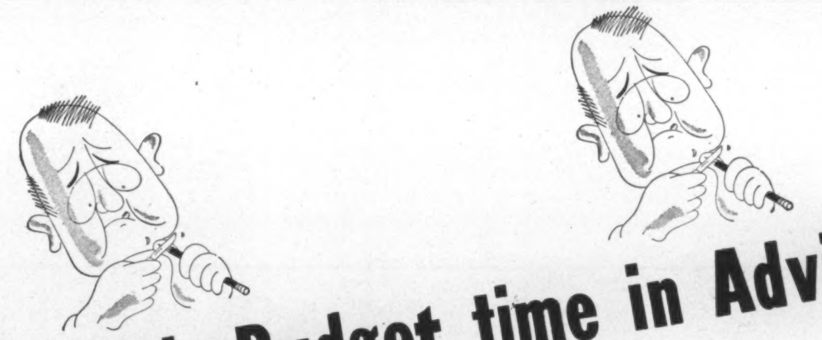

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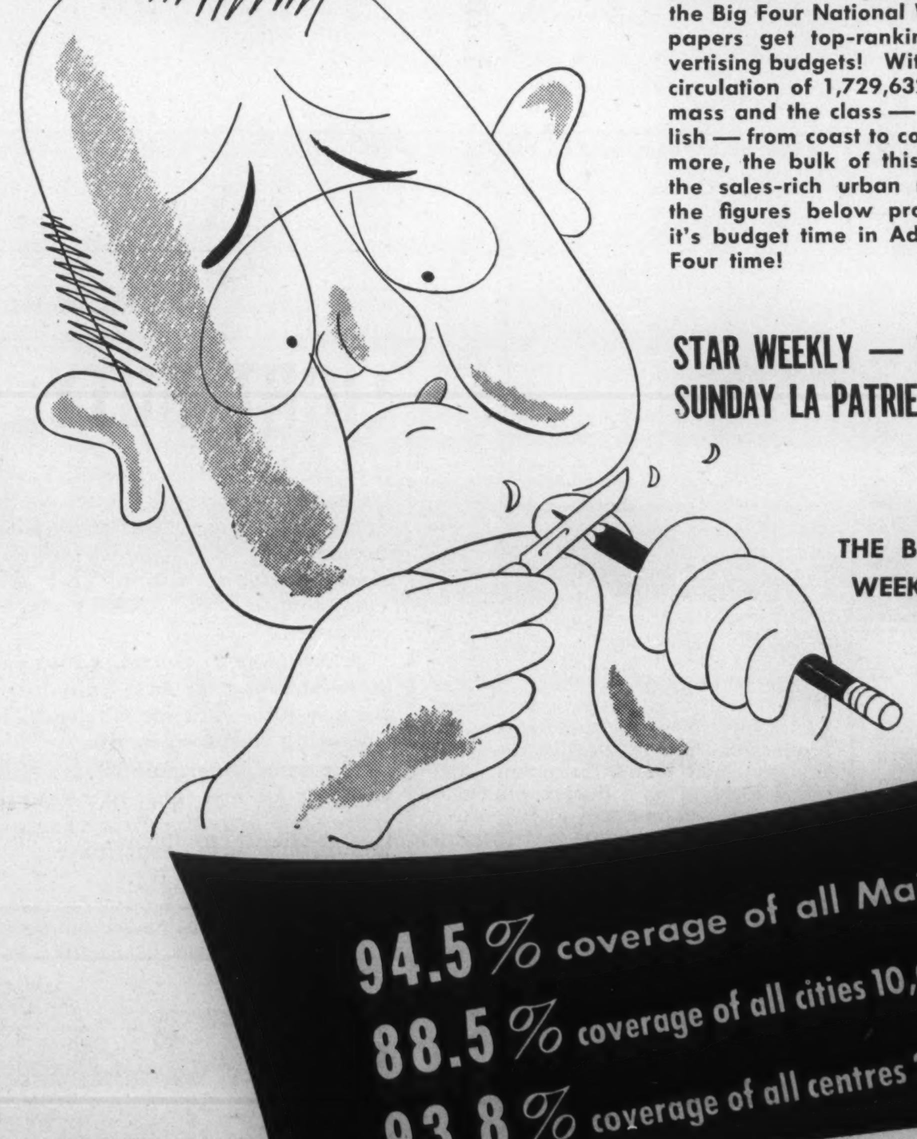

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French Canadians Bar War on Principle

By JEAN D'AUTEUIL RICHARD, S. J.

Some weeks ago Saturday Night in an editorial article asked for an answer from various leaders of thought in French Canada on a series of questions relating to the attitude of their people in a possible war with Russia.

Among those who were queried was the Jesuit monthly magazine of Montreal, "Relations", whose editor replies in the accompanying article. Some comments upon what he says will be found in our editorial columns.

Father Richard is one of the ablest polemists in French Canada, and the magazine which he edits is very influential both in and out of Canada.

"RELATIONS" is glad to be offered an opportunity to discuss the vital matters broached in SATURDAY NIGHT'S editorial "In the Event of War" (September 21).

The attitudes of French Canadians between 1939 and 1946 do not constitute a peculiar phenomenon, but are consistent with their position throughout their history as a distinct North American people. They did not oppose war against Germany *per se;* they were opposed to war and conquest as methods of settling disputes between nations. This attitude has been manifest from the *Ancient Régime* through the American Revolution and up to today. The position of the French Canadians finds its perfect expression in these words of Pius XII in his Christmas Radio Message for 1944:

"There is a duty, besides, imposed on all, a duty which brooks no delay, no procrastination, no hesitation, no subterfuge: it is the duty to do everything to ban once and for all wars of aggression as legitimate solutions of international disputes and as a means toward realizing national aspirations.

"Many attempts in this direction have been seen in the past. They all failed. And they will all fail always, until the saner section of mankind has the firm determination, the holy obstinacy, like an obligation in conscience, to fulfil the mission which past ages have not undertaken with sufficient gravity and resolution."

"An intelligible and consistent foreign policy" for Canada has not so far been devised by its English-speaking leaders. And where these leaders have retreated from their pre-election promises, they have justified their defection by the pressure of unforeseen necessities. How then can French Canadians be asked to chart in detail their future reactions to a vaguely outlined world situation?

Philosophy Distinct

Just exactly what French Canadians will do in the event of future war is not predictable, but we do have a large body of historical record. If an intelligent and consistent foreign policy is to be devised by "the English-speaking majority", it will be necessary for this group to understand the basic philosophy underlying French Canadian attitudes. A beginning toward this might be achieved by reading, in the current issue of *Relations*, "A la recherché d'une fédération mondiale" by Burton LeDoux, an American observer of the French Canadian scene, as well as other articles by the same author in *Relations* of March, May, and October, 1942.

To the question: "In the event of war" (against Russia a few years hence) "will the leaders of French Canadian opinion demand, as they did in 1939, a pledge that no Canadian shall be compelled to serve outside the border of Canada?" I would say: Would SATURDAY NIGHT advocate a pledge to send our men to distant battlefields, when so large a body of military opinion holds that the next war will come to us directly upon our own soil? We are no longer in the age of cannon balls or even of block-busters; we are faced with the prospect of terrible missiles launched thousands of miles away, which will come down out of the sky without warning, spreading destruction, deadly rays, poisons and bacteria throughout the land. What French Canadian reactions will be no one knows now; all mankind is on the brink of eventualities so radically different from those of the past that we must try to think in new terms, which are themselves not yet clear.

Future Indistinct

To the question: "Will they (French Canadian leaders), having secured that pledge (if they do secure it), insist that all efforts to compel Canadians to serve even within the borders of Canada shall be made futile by lack of enforcement, and strive to build up a public opinion in their own communities to the effect that the law requiring such service ought not to be enforced?" I would say: Here again terminology of a bygone age is used to probe an unknown future — more obscure than any man has ever contemplated. French Canadians believe that any involvement in war should be as limited as possible. They are positively opposed to the idea of mass conscription of women, and even of children. The idea of total war or of any form of totalitarianism is the very opposite to their way of thinking. It is doubtful that French Canadians will not continue to oppose *any* law which they believe to be unjust, and to have been foisted upon them. But what French Canadians will do when the next war comes down upon their heads in their own country no one can tell precisely, except that they will not be found wanting, when the issue is made clear that they are called upon to *defend their* country.

To the question: "And will they finally, when the war is over, demand amnesty for all those who refused to obey the law" I would say: The refusal of a citizen to obey the law is a serious matter which French Canadians do not seek to minimize. They are aware that the conscription law was violated in one way or another by large numbers of English-speaking and of French-speaking citizens. That these citizens should not be allowed to take their normal place in Society seems improper to French Canadians. They believe that for the most part, these citizens acted from an ethical code which is opposed to the idea that the State holds supremacy over the body and soul of its individual subject. This attitude is widespread throughout Western society, and stems from fundamental Christian doctrine. French Canadians feel that they were dragged into the war against their will. They do not regard it as a war to rescue small nations, but as a contest for power between great nations—one that has proved highly detrimental to all mankind. The burden of understanding this attitude rests upon the State.

If the State feels, however, that these men have committed a grievous wrong, it might, in its hour of "victory", remember the Christian doctrine regarding the forgiveness of sins and renounce vindictiveness and revenge. In this connection, the State might also consider the ideas of our most enlightened authorities in penology and in psychology: punishment for violation of the law is not the only desirable procedure, and becomes often an undesirable one,—interesting adaptation of fundamental Christian doctrine.

If current forecasts of the next world war are to be trusted, there will be so few of us left after that holocaust that the question of "amnesty" will scarcely exist — though again the future behavior of even a handful of people is difficult to predict.

To the question: "And if they do not do the same thing, what difference will they invoke to explain their change — other than the difference that they did not like the war against Germany and they do like the war against Russia?" I would say that this imputes to French Canadians a frivolity and a callousness that probably do not exist in any people on earth today. French Canadians did not like the war against Germany, and they will not "like the war against Russia." In this we believe they were and will be at one with the overwhelming bulk of their English-speaking fellow citizens, as well as with all humanity.

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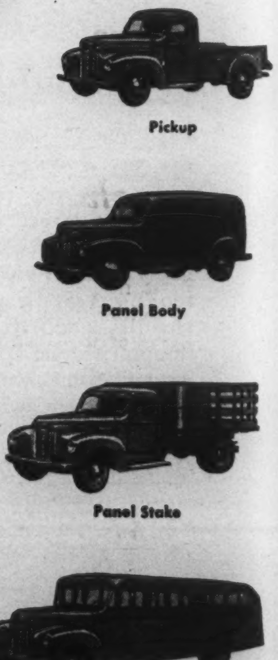

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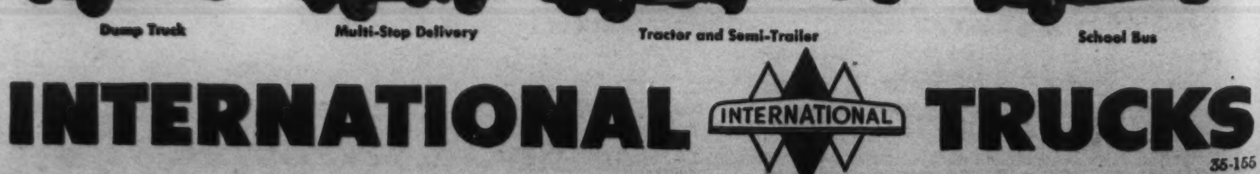

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BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

American Tourists in Vancouver Spend $10,000,000 Per Day

By P. W. LUCE

Vancouver.

COME the end of December, Vancouver will have entertained one million American tourists this year, an all-time record. At a conservative estimate, these visitors spend $10 a day, which means $10,000,000 going into the coffers of hotel keepers and businessmen each day.

The Province picks up an additional $5,000,000 from the half million tourists who go to Victoria, various parts of Vancouver Island, up the Cariboo Road, and to the small towns in the Okanagan and the Kootenays.

Against this grand total of $15,000,000 from the holiday trade must be set the moneys spent by Canadians who go south for their summer vacations. They don't spend as much as their cousins on entertainment, but they invest more heavily in goods, especially since restrictions were lifted so that an individual may now bring in $100 worth of merchandise free of duty after a short stay across the line.

Illustrating the steady increase in tourist traffic, it is pointed out that the wartime low to Vancouver was 350,000 persons in 1943, and the previous peak year was in 1930, when 610,000 were counted. The jump from 1945 to 1946 is around 300,000.

More than half the visitors to the mainland come in their own automobiles, and many of them have harsh words to say about the condition of British Columbia roads, especially in the country districts. The Vancouver Island roads are considered better, but the difficulty of having the auto ferried across the Gulf deters many from enjoying the scenic beauties of the island highways. At the peak of the season, boat space for autos must be reserved many days ahead, a condition that practically puts most tourists in a hopeless position.

B.C. Dentists Miffed

British Columbia dentists are somewhat miffed at charges levelled against them at a meeting of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association at Harrison Hot Springs.

It was said that members of the profession were not giving the service expected of them, that they exerted powerful group pressure on the Government, disciplined those who advertised, closed their offices without giving proper notice to the public, and frequently declined to look after the dental needs of returned men because of the small remuneration received from Ottawa. The non-advertising attitude was especially resented, for obvious reasons.

In answering the criticism, Dr. Emory Jones, president of the B.C. College of Dental Surgeons, said members of the profession were working harder than ever before, and that it was untrue they were shirking their duties. He added that the Dominion government program of dental care for discharged service personnel had added 900,000 persons to the number of patients to be looked after by Canada's 4,000 dentists, and regrettable delays were inevitable.

There is no law in Canada against advertising by doctors or dentists, but the practice is frowned on by most practitioners as unethical. Many of the country weeklies, however, carry a professional card or a short "liner" advising the readers of the days when the dentist will visit the district.

An Unsolved Mystery

The 25 chests of Chinese treasure left behind by Henri Bar when he fell overboard from the British freighter Samwater somewhere in the Pacific have been definitely claimed by his son, Claude Bar. This ends international mystery which had all the essentials for a best-seller, and which provided work for the R.C.M.P. for several months.

Henri Bar disappeared from the Samwater one stormy night last March, about 1000 miles from the B.C. coast. In his cabin and in the hold of the ship were 25 chests which contained Oriental jewels, objets d'art, and Chinese porcelain vessels worth at least $250,000. Some of the items were priceless and irreplaceable, including a number of Pekin cups said to have been stolen from the Imperial Palace in the early years of the last century. A silly superstition says these cups are unlucky.

Nobody saw Henri Bar fall overboard. For a time the authorities had doubts as to whether he had died by accident or been murdered. Various claimants to his fortune came forward, but these all retreated when his son Claude put in an appearance with documents showing he was born in Shanghai and had lived there with his father while studying law during the Japanese occupation.

The elder Bar was reputed to be a millionaire. His keen interest in Oriental art is not shared by his son, who will probably dispose of the treasures so dramatically inherited.

Wholesale Row Moved

Vancouver's Wholesale Row, established 60 years ago on Water Street, is to move to a new location on the False Creek flats where it will have railway trackage and adequate road facilities for large trucks. For more than a quarter of a century Wholesale Row has been in a downtown traffic bottleneck that was adequate enough three or four decades ago, but gradually deteriorated into hopeless confusion.

The Great Northern Railway plans to spend $1,000,000 in developing the new location, and the city will spend about $265,000 putting in sewers and roads, including a major diversion street. Part of this expenditure will be recouped from the sale of a strip of land to the railway company, which is paying $65,000 for it.

The old Wholesale Row on Water Street will eventually be incorporated in a new east-west traffic artery which will take care of much of the load now carried by Hastings Street, one of the two main business streets of the city.

Juvenile Delinquency

Vancouver has been shocked by seemingly well-authenticated reports of heavy drinking by boys and girls of the Kitsilano and the Lord Byng High Schools, many of whom are said to go on week-end "binges".

East End bootleggers, mostly Italians, supply quart bottles of home-made "vino" which is said to be as potent and as dangerous as the notorious bath-tub gin of prohibition days. Their trade is almost exclusively with the 'teen-age crowd, and "Joe sent me" is sufficient introduction. The drinking is done in groups, in school-grounds, in parks, and in cheap downtown rooming houses.

As the dissipation takes place outside school hours, school authorities say there isn't much they can do about it.

Another problem is the deliberate setting of fires by children, some under eight years of age. Losses paid by insurance companies in 1945 included $139,220 directly traceable to juvenile arson, most of the total being represented by a public school which was totally destroyed.

With many of these youngsters these outbursts are only a passing phase, but an appreciable number gravitate to the ranks of drug addicts who spend $8,000 a day in Vancouver alone. This is mostly stolen money.

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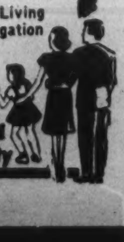

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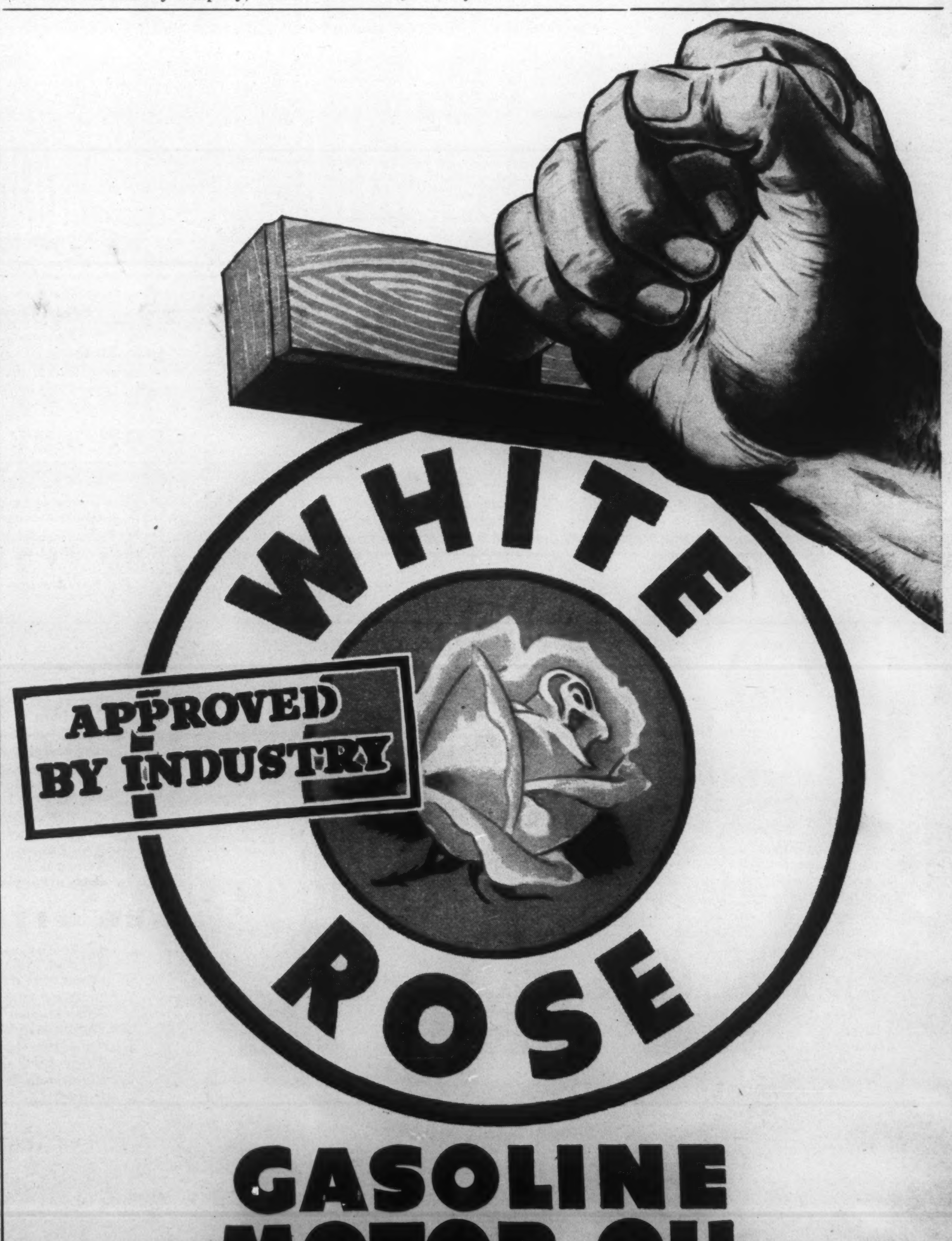

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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

Children's Book Week and the Treasures Offered Today

I HAD a school teacher, fair of face, whose voice was mellow and kind, whose straightness of back—and discipline—was maintained by the habit of folding her arms behind her. Not one of her formal lessons can I remember, but I see and hear her, as on Friday afternoons after recess. For then she read aloud for her boys' class of ten to twelve-year-olds.

Did you ever come across "The Coral Island" by R. M. Ballantyne? I heard and lived every word of it. I saw breadfruit trees and cocoanut palms. I saw crabs and strange fish. I swam in the blue lagoon where no sharks came. I cut my tender feet on the white and rugged coral.

My notion of the South Seas so engendered has stayed with me. Decades fled away until soldiers and sailors were striving thereabouts against ruthless foes. The correspondents' despatches mentioning coral reefs enclosing lagoons, protecting islands and their defenders, had a clearer meaning to me because of that teacher of long ago.

Again; Father read aloud on winter evenings. "Dombey and Son" was running as a serial in the Toronto "Globe." So Sol Gills and Cap'n Cuttle and Susan Nipper became friends of mine. And if I balked a little at "Daniel Deronda" who wouldn't at eleven-or-so?

But when I balked there was the library instead of the living room where one could find "David Copperfield" or "Ivanhoe"; where one could get acquainted with Falstaff, Nym and Bardolph, with the Banished Duke and Touchstone, with all the other friends in Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare." And there was a fireplace, and a rug before it, where one could lie prone and revel.

Children's Book Week starts today, with the assumption that the fun of reading can't start too soon. Of course the smaller folk must depend on parents who had better have their throats clear at bedtimes or on rainy days. For they must not only read, but re-read. The fairy tales demand constant repetition. And let no father or mother dare to skip the less interesting passages. They will be brought up short, otherwise, by juvenile criticism. "It's not like that. You missed out the part about Diggory's granny."

When the lad or lassie has come to Grade 6 or 7 and is able to read comfortably he or she will still appreciate an elder's reading aloud—even from books generally considered "too old."

I hark back to the teacher I mentioned. I believe she married a Presbyterian minister. If she had any children (I hope she had!) I have no doubt that they were thrilled, even if she read aloud The Westminster Confession or "Sartor Resartus."

Do teachers of today read aloud? Or are they too busy refereeing basket ball or hockey, or making arrangements for the track and field trials?

Are children of today reading, or looking at pictures? Some day they must learn the habit of making their own mental pictures from a page of fair type, if they are to amount to anything.

BOOKS ARE BRIDGES to

Lands Around the World
Understanding Other People
Realms of Imagination and Joy
Facts and Information
The World of Nature
The Wonders of Science
Growing Up with New Experiences
Fun and Entertainment
An Appreciation of the Past
Building the Future

Animal Crackerjacks

TRUE NATURE SERIES; Animals of the Woods, Gray Squirrel, Snapping Turtle, Water Birds, Black Bear Twins, Three Little Kittens, Pride the Saddle Horse, Shep the Farm Dog, Goats and Kids, Bunny Rabbit, Animals of the Farm, Elephants. (Musson, each, 65c.)

HERE'S a distinctive novelty in children's books. A branch of the Encyclopaedia Britannica organization publishes a series of twelve picture-books dealing with wild and domestic animals; there being in each a minimum of text and a maximum of notable and fascinating photographic studies. These are from informative films — "shorts" — which have been used in the theatres all over this continent.

Each book is a long octavo of about fifty pages, bound in flexible cardboard and bearing a title page in full color. Children of all ages will find them fascinating, and even grown-ups will put them down unwillingly.

•

THE LITTLE FUR FAMILY, by Margaret Wise Brown. Pictures by Garth Williams. (Musson, $2.00.)

IT ISN'T a bear, and it isn't a woodchuck, or even a 'coon. It's merely a furry baby that goes wandering in the wood and sees things which a three-year-old boy or girl will appreciate. Not the poem, or the pictures, are as important as the binding which is all fur, and this shows on the midriff of the picture on the outside of the box.

•

A LITTLE CHILD, by Jessie Orton Jones and Elizabeth Orton Jones. (Macmillans, $2.25.)

ODDLY enough here is a Christmas book about Christmas rather than about Mother Goose and her rhymes. The pictures, in color, illustrate a company of children acting out the story of the Nativity and are marvels of grace, charm and humor. The text is composed of Bible verses.

•

WHEN GRANDMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL, by Ingrid Smith, with pictures by Mela Koehler-Broman. (Collins, $1.25.)

THE pictures are the meat of this book, showing a little Swedish girl in full skirts and pantalettes cherishing her little family of dolls, washing, ironing, baking, cleaning in imitation of the housewives of her time. Admirable for four-to seven-year-old lassies.

•

THE FORGETFUL ELEPHANT, by Jean Greene, pictures by Tibor Gergely. (Musson, $1.00.)

MAX was a small elephant who never could get the hang of things in the circus where he worked. He might be told, and told, never to let go of the tail of the elephant in front, but he would forget, and thus disgrace himself and his family, for all his ancestors had memories of triple steel, brass-bound. Naturally the story has some elements of frivolity, but the pictures have all such elements and will delight any small person lucky enough to own them.

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A GRANDMA FOR CHRISTMAS

By Alta Halverson Seymour. An enchanting story about Christmas in far-off Norway. Here are Yuletide customs, festivities and feasts. With numerous illustrations. $1.25.

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—Lewis Carroll

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THE BOOKSHELF

These Make Rainy Days As Bright As When the Sun Is Shining

HOW BIG IS BIG? by Herman and Nina Schneider, with pictures by A. F. Arnold. (Saunders, $1.85.)

THIS natural question by a seven-year-old boy is answered by two measuring scales, one running up by the elephant, the skyscraper, the mountain, the moon, the earth, the sun and the stars, the other running down by the dog, the flea, the mite, the algae to the atom and the electron. So it appears that Terry is in the middle of things, and just right in size. The illustrations, in white lines on red or green backgrounds, are of uncommon brilliance in design and finish.

POGO'S LETTER, a Story of Paper, by Jo Norling; pictures by Ernest Norling. (Oxford, $1.50.)

ANOTHER of these useful books dealing with the processes of manufacture as witnessed by a little boy and his dog Pogo. This one begins with the discovery of a hornet's nest and a look at the paper of which it is made. Then John's father explains how people learned to make paper from the hornets and takes the boy to a mill to observe the chewing-up of the logs into pulp and the rolling-out into clean white sheets or rolls. For six to ten-year-olds.

MORE FRENCH FAIRY TALES by Charles Perrault; retold by Louis Untermeyer, and illustrated by Gustave Doré. (Oxford, $2.00.)

HERE are the original favorites; Ricky With The Tuft, Cinderella, Blue-Beard and Donkey-Skin. Beautifully printed in large type for younger readers.

PETER PAINTER'S MERRY-GO-ROUND by Frank Martin Webber. (Musson, $1.50.)

LITTLE tales of a fairy of the woods derived (at considerable distance) from Peter Pan.

WHEELS by Oliver Hill and Hans Tisdall. (Burton's Book Shop, Montreal, $2.50.)

A MOST interesting story of the greatest invention of mankind. Beginning with rollers made from logs for moving heavy stones the author describes the potter's wheel, the chariot-wheels of Egypt, Greece and Assyria, water-wheels, windmills, spinning wheels, and so on to all modern uses of the device. The pictures are in color and will interest folk of all ages.

THE BIGGETY CHAMELEON, by Edith Pope; pictures by Dorothy Grider. (Saunders, $1.75.)

SMALL persons will be interested in this very impolite chameleon who thought he was much more important than he really was, and lost his tail in consequence. But by learning to be courteous to bees, and ants, to grasshoppers and even to cats, his new tail sprouted and grew until it was "as l—o—n—g as this." The pictures are in color and exceedingly good.

HAIRY BEAR AND THE PAPOOSE, by Penelope Gibson. (Oxford, 75c.)

A SERIES of conventionalized forest scenes in color carrying a slim story of an Indian boy.

CHINA'S STORY, by Enid LaMonte Meadowcroft. Illustrations by Dong Kingman, Chinese artist. (Oxford, $2.25.)

A GENERAL story of the ways of the Chinese people adapted for children of seventh and eighth school grades. Excellently written. The illustrations in black-and-white have an exceptional quality.

THE RUNAWAY SHUTTLE TRAIN, by Muriel Fuller; pictures by Dorathea Dana. (Musson, $2.00.)

LOTS of the people who lived on the West Side of the Biggest City went to work on the East Side. Contrariwise, it seemed that most of the folk dwelling in the East went West to work. Someone suggested that the people should be moved. But nobody liked that idea. Therefore four subway trains were provided to rush back and forth in a hurry. That was monotonous for the trains and at last one was missing. It had escaped to the main line to be a fast express, and it never, never came back to the shuttle-tracks. The illustrations in color are fully as fanciful as the story.

Romance of the West

COMPANY OF ADVENTURERS, by Louise Hall Tharp. (McClelland & Stewart, $2.50.)

HERE is the tale of Pierre Radisson and the Sieur des Groseilliers, the free-traders and explorers who were not well treated by the French authorities in Quebec and went to London with an idea. Their notion was that fur traders going to the wilderness of North America by way of Hudson's Bay would not be chivied and robbed by Iroquois. King Charles, Prince Rupert and the courtiers were interested, and from that interest came the chartering in 1670 of the Company of Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay.

Then follows the story of H.B.C., of Henry Kelsey, of Samuel Hearne and Alexander Mackenzie, of the factors and voyageurs, of the rival North West Company and the bitterness of conflict until in 1820 came union, Company prosperity and finally the opening of the West to settlement.

A GRANDMA FOR CHRISTMAS, by Alta Halverson Seymour. (Ryerson, $1.25.)

THE story of a Norwegian boy preparing for Christmas, with a full description of the household ways, the work and play in this northern land. Little Gunnuf, calling with some cakes on a lonely old woman of the village, was alarmed to find no one at home. Tracks in the snow led into the woods. He followed them and found the woman who had fallen into a pit and was helpless and almost frozen. He was able to rescue her and bring her to his own home. The book is beautifully illustrated by Janet Smalley and Jeanne McLavey.

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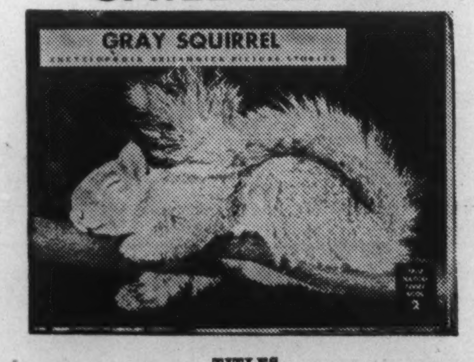

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THE BOOKSHELF

A Procession of Peculiar People In the Annals of the U.S.A.

LOST MEN OF AMERICAN HISTORY, by Stewart H. Holbrook. (Macmillans, $4.00.)

PEOPLE hereabouts whose great grandfathers and mothers were United Empire Loyalists agree that Sam. Adams of Boston was no gentleman. Indeed family tradition insists that his morals were quite as offensive as his manners. But such tradition, normally, is affected by prejudice and usually is discounted by the present generation. Bygones are bygones they think, and no longer hackles rise at his very name.

But here is an American writer who has looked into the private and public career of the spark-plug of the Revolution and concludes that Mr. Adams was an all-round blackguard as the U.E.L.'s always insisted. Obviously the man had no inhibitions whatsoever. He was not of the same kidney as the statesmen who made the best of a bad job and whose persistence created the constitution and the political ideals of the United States of America.

Those ideals together with the battle against raw Nature made the Republic a land of individualism, rugged and demanding. So arose a succession of extraordinary folk, each with a dream and each intent to bring it to realization. There was Samuel Colt who invented the revolving six-shooter. There was Frederic Tudor who invented a method of storing ice for summer use and shipped it to the West Indies and half way 'round the world. Because of him and his genius Dolly Madison was able to serve ice-cream in the White House, to the scandal of some pious folk who insisted that God never intended ice for summer comfort.

It was Henry Miller Shreve who plowed all the snags and sunken logs out of the Mississippi and made the river navigable for a thousand miles and more. The floating bulldozers used were his own invention. Samuel Howe taught the blind to read and invented embossed letters now perfected in Braille. Dorothea Dix roused public opinion over the current bestial treatment of the insane. Joseph Palmer grew a beard and suffered endless persecution by dolts who thought he ought to shave it off.

Here is a very procession of insistent people who "had something" and spared no pains to let the fact be known. The book is fascinating in its information, admirable in its writing.

Darwiniana

CHARLES DARWIN AND THE VOYAGE OF THE "BEAGLE." Edited, with an Introduction by his granddaughter, Lady Barlow. (McLeod, $5.75.)

AFTER Darwin's voyage of three years as naturalist on H. M. S. *Beagle* it was 23 years before the formulation and publication of his theories in "The Origin of Species." Twelve years more passed before "The Descent of Man" appeared. So his letters home while on the ship and before he had observed long enough and carefully enough to form any theory have little or no scientific importance. The volumes of letters edited by his son sufficed to illuminate and establish the character and temperament of the man. These additional ones, hitherto unpublished, are merely supplementary.

Beating the Air

TASTE AND TEMPERAMENT, by Joan Evans. (Clarke, Irwin, $3.00.)

AN ATTEMPT to discover the nature of aesthetic taste in people of the four types, extrovert, slow and quick, and introvert, slow and quick. How artists of these varying types will paint, and how public appreciation or distaste may be grooved in the same manner is more theoretical than practical, since mankind stubbornly refuses to be typed and classified. An old maxim comes to mind, "Concerning tastes there is no argument."

The Menace

IN THE NAME OF SANITY, by Raymond Swing. (Musson, $1.50.)

IN a series of broadcasts the best of the American news-commentators by radio tried to drive home to his listeners the fact that the discovery of atomic energy presented the nations with a blazing alternative. Either they must work together under a world-government or they must be annihilated. He concurred with the *New Yorker* which declared that the United Nations as now constituted resembled a butterfly in a high wind.

This is a printed record of the broadcasts and the book, of only 120 pages, should be required reading.

Contest

A PRIZE of $100 is offered by the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto for the best short story of about 2,500 words, to be submitted under a pseudonym before February 15, 1947, to the office of the Club at 69 Bloor St. East. Rules of the contest are available from the Secretary.

The Scarlet Tree

THE SCARLET TREE, by Osbert Sitwell. (Macmillans, $3.50.)

ASSUREDLY the Sitwells are queer; all three of them. And it's greatly to their credit. Perhaps not entirely, for they had an eccentric baronet for a father, and an endearing happy-go-lucky mother. The children, in making face against their father's plans for their training, so that they might become comfortably average in the station to which God had called them, succeeded in becoming poetical and far above average, intellectually. "Say not, the struggle naught availeth."

Edith and Sacheverell see a long way into grindstones and record their discoveries in verse of orchid quality, Osbert is poet and paragrapher, essayist and novelist, being at once practical and "precious," militant and meditative, and always a workman needing not to be ashamed.

A couple of years ago he began his autobiography, the first volume "Left Hand, Right Hand," taking him, in some three hundred pages, all the way to his seventh year. He continues the task in this volume, getting as far as Eton. "I liked Eton," he writes, "except in the following respects; for work and games, for boys and masters."

Such acidulous comments on places and people, on manners and customs, abound, but they are pleasant and graceful rather than mordant. For the man is a humorist-at-large, greatly gifted in the art of observation, voluminous but seldom dull in commentary. If a cat should walk across his study he could write columns on the event and be continually interesting.

But he was observing the last decade of an expiring era, a time when war was unthinkable and the times were lush—and possibly vulgar. So, in spite of himself he is writing Social History, but doing so from a box-seat. He is the unconscious aristocrat frowning on "middle class snobbery," and other middle-class faults. Bernard Shaw did the same thing, but looking up from the pit, rather than down from the plush seats—and was more effective.

It is a book for leisurely but rewarding reading, and, from a literary point of view, smooth as cream.

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LONDON LETTER

Royal Collection Pictures Show a King Can Be a Good Judge

By P. O'D.

London.

ANYONE who has ever taken a picture off a wall where it has hung for some time knows what an aching gap it leaves behind—a gap neatly outlined by black marks and the different color of the rectangle enclosed by them. Multiply that by five hundred or more and you get some idea of what the walls of Windsor and Buckingham palaces (including a few in Hampton Court) must look like while the pictures of the Royal Collection are on view at Burlington House. It is a real sacrifice on the part of the King and Queen, for which their loyal subjects have every reason to be grateful. This is the first time these pictures have ever been publicly displayed as a collection, and they are very well worth seeing.

Historically the collection dates from the time of Henry VIII. One may not readily think of the much-married Henry as an art collector, and, as a matter of fact, he did not collect pictures. He had portraits painted to give away—much as a film star might give away signed photographs. But he did take Holbein into his service, paying him a retainer of £30 a year and so much for each picture. It probably seemed a lot more money then than it does now.

There are only six Holbeins in the Royal Collection, and nearly all of these have been bought back by later sovereigns—mostly by Charles I, who was a really great collector. He had agents working for him all over Europe, and he bought with excellent judgment. He made the Royal Collection one of the finest in the world, but Cromwell and the Puritans, true to their kill-joy characteristics, sold and dispersed most of the pictures, among them world-famous masterpieces which now grace the walls of the Louvre, the Prado, and the Vienna Gallery—if the Russians haven't claimed them as German assets. And it was Charles, of course, who commissioned Rubens and Van Dyck, both richly represented here.

As it is, the Royal Collection contains, in addition to these and the Holbeins, a Giorgione, a Titian, a superb Vermeer, nine Rembrandts, and a wonderful group of 38 Canalettos. These last were purchased by George III, who paid £20,000 for the splendid collection of Joseph Smith, his Consul in Venice.

George IV was another shrewd buyer of paintings. He specialized in the Dutch school, and it was he who enriched the collection with the two magnificent Rembrandts, Adoration of the Kings and Christ and the Magdalen—thus proving once again, as the history of this collection shows, that it is possible to be a very good judge of pictures without being a very good king.

Bodleian Library Extended

In these days of the shortage of books, it is pleasant to know that there are still a lot of them left in the libraries. Some of the libraries, it is true, and especially the greatest of them all, the British Museum, have suffered more or less severely from Nazi visitations, but that great Oxford collection, the Bodleian, was quite unscathed. There are so many books in it that it has been necessary to build a huge new extension; and a few days ago the King went to Oxford to open it formally.

The history of the Bodleian goes back 500 years to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, a younger son of Henry IV, who, in 1447, bequeathed to the University his famous collection of books and manuscripts, together with money to build a suitable home for them. This building was completed in 1480, and the original collection has ever since been known as Duke Humphrey's Library. Unfortunately a great part of this library was pillaged in the days of Edward VI by too zealous Reformers, who regarded it as a source of Roman infection.

Oxford was again lucky. Some 50 years later the eminent Sir Thomas Bodley came to the rescue. He had been one of Elizabeth's courtiers and diplomats, and had been promised by Essex the post of Secretary of State. Essex was unable to keep his promise—he was probably prodigal of such things—and to console Bodley, a man of scholarly tastes, presented him with the superb library of a Portuguese bishop, which Essex had himself plundered from the city of Faro.

Bodley gave this collection to the University, and spent all the latter part of his life trying to recover as much as possible of Duke Humphrey's collection. It became the fashion to endow the Bodleian, as the library very properly became known.

Incidentally, it is one of the libraries to which British publishers must send a copy of every book they publish. This saves the Bodleian a lot of money, but it must lead to the accumulation of a vast amount of trash. In fact, there have been cynics who suggested that, if all this rubbish were weeded out, there would be no need for an extension. But the extension was built, and there it stands on the Broad—with shelf-space enough, we are told, for 200 more years. People always think in centuries in this country.

London Motor Shows Again

Before the war the London Motor Show was one of the biggest and most popular of the annual exhibitions—even with people who had no more chance of buying a new car than they had of buying the Kohinoor diamond. It was hoped to revive the Show next year, but now that production has been so greatly cut by the steel shortage (as much as one-third) there doesn't seem to be much use in holding it.

Even before the war there were certain manufacturers who took the view that motor-shows did more harm than good by encouraging a constant changing of design that led to uneconomic production. It may have helped the salesman but was the despair of the engineer.

Now that British manufacturers have more orders than they can fill in the next two years, there seems to be less sense than ever in striving for more. But the future does finally arrive, and there is always that matter of prestige. So perhaps the Show will be held after all.

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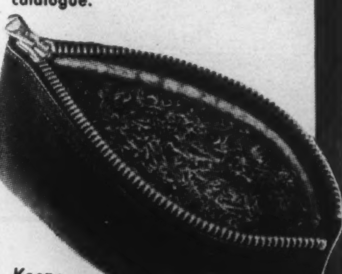

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Confederation Life representatives were among the first to carry the benefits of life insurance to the mining communities of Canada, and as changing conditions called for new types of policies, Confederation Life kept abreast of the times and was one of the first Canadian life insurance companies to offer a complete Group Insurance Service to mining companies and their employees, many of whom now carry all their Group Insurance with this Association.

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HEAD OFFICE TORONTO

MUSICAL EVENTS

A Season for the Smaller Centre; "Old Man River" on New Course

By JOHN H. YOCOM

NOT many decades ago the best visiting professional talent that a small community might expect was a three or four day session of Chautauqua programs — an American cultural institution founded in 1874 that specialized in concerts, plays, lectures and other forms of entertainment—with an occasional out-of-town soloist at a local church. When Chautauqua and similar tours stopped, radio became the small locality's "season".

But with the growth of organized community centres has come a new deal for the towns, both in amateur activities and professional performances. This week there began one of the most ambitious programs in the Dominion. The community centre of suburban Forest Hill Village not only is sponsoring a series of top-flight musical, theatrical and ballet programs but has also commissioned works by four young Canadian composers for these performances. The first show was a double-header—Elie Spivak, able concert-master of the T.S.O., and Frances James, New Brunswick-born soprano, who has thrilled Canadian audiences from concert stage and radio, most recently in the title role of the C.B.C.'s "Deirdre of the Sorrows." Miss James sang a song cycle especially written for her by Harry Somers, 21-year-old Toronto composer.

On Dec. 9 the Earle Grey Players will present their highly praised "Twelfth Night" to the Forest Hill community. For the third program, Jan. 13, 1947, the Toronto composer Godfrey Ridout, whose works have been performed by the T.S.O. and various radio orchestras, has written a new string work, to be performed by a chamber orchestra conducted by Ettore Mazzoleni. In the Feb. program the brilliant pianist Lubka Kolessa will play an original composition by Montreal's François Brassard. The Volkoff Ballet dances on March 10. The final evening, April 21, sees another new composition, this time by John Weinzsweig, versatile composer of orchestral and piano works and slick-tailored music jobs for C.B.C. dramatic shows and National Film Board documentaries. It will be played by the celebrated Parlow String Quartet with Sir Ernest MacMillan at the added piano.

Ontario's Department of Education last month tackled the problem from another angle by sponsoring concert tours of five or six visits each to 16 secondary schools (Lindsay, Peterboro, Brockville, North Bay, etc.), a practical method of stimulating local performances as well as bringing good music to communities that might otherwise be neglected. The young artists come from the Conservatory or have been selected by the Department. The larger units will be the Leslie Bell Singers and the Barrie Collegiate band; others will comprise teams of four as soloists or duet performers. Jam-packed auditoriums have featured the first visits (Kitchener-Waterloo, Brantford). The Department's Brian McCool, satisfied with the worth of the plan, is contemplating later tours for groups of towns of 4,000, then for towns of 2,000.

British Idea

Last summer Dean Arthur Collingwood of Saskatoon suggested that large Canadian orchestras like the Toronto Symphony or Montreal's Les Concerts Symphoniques visit western centres, even those with their own orchestras, much the same as the great British orchestras (the London Philharmonic, Manchester's Halle, etc.) get around the old country. Last week the T.S.O. conducted by Sir Ernest MacMillan began its out-of-town schedule by playing at the Kitchener Auditorium Gardens, under the sponsorship of the Kinsmen's Club. On Wednesday of this week it played at Hamilton with pianist Jesus Maria Sanroma.

In Canadian appearances last week 48-year-old Paul Robeson captivated as always with his singing but struck some political sour notes in Quebec City.

In Eaton Auditorium Mr. R. sang "Old Man River" as an inevitable encore, raised a few listeners' eyebrows at a new couplet twist that perhaps brought the lyrics a little closer in philosophy to the accepted party line. For the defeatist "I gets weary and sick of tryin'; I'se tired of livin' and 'fraid of dyin'. . .," he sang with chip-on-shoulder bravura, "I gets weary but I keeps laughin'; I keeps on FIGHTIN' until I'se dyin'." Two encore Soviet songs were contributions to the current Soviet Anniversary — "From Border to Border" (a good propaganda piece for a party rally but poor stuff for Robeson) and "Fatherland" (with melodic line in spots swiped from "La Marseillaise").

But in two old Italian arias, Beethoven's "Creation Hymn", a Mozart "Magic Flute" aria, Mendelssohn's "Lord God of Heaven", Robeson was better than he has ever been—and for years that has been just about tops. The artistry in his interpretations, his intelligent control of nuance — from robust to featherlike tones, the heart-touching quality in his mellow singing, and his personal magnetism were irresistible. Two atmospheric Moussorgsky numbers (one a picture of war's horrors) needed, strangely enough, more drama. His negro songs included both the reflective type of spiritual ("Weepin' Mary," "Swing Low") and a "shout" variety ("'Zekiel Saw de Wheel"). Into the latter, able accompanist Lawrence Brown shot a bouncy tenor and noisy descant.

THE THEATRE

Odd Things Happen in Some Families

By LUCY VAN GOGH

IT IS evident from the care and the hard cash that Jesse Long and Edward S. Hart have lavished on their production of the current Royal Alex. show "A Family Affair" that they think they have got something that will start a new fashion in American comedy. And perhaps they have.

The characters in a comedy are not expected to act precisely as human beings do. They are, however, expected to act in accordance with the conventions which prevail at the moment for comedy behavior, or to depart from those conventions only just so far, and in such a direction, as the taste of the moment is

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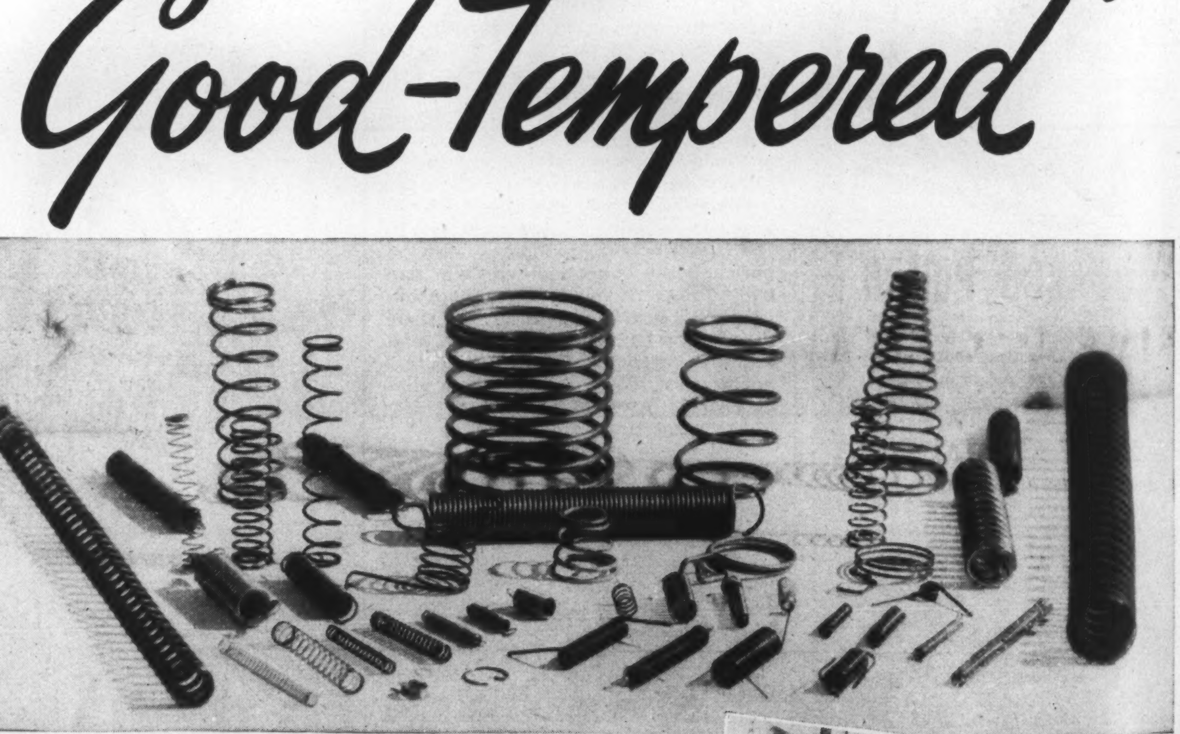

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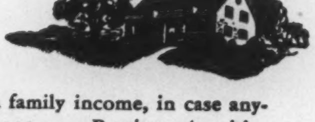

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prepared to let them. So long as they do that, we accept them as behaving "naturally."

The characters in Mr. Henry R. Misrock's play do not, to me, appear to behave naturally, even under the above definition. The plot depends on the assumption that a happy marriage of twenty-four years' standing can be broken up, and a mutual suspicion of infidelity established, as a result of the married pair reading a play written by their twenty-two-year-old son which they interpret as dealing with their own lives and revealing them as sexually unsatisfied. And the marriage thus broken up is put together again (before any "harm" has been done, if you know what I mean) in the last act, and sitting here at my desk a few hours after seeing the play I cannot for the life of me figure out what brought it together again; it just came together because it had to. And in the intervals of the breaking and repairing, the twin sister of the young dramatist (not Mr. Misrock but the one in the play) holds tripartite conferences with her two young suitors to find out by discussion which of them she is biologically suited to marry!

It will be evident that all this is well calculated to keep the mind of the audience pretty steadily on the subject of the generative functions, and an audience thus handled will stand for a lot of non-human behavior. But this is not a farce, and is not played as such, and there are surely certain limits of implausibility which must not be exceeded. The author does not even take advantage of all his opportunities. There is a well-established convention that the inhabitants of a fashionable apartment in East 62nd Street will do practically anything, and will talk about even more, especially when the children are around. But Mr. Misrock does not even register his East 62nd Street. Here is a lovely balcony window with miles of skyscrapers; here is Mother, a good Middle West lady; here is Father, a member of the New York Stock Exchange; and yet here is certainly not New York, not even the conventionalized pattern of it. For one thing, Father is an Englishman! Why make him an Englishman? Did Mr. Misrock think that a New York audience would stand for more peculiar conduct from an English New York stockbroker than from an American one? Or did the producers happen to have Mr. John Williams, an able English actor, on hand.

The dialogue is smart and allusive, but characterization is heavily sacrificed to wisecracking. The players do wonders to make their roles seem plausible, but just as they are getting them well projected across the footlights the plot picks them up and yanks them back again. Perhaps one trouble may be that the players make them such nice people and the plot makes them such dubious ones.

THE FILM PARADE

Identical Twins Again and the Royal Canadian Navy Show

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THIS week's Identical Twins plot turned out to be "The Dark Mirror", this time with Miss Olivia de Havilland appearing in duplicate. On this occasion, fortunately, the wardrobe department has taken a hand and supplied the twins with identifying costume jewellery. This cuts down the confusion and enables the audience to concentrate on the main problem; i.e., which of the two sweet girls is a homicidal maniac. (A minor teaser — how both girls managed to live in considerable style on a shared job of vending magazines and lemon drops in a lobby, is not examined. Probably it's over-exacting to expect it.)

Since "The Dark Mirror" has a reasonably exciting murder-mystery plot it's a good deal more interesting to watch than last week's identical-twin story, "A Stolen Life." The opening sequences are fine, with plenty of sharp suggestion and stylish photography. Then the film begins to tangle with psychiatry, which inevitably shows things up. Psychiatrist Lew Ayres, who specializes in the psychology of identical twins, undertakes to help investigate the murder and discover which of the two baffling girls is the psychotic killer.

Psychiatric Fluff

A tireless theorist, he experiments with ink-blot, association and lie-detector tests, but seems so little impressed with his own results that on one occasion he turns his back on the homicidal twin, and holds a long telephone conversation, leaving her within handy reach of a pair of library shears. Like most screen psychiatrists he gives the impression that he has picked up most of his professional education by watching other screen psychiatrists at work.

Once psychiatry is left behind the film picks up satisfactorily and winds up with a fine braintwisting conclusion in which Teresa (without identifying costume jewellery) pretends to be Ruth masquerading as Teresa. As both twins Olivia de Havilland, who has recently been getting better with every picture, handles her double-scoop portion of acting with ease. Lew Ayres, back from the wars, seems to have modified the irresistible boyish charm that distinguished him in the Kildare series. It improves him no end.

The Navy Show

"Meet the Navy" the Royal Canadian Navy Show, has taken on considerable professional polish over its years of trouping, without losing any of its amateur enthusiasm. While it is the sort of show that is rather more fun for the performers than it is for the audience, the cast's high spirits and extravagant willingness to please are infectious enough to keep you in your seat. A minor plot has been introduced into the original stage show; and while it is less intrusive than most musical show plots it can hardly be said to earn even the small footage it gets.

"Meet the Navy" has no stars, but its chief asset is Oscar Naske, a young Navy giant with a magnificent voice that is at its best leading a Russian choral number. There is also John Pratt, a comedian with a funny, sad face, a funny walk and manner, but unfortunately a not very funny routine. On the whole the native talent in "Meet the Navy" seems quite a bit livelier and brighter than its material. The show was filmed in England, with a certain economy of production that has helped to keep it fresh and naïve. Once in a while it's a relief to rest one's eyes from million dollar stage sets.

In "Mr. Ace" Sylvia Sidney, as a U.S. Congresswoman campaigning for the Governorship, tries on a series of forty-dollar hats and two-cent political attitudes in front of the mirror in her stylish bedroom; and if the film had held to this pleasing note of satire it might have been a lot more fun to watch. Satire however, except for this one unaccountable lapse, is the furthest thing from its thoughts. At heart the heroine is a staunch, right-thinking little lady, with all the irritating tricks that such ladies tend to develop once they hit their stride in public life. Before long she encounters Mr. Ace (George Raft) a political racketeer who takes her out for an evening and kisses her, in an effort to discover "if there is any woman in her." This is a familiar experiment that always drives screen ladies to hysterical lengths to disprove the taunt. Miss Sidney is no exception. Her behavior leads to scandal, scandal leads to political resignation, resignation leads to repentance and repentance to love. In the end she acquires a new reform platform, the love of George Raft (who reforms along with her) and at least ten new campaigning hats. Silly.

SWIFT REVIEW

HENRY V. Laurence Olivier's production of the Shakespearean historical drama and a beautiful piece of screen entertainment.

A STOLEN LIFE. If you can't get enough of Bette Davis there are two of her in this picture, both acting almost every minute. The film can't be recommended on any other grounds, however.

THE KID FROM BROOKLYN. Harold Lloyd's old vehicle "The Milky Way" with Danny Kaye riding it in all directions. Kaye fan groups had better not miss it.

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU. Lots of Rachmaninoff, played superbly off-screen by Artur Rubinstein, in a picture with little else to recommend it. Philip Dorn, Catherine McLeod.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Why Blame Comics, Movies, Etc., For the Young's Delinquency?

By RUTH HOBBERLIN

MAYBE you know the Browns. They're an average type of family within the average income bracket and above the dull-normal in mental makeup. Perhaps their home is on your street.

Recently Carol Brown read with concern that delinquency is stalking the youth of our nation. As any mother might, she decided to investigate at once the emotional life of her own children. She first tuned in a radio serial and asked teen-aged Mary for a candid opinion of the drama.

Mary sniffed. "Mother, pleeee-ease."

"But don't you care whether this glamorous girl marries the man of her choice, providing of course he doesn't mortgage the old home or pawn the heirloom jewellery?"

Carol's sweater-and-skirt daughter tinkled a charm bracelet. "At your age, Mum, don't you know soap operas aren't meant to be taken so seriously?" Mary snapped the radio button, smiled. "You sound like blue Monday. How's about coming upstairs to hear my latest disc?"

Carol followed meekly, inwardly preparing for a session of what a newspaper article had termed stark naked music.

Within the next hour she discovered that men named the Duke, the Bing and the King had recordings to their credit. She also listened to drum beats by Gene Krupa and piano work by Hoagey Carmichael. Once, as the King of Swing *gave out* with *hot*, Carol found her toe keeping time to the music. She began to feel confused, as though she were understanding the unknown and—even worse — enjoying something of which she ought to be ashamed.

The music appreciation hour ended with a number by Oscar Peterson. Mary sensed her mother's confusion of thought. "Mum, remember when the highbrows ranted against Paul Whiteman for bringing jazz to Aeolian Hall? Well . . . 'Rhapsody in Blue' is recognized as an American classic now."

Within her own room, struggling with pin-curls, Carol decided there was truth and wisdom in what the Stage Director of the Metropolitan had recently said. The best of popular music would survive, Dr. Graf had declared, and the worst disappear just as it had in past generations. Even Gilbert and Sullivan at one time had been panned by critics.

But horror, sex and crime again seemed to raise its hydra head, when young Larry Brown tossed the comics to his father and rushed off to a *colossal* mystery film.

Blood And Thunder

Carol sought the opinion of experts on the question of youth entertainment. From psychologists and educationalists she learned why comic strips, radio programs and motion pictures are not the basic major cause of juvenile crime.

Our first comic books were a 1933 vintage, introduced by Schoolmaster N. C. Gaines. Now, as then, they contain little humor but compensate with plenty of blood and thunder.

What is the effect of comics on *good* reading? Miss Margaret Scoggin of the Nathan Straus Library, New York City, who has made an extensive study of teen-age reading habits, says good readers read comics *and* other books. Children rated as poor readers have become interested in historical characters found in comic books, and also been introduced to heroes adapted from such classics as "Moby Dick" and "The Three Musketeers."

Because comic strip characters attacked racial prejudice and advocated sound relations with other countries, Mussolini banned Flash Gordon and Hitler branded Superman a Jew. These dictators didn't live to learn that comics are like the mumps—something a child "gets", survives, and later takes up stamp collecting.

In the matter of radio, this industry recognizes its tremendous hold on youthful listeners. This is why certain networks retain psychologists to supervise their programs. Hop Harrigan and Superman are closely checked to see that youth is set a good example. Radio executives aren't morons either. It wouldn't be good for business. For what would be the point in a sponsor encouraging a child to eat a certain wholesome cereal, only to turn him into a debauched little hellion who defied legitimate authority and ate only what he pleased?

The large networks do even more than adhere to a strict code of morals. Explains Miss Grace Johnsen (a director for the American Broadcasting Company): "We work with the script writers to see that, at the same time the youngsters are enjoying their radio fare, they also are learning." For example, Jack Armstrong has taught the value of an education. Dick Tracy stresses the importance of law and order; while the Quiz Kids have given impetus to a quest for general knowledge.

School teachers have discovered that students who listen to radio programs regularly are stimulated toward good listening habits in general. They also find these children usually acquire an early appreciation of music and drama.

Before branding motion pictures a force of evil, parents might note a suggestion by Miss Frank of the Child Study Association. "With pencil and paint children can be encouraged to dramatize what they see in the movies," she advises. "Thus they can give expression to the emotions which centre in the heroes and in the furious action." In this same connection, an article in SATURDAY NIGHT (February 1946) explained that "a blood-curdling chiller or rip-roaring western is a good outlet for aggressive instincts."

Morally, Hollywood was pretty well housecleaned way back in the early '30's, and motion pictures now must adhere to a Production Code which governs moral standards. The Code is notable for Victorian rhetoric and its opposition to sin, nakedness, vulgarity and profanity.

Parents who find present-day entertainment a menace might pause to consider their home conditions and their child's outlook on life. Even columnist Dorothy Dix has warned that ignorance isn't innocence; and too much restraint develops a yen for forbidden fruit.

Providing our children have worthwhile hobbies, healthy attitudes and a happy home environment, we need not fear that comics, radio and movies will bring delinquency to our door.

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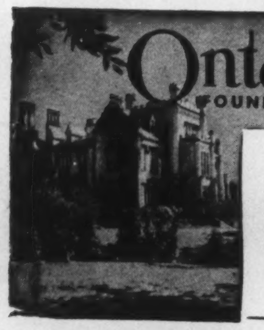

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What They Are Wearing at This Season's Early Morning Fires

By FREDERIC MANNING

DURING the warm weather in early October I attended a fire a few doors down our street. Although it occurred at three in the morning the attendance was, in movie terms, terrific—in a big way too.

I arrived too late for the first act but was told it was quite spectacular. Flames shot out from upper windows, smoke billowed out in a nice yellowish grey shade and the glare lit the houses across the street like a good old-time C.N.E. fire-works display on closing night.

The smoke was still pouring out, on my arrival, but the lighting effects were then in the hands of the firemen. They were crawling around with flashlights trying to find the fire, I presume.

However, what I set out to describe was the clothes worn at this performance and not the smoke and flames. A private view at the Art Gallery, even during the war years, never saw a stranger collection of clothes and hair-dos.

I concluded that the standard bed-side equipment for the average man consists of trousers and a windbreaker. With a few exceptions that is what all the men were wearing.

But what the women appeared in! The first outfit to impress me was worn by a white-haired matron who stepped briskly across the lawns in a very well cut brown tweed coat worn over a trailing scarlet chiffon negligee, or nightgown. I never discovered which.

Three other models impressed me equally. One was a pale green satin lounging suit with brightly colored flowers rioting over it. The coat, nipped in at the waist, flared out about the knees in a way that would probably have brought the W.P.T.B. to the verge of apoplexy two or three years ago. The trousers were almost as full and billowing. An identical model was carried out in a black quilted satin jacket over plain scarlet trousers.

French Hat

The outfit that startled me most was another matronly model done up in a long navy blue cape, lined with red satin, and wearing a large dark hat with what looked like an entire sea-gull in full flight perched on it. One look at the blue-grey hair under the hat and I felt sure if it was a sea-gull it was a French one and the hat was undoubtedly a Paris model at that.

Those were really the highlights of the women's division of the show. Some of the other sight-seers wore housecoats and dressing gowns of material I always associate with bed-spreads. Cosy looking but somewhat lacking in smartness, even for a fire. The majority of the women, though, appeared in tweed coats of varied cuts or in black models, with and without fur. No fur coats were worn. Probably too early in the season.

Very few wore curlers in their hair but some sort of fancy colored hair net seemed popular and several pairs of pigtails appeared as well.

The exceptions to the standard equipment for men were furnished by two other gents and myself. One was a business man who is ultraconservative in dress. I have never seen him in anything but dark blue suits and he carried this idea to the fire. He wore dark blue pyjamas, dark blue overcoat and a dark blue muffler and black slippers. His only concession to the hour and occasion was a hair-do more than slightly pompadour. This, I felt, was more by accident than design.

Colors And Stripes

The other gent's outfit was certainly design and no accident, and was I envious? He had on an ensemble that absolutely stunned me. Pyjamas and dressing gown to match in stripes of width and color that when lit by the red lights on the fire trucks would have dimmed the blaze, had there been a blaze. The stripes were bright blue, gold and red and with this outfit were worn red slippers and a red scarf.

This alone would have made the 3 a.m. show for me.

I was modelling a light brown overcoat worn over a yellow dressing gown, which showed about a foot below the coat, orange pyjamas and bright red house slippers in a slightly modified Russian boot design. The hair, which surprised me on my return home, can best be described as wind-blown, what there is for the wind to blow.

The whole scene looked somewhat like a bad technicolor film gone a bit out of focus and my one regret is that none of my photographic friends were present with their cameras.

It may not have been Art but, boy, as the art critics have been heard to say, was it colorful!

• •

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—Louis Berg in N.Y. *This Week.*

JOAN RIGBY

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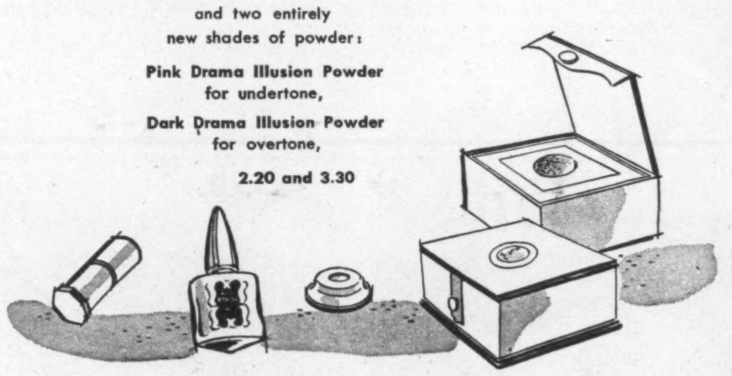

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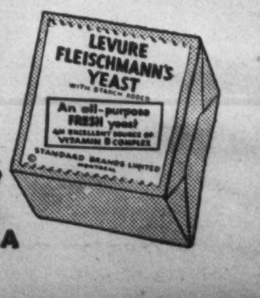

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Girl Guides' Practical Training Served Them Well in Europe

By CONSTANCE TROY

PARENTS whose young daughters go off each week in their blue uniforms to attend a Guide meeting, willingly agree that the Girl Guide Movement is a very good thing—but do they know how good? Do they know, for instance, that the simple training their child receives at the weekly meeting or on the seasonal hike or in camp, may enable her sometime to become an invaluable cog in the great international wheel?

It was because the work of the Girl Guides Association was recognized for its true worth, that this organization was one of the first societies to be invited to train volunteers for the difficult and important work of rehabilitation in enemy occupied countries.

As early as 1942 plans were made to undertake this relief work which would be necessary as soon as any country was liberated and because of the international aspect of Guiding, it was natural that they were asked to enlist volunteers.

No one under the age of twenty-one was accepted for service and only those who were twenty-five or over were sent overseas; all were either presently active in the Girl Guides or had at some time been members and received the fundamental training.

Thus was the Guide International Service born and it was a proud banner they carried to those stricken lands. It was a glad day for the hungry, disease-ridden, desperate people of Greece when they saw for the first time the young British women in their special Guide International uniforms, and received a practical demonstration of the Girl Guide law, "A Guide is a friend to all".

But between the time when they volunteered and the day when they first set foot on Greek soil, there was a long period of intensive and strenuous training for these women. They had, of course, their knowledge of the things they had learned in Guide companies—and even Brownie packs—to fall back on so that for many, part of the training was merely a refresher course. But there were other things which were downright hardship but unless they could go through with it and come out the final test with flying colors, they would not be accepted.

Had To Be Tough

Thus, a girl might have volunteered, filled with enthusiasm and a desire to do all that was required of her; yet she might have been unable to stand the rigors of a week-end in a roof-less, heat-less hut, cooking in the open (ignoring the rain or cold) and sleeping with a minimum of covers. Yet that was one of the routine parts of the test!

It was remarkable what these young women went through and what they accomplished. The tests were made difficult purposely since the team, when sent abroad, would have all kinds of obstacles to cope with and, in many cases, nothing but their own resources to fall back on.

There was no use teaching them to cook a meal in a well-appointed modern kitchen when they were more than likely to be called upon to feed fifty or sixty starving people in the open with no kitchen at all. Therefore, the girls learned to depend entirely on whatever resources were at hand—and these proved to be scant enough many times over.

A few of the requirements during the period of training (and these requirements were many) will show that unless a girl were of good tough fibre she had better not apply for the G.I.S. This list is called "Self-Training Scheme", which brought the individual will power into the picture in no small way.

An explanatory note at the top of the list reads: "Volunteers should aim at being good Jacks-of-all-trades and masters of at least one, and preferably two". Then out of the long list the following are picked at random: Twice sleep on the floor (indoor or out) for 7 consecutive days . . . . be able to put out your bed, undress, dress and put away your bed in the dark . . . . practice walking at night, preferably over rough ground . . . . know how to keep your feet in good condition.

Then come some of the things learned long before in patrol work in Guide company meetings: Be able to lash well and use the tenderfoot and second class knots under all conditions, e.g. working with one hand, in the dark, etc.

The tenderfoot knots alone would stump a good many people—yet your young daughter has learned to tie them well before she was enrolled a member of her Guide company. The fisherman's, double-overhand, sheep-shank, reef are picturesque names, but they are also very useful knots when you know when to use them and how.

Under the second class come the timber hitch, the bowline, a practical use for the square lash among others and these too, your daughter knows all about. And they were a necessity in the work of the Guide International Service teams. There were many times when shelters had to be improvised out of all sorts of odds and ends which, in the absence of nails, had to be lashed together. The Guides were not at a loss; they knew their knots from the old days and they were quick to apply them.

Another little bit of routine knowledge called for in this imposing list is that of handling and caring for a horse and other transport animals, including the improvisation of harness. The idea behind all this was that a team must be self-sustaining. If they were going into a difficult territory expecting to find their needs ready at hand, they would be little help and great hindrance. Thus, they must be prepared to deal with conditions with as little fuss as possible. This, because of their training, they were able to do.

Diversified Tasks

The first team went to Greece in June, 1944, and by the end of 1945 there were seven G.I.S. teams in action overseas. In addition to the one in Greece, there was a hospital team, three relief teams and a feeding team composed of two canteens and a kitchen, in Germany.

All kinds of work came their way and in each case they were ready for it. Sometimes they were called upon to distribute milk, supply drugs, give inoculations and arrange for the establishment of clinics. In Holland, their main job was to transform a school into a hospital within forty-eight hours and then for three months to deal with severe typhoid cases. At one time there were as many as eighty-eight beds to cope with the emergency.

This team later moved to Germany where they dealt with Polish and other displaced people who were suffering from tuberculosis and other diseases and, as a side line, they ran a maternity ward. The first baby born in this hospital was christened by its pleased parents (though the baby may not be so pleased later on!) Gisbytechka which means Little Gisby after the G.I.S. (B)! This Polish baby was christened in the hospital chapel by a Dutch priest with a British Protestant godmother and a German Catholic godfather which should do something or other for the international situation sometime in the future!

Innumerable tales, many of them moving, come from the various G.I.S. teams particularly as regards the pathetic urgency of the European children who had been Guides and Scouts before their countries were occupied. Often these children all but hampered the work of the G.I.S., so much were they under foot clamoring for the Guides to help them start their own meetings again.

Nor did their pleadings fall on deaf ears. Many times the weary G.I.S team members took time out from their own hard-won hours of leisure to form the children into their Guide and Scout groups again. Sometimes the youngsters turned up in faded, damaged and out-grown uniforms which had been hidden from the hostile eyes of the invaders. And this very fact, that Guiding and Scouting were so determinedly and immediately stamped out by the enemy as soon as they took over a district, proves beyond doubt the danger this Movement is to any form of Fascism.

Guides are taught to think for themselves and this was no part of the Nazi plan. But thanks to the G.I.S., these children are learning to think again; the look of fear is fading from eyes that have seen too much horror; and once again, children are beginning to laugh in war-wasted Europe.

The Guide International Service can take credit for much of this for they have given the children something to hang onto; something solid and steady in a topsy-turvy world, and that is of inestimable value to a child.

So the next time you find your daughter deep in the intricacies of a "square lashing", don't smile; remember that a square lashing not only held together the relief packs of the Guide International Service on many an occasion, but has also served to tie a fundamental and sorely needed security and hope into the lives of the next generation.

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The Goat and I: or a Slight Case of Excessive Incompatibility

By KATHERINE DAY

IF YOU are not in possession of the source of milk in the country, you are facing a large problem. Farmers don't like to be milkmen. Besides, there is some regulation or other about selling unpasteurized milk. There is the alternative of walking a mile and a half down to the store at the corner to buy the stuff. There seems to be only one solution—get a goat, or a cow.

Now a goat is small and gives, let us say, two quarts of milk a day. I have heard of gallon-a-day goats, but I have not met them. A cow is large, eats a great deal, and gives a great quantity of milk. You need a small quantity of milk. Well then, a goat is the answer. But just try to get a milking goat.

My friends, the Reforesters, keep goats. They could lend me a pair until they (the goats) went to the permanent home. Never get one goat, they said. One goat is a lonely pathetic creature, who will wail all day long, and give only a dribble of milk at the end of the day, having used all her energy wailing. Two are a must. Besides, these two are inseparable. They were both milking, and were easy to milk. It was the last item that decided me.

Soon the two goats, tethered, and amazed at their ill-luck, were lamenting in the paddock. Picketed with long thirty-foot chains on a swivel, in the midst of lush grass, they daintily nibbled a flower or a leaf, and with mouths full mourned their lost freedom.

They were used to being handled, and stood without trying to bolt while I untied them to bring them into the goat-house. In fact, if I had stayed beside them all day, there would have been no wailing. With a hand through each leather collar I made for my objective. Two long-necked goats, one in either hand, reaching their heads to nibble off the top of a rose-bush, or a branch of the mulberry-tree. Or shying at the watering-can by the pump, or deciding that they each wanted to walk on the other side of me. Then they had to be tied up in their stalls while I made arrangements to milk them one at a time. They roared their resentment until I tossed some hay to them.

Menu For Goats

Unfortunately I had not bought them any crushed oats, something I remedied next day. They were indignant. Josephine kept glancing around at the way I was milking. Goats can just about bend themselves back double, with that long neck of theirs. She peered into the milk-pail and snorted with contempt. When she was nearly milked out, she made up her mind that I had had long enough to finish, and without hesitation she acted. She put one hind hoof down hard on the rim of the pail and sent it flying. It drenched my overalls and flooded the milking-stand. Then she stood huddled up in a corner, rolling her eyes.

Goats can roll themselves up into balls by, apparently, shrinking their spinal columns accordian-fashion. She continued chewing her cud as though to say, "Well, what could you expect, you inexpert creature? Patience is not my long suit."

Susannah gave a scant pint of milk, in contrast to Josephine's lost quart. But she gave it more agreeably. And the cat and the dog were waiting at the door licking their lips in anticipation of that rich warm fluid. They got most of it.

Next day I thought that it might be a good idea to bring in one goat at a time, give her crushed oats from the bin and milk her without having to wrestle with her playmate at the same time. Certainly they could be tied up as soon as they came in, but tying meant little to them except a temporary nuisance. They moved their clever heads this way and that, and the tie was no longer a tie.

Prima Donnas

Well, that was not a good idea. Susannah, left behind, pulled and tugged and shrieked. When I was finishing off Josephine at a comfortable speed, I heard the tinkle of Susannah's bell coming nearer and nearer. There was only one thing bringing it, and that must be her goatship. I tied up Josephine in a hurry, and raced after Susannah.

She was in the kitchen, eyeing the ware with great interest, turning her head inquisitively from side to side, moving it up and down, and taking a good look at all the strange tools used by the Missus. Quite a contrast to a stable and a pasture-field, but no doubt useful to a feckless human. She uttered a ba-a-ah of protest when she was turned out, but went amiably enough to the stable and give up her milk. She had had food for thought, and a few ideas to communicate to Josephine. She hopped down from the milking-stand, put her nose over to Josephine's, and the two of them were giggling over some joke when I left the stable.

Next morning, Josephine had thought up a new one. She pretended she had never seen a milking-stand. Goats are shorter than cows, and to accommodate the milker, they must get up on a stand, so that when the milker sits down she is on a level to milk.

But Josephine had decided not to get up on the stand. After coaxing—"Come on now, that's a good girl"—she put up her forelegs and pretended that the board was slippery. She slid her little hooves back and forth, back and forth, as though she were playing a musical instrument. She would look well with a fiddle. Meantime her legs were braced not to jump. She is a big goat, so that it was all I could do to get behind and shove, and at the same time hold her head forward so that she would jump in the right direction. No. She went heavy. I couldn't pry her hind legs off the floor.

True To Form

Then I seized Josephine, and tried to lift her bodily to the stand. She did not mind. She glued her small hooves to the floor and remained put. She played incapable of leaping, until she got me into a spot where I could either sit down backwards, or let her go. And then she lightly leaped over the stand. Over it, not just on it. And we started all over again. Susannah had watched all this with interest. She admires Josephine.

All day long the creatures ba-a-ahed. They ate facing the house, and every time there was movement visible, they lifted their heads, peered, and yelled. If there was no movement about the house they quietly ate and pulled on their tether, hoping it would come out and let them skip over the fence. They cropped the tops and leaves of the grass, as goats do, discarding the rest. Goats are dainty feeders.

The weather was hot, and three times a day I took out a pail of fresh water to them. Of this they would each drink about a pint. Susannah was feeling the heat, and I moved her tether towards the shade. But she would not stay in the shade. She discovered that her tether would lap with Josephine's, and the two of them spent a pleasant hour intertwining themselves. I had an unprofitable half-hour untangling it when I brought them in to milk.

This was their last night with me, and Josephine was true to form. She refused to let me have the last cup of milk, standing on tip-toes for the most surprising time.

The Lady Reforester, who owns them, came to move them next morning, the back seat out of her sedan. Josephine seized the rose in my buttonhole as I was untangling her, and eyeing me with her cold vertical pupils, she ate the whole thing, thorny mossy stem, and all.

Susannah as a last touch put out one firm small cloven hoof across the chain, to hold it at a tension while I struggled to unhook her. Then, and I think she did this purposely, she lifted her same sharp hard hoof and landed it on my instep. She turned a mocking eye on me as I shouted, and daintily lifted her knee. With an air she placed her hoof elsewhere.

The Lady Reforester pushed them by the rear into her car, and they both put their heads out of the window, like Royalty. They then snorted with contempt at me and, as they moved off in state, looked down their long noses in serene detachment.

As for me, I staggered back into the house, humiliated, but relieved. No milk but, oh, what peace!

• •

BY CONTRARIES

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

British But She Lived Through the Siege of Germany's Capital

By IAN COLVIN

Berlin.

AN old lady in a claret colored jumper wearing a blue straw hat with a quill in it opened the door. It was a dim little flat in the Kreuzberg suburb of Berlin, with ruins all round it left by street battles between Germans and Russians.

"Oh, come in," she said cheerily, "I've put a cake on to bake. I'll turn the oven down."

Mrs. Amy Wilson-Pohler, who was born in a house in the Marylebone Road, London, in 1878, is the oldest British survivor of the siege of Berlin. She met me with complete unconcern, though I was her first English visitor since the war.

"I hear you're one of the very few Englishwomen who saw Berlin captured," I said.

"I don't know about that," she said, leading me into a little living room with dark red hangings and black oak furniture. "But I was besieged here in this flat between the twentieth of April, 1945, and the end of the war, and long after. The bombing had shaken all the doors—none of them would shut.

"Then on the twenty-fourth of April the butcher issued us with two pounds of frozen pork, so we knew that things were going to be very bad. We were ordered to leave our home—that is, 'Bunny', my German husband, and me.

"But I don't like being ordered about. So we bought what food we could still get. The shops were nearly all shut. Then we filled the bath with buckets of water and waited.

"What did I do? I stayed up here. I was never once in a cellar."

The old lady of nearly seventy recollects it all, as if it were an improbable farce.

"There were some of Hitler's Russians defending this suburb at first," she prattled on. "But they very soon went over to the Red Army, so we never really knew which side was plundering us.

"The Germans retreated towards Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church, and for a whole week at the end of April Russian shells and British and American bombs fell round us.

"Then the Russians came in. They made a cow-stall in the grocer's and put their horses in the vegetarian restaurant across the way. All night they danced and drank and sang, and played musical instruments in the streets. Every two hours they came looking for Nazis in the flats. Some soldiers came into my flat and started searching for loot. I smacked them and turned them out again.

Bunny's There Still

"Bunny, my husband, had gone up on the roof during the bombardment, and some bomb splinters hit him in the neck. He lay for five days on that sofa there: I couldn't get any dressings. We were entirely cut off with shells flying down all the streets round us."

Her cheerful Cockney garrulous air does not desert her for a moment, as she hands me her husband's photograph.

"He was second director of the Queen's Hotel, Leicester Square, London, before the last war. Marie Lloyd was a great friend of ours. That's her photo there."

It was a signed photograph of the late Marie Lloyd, famous Music Hall "star" of days far beyond recall.

"Some other Russians came later," she went on, nodding with a smile on her lips. "One was very drunk and tried to shoot Bunny as he lay on the couch, because he thought Bunny had been wounded fighting against the Russians. This Russian was only a little man, and I managed to push his gun away, and got him out of the place. Bunny died after five days, and we buried him in the yard below. He's there still."

A worn photograph of Sir Nevile Henderson slips out of an envelope, and with it one of his gilt, engraved invitation cards.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Pohler, "I used to go to his receptions. I always used to tell him there would be a war. He used to laugh at me so!"

"What did you do during the war?" I asked her.

"I used to give English lessons to various people," she told me. "There were detectives in that house opposite who watched me because I was English. I was careful not to have a wireless in the house.

"One of Goering's servants came to me for English lessons. He used to tell me what was going on in Goering's house. But after his fourth lesson his wife came round to tell me that he had been removed. They didn't want him to take lessons from an Englishwoman."

"What did he tell you about Goering's house?"

"Goering was very fond of heliotrope flowers. He used to have table decorations all in one color—and during the banquets in the Chancellery, S.S. men watched the food all the way from the kitchen to the table—I suppose in case it should be poisoned."

"What are your future plans?"

"Well, I've been to the Consul." The old lady brightened up. "I'm down to go to England. I'd stay here, but there's another war coming on, isn't there?"

"Oh, really?"

"Yes, there's sure to be. There's no balance of power, you see. They tell me England's not a very happy place today. I'd stay on here, but I've only got Ration Card Number 3. What about these U.N.R.R.A. people? Who are they meant to help?"

"In Germany — displaced people only."

Berlin Diary

"Look." Mrs. Wilson-Pohler pulled out a copy book from an ornate, massive oak desk that crowds the dark little room. "This is my diary of the siege of Berlin, day by day. Do you think it is worth keeping? Perhaps I should burn it. What do you think?"

She continued after a moment. "How well I remember those English lessons," she mused. "Quite a lot of well known people came to me—General Steulpnagel's wife and General Jannssen's two sons. But they kept on running off down into the cellar whenever the sirens went. I used to sit up and wait for them to come back. Look, here's a complete list of the air raids on Berlin. And here's Goebbels' manifesto to the people to keep calm."

She handed me a pamphlet by Joseph Goebbels fulminating against "the British and American air gangsters".

My eyes wander over the many photographs and reproductions on the walls. Above the china cabinet with its silver and Sheffield plate, there is a reproduction of the Rokeby Venus and one other nude.

"Ah, you're looking at my pictures. I remember the suffragettes, and how they slashed the Venus with a razor. I keep that picture to remind me of those days."

She chuckled as she moved about, sorting letters in the desk and showing me souvenirs of Edwardian England. The door bell rang.

"That reminds me," she said. "I must put that cake on again. It's a potato cake. Baking powder, currants. Never heard of them! That's my Russian teacher at the door."

"Russian teacher?" At the age of sixty-eight, to start learning Russian!

"Why, yes," she said with unconcern, standing prim and dignified in the crowded little drawing room which was her world of days gone by.

"I'm getting on very well with my Russian," she observed. "I think it's a very good thing to be able to tell people what you think in their own language. It clears up a lot of misunderstandings. Now come again and see me some time, won't you?"

Fluid cut with front fullness below the moulded waistline, in a fall and winter silhouette adapted by a New York designer to the junior figure. Fabric is ginger-colored wool importantly belted in brown, white fur.

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No pins, pads, belts, odor!
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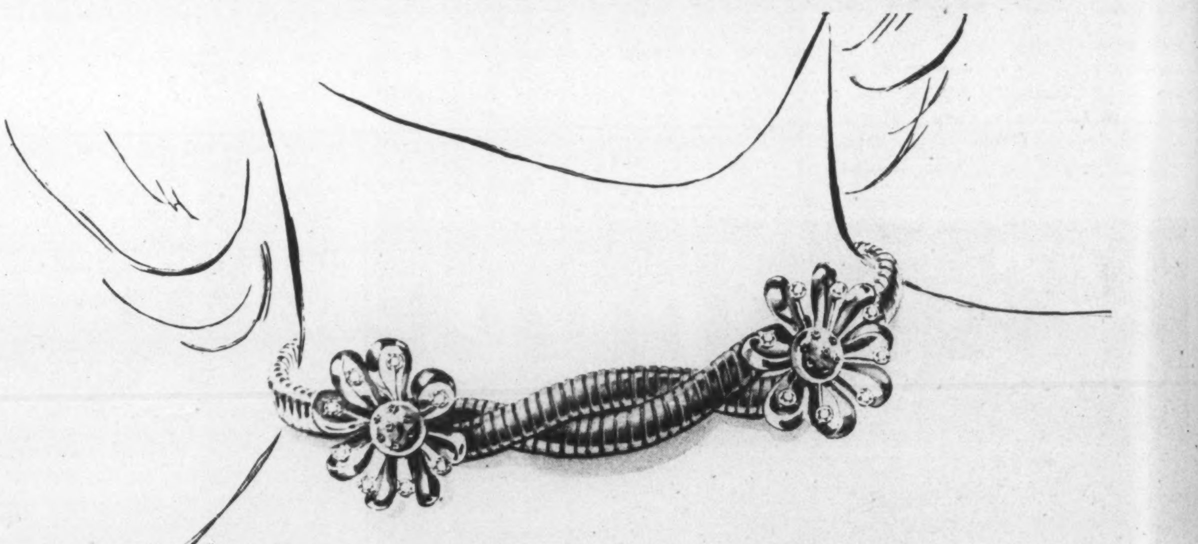
46-5



Of Contemporary Design .....

Exquisite gold jewellery of contemporary design—is now presented by Birks-Ellis-Ryrie in an important pre-Christmas showing.

The beauty of some of these modern pieces—bracelets, necklets, earrings, brooches—is enhanced by diamonds, emeralds, rubies and sapphires.

It is a collection of Christmas Jewellery worthy of your attention.

Representative of today's trend in design is the "Star Dust" choker illustrated —with diamonds set on platinum stems and rubies in the centre—of 14 K gold.

. . . $1200.00 (tax extra)

It is interesting to note that this choker may be used as a bracelet, cleverly twisted around a dainty wrist.

BIRKS-ELLIS-RYRIE
YONGE AT TEMPERANCE
Jewellers TORONTO *Silversmiths*

Mirror embroidery and white vulture feather brushes, exotic trimmings for a white passementerie pillbox by Lilly Dache. The necklace is also of white passementerie and mirrors.

The new bare neck look with crossed-over straps centered by a cluster of pearls to match the earrings. In tie-striped surah with fluid side drape. Deep-toned lipstick complements dress. Photo, Lentheric.

THE DRESSING TABLE

Diary of an Hour in the Day of Woman Who Couldn't Say "No"

By ISABEL MORGAN

UNLESS your social life has completely gone to pot, sometime this winter the phone will ring near the end of a hard day, and you will find yourself face to face with A Situation. Looking into our cee-rystal ball, we see you seated there at the phone looking, to be quite frank, dear, hardly at your best. Let's see, you didn't get your percentage of beauty sleep last night, did you? and today was definitely turbulent, wasn't it? And tomorrow was the day when you had an appointment with Mr. Albert to give your hair the works—shampoo, hair trim, set. Oh, yes, and there was to have been a face treatment, too, and a manicure. In short, everything to make you a lovely female. A lot of good that does now, you think bitterly as the voice on the phone runs on like a fugue . . . "in an hour . . . they arrived in town quite unexpectedly . . . you simply must come . . . dinner . . . etc., etc."

You glance at the clock, then at your reflection in the mirror and shudder, do some frenzied calculation, decide the whole thing is impossible and then trill, "Why, of course, I'd *love* to come!"

Now let us see what can happen in an hour to our bedraggled but indomitable heroine:

Time Table

7.00—Lays out dress, jewellery, shoes, lingerie, handbag, so that later she can get into them assembly line style. (P.S. A good idea to congratulate herself on now, or to remember for future emergencies, when time is of the essence, is always to have an evening bag fully equipped with essentials such as money, cigarettes, handkerchief, lipstick and powder—in the evening shades, of course. This takes some of the helter out of the skelter of getting ready when every minute counts.)

7.06—Throws herself across the bed with her head hanging over one side and in this position, brushes and brushes her hair with strong firm strokes. If her hair is inclined to be difficult because of oiliness, she may dash cologne across the brush. Not only does it scent the hair, but it will help to make it fluffier. Remember, this is an emergency.

7.10—Removes make-up with cleansing cream, followed by skin lotion. This is the time above all others when a beauty mask preparation proves its value, so she ties up her hair in a topknot, and then smooths the mask preparation over her face. Now she sets the alarm clock to ring at 7.30 (so she won't be popping up every minute to check the time), stretches out on the bed, fixes eye pads in place, and then relaxes. Not only will this give her some much needed rest, but it also will give the beauty mask time to dry under ideal conditions.

7.30—The alarm is sounding, wake up, wake up! She rises, goes into the bathroom and turns on the water in the tub, and doesn't forget to toss in a generous handful of bath salts or, perhaps, a liberal dash of bath oil. Off with the by now, we hope, well hardened beauty mask, and we'll forgive her a few moments pleased contemplation of the smooth, rosy skin she has earned herself all in the space of a few minutes.

7.35—Time marches on, and this is no time to flag, so into the tub where she soaks and soaps, then runs cold water into the bath gradually until it is cold and invigorating. Out of the tub, and then a brisk hard rubdown with a rough towel, topped off with cologne and bath powder. And, bless her heart, she didn't forget that a deodorant is the key to freshness.

7.45—An eye cup filled with eye lotion takes the last trace of fatigue from her eyes. And now comes the time for application of make-up. It goes on easily and looks well because the beauty mask treatment has made the skin receptive and glowing. And, cheers for our heroine! even in her hurry she has remembered that make-up should not stop at the jawline, and she covers both face and neck with foundation cream and powder.

7.55—A glance at the clock tells her it is high time she did something about her hair. This is no time to be tempted into experimenting with a new hair-do, so she arranges it in the simplest and most sure-fire fashion she knows. Taking no chances of spoiling this carefully built facade, she borrows the trick used by professional models. Tying a square of chiffon over hair and face, she slips on her dress, removes the chiffon and finds not a hair out of place, not a smudge of lipstick or other makeup has transferred itself to her dress.

8.00—The sound of the doorbell signals the deadline. A final checkup, a dab of perfume behind each ear, lotion for the hands and, as our restored heroine saunters past the mirror beside the telephone, who are we to raise an eyebrow if she casts a long glance of smug satisfaction at her reflection?

During the past week Guillaume of Paris has been available for consultation at the Elizabeth Arden Salon at the Robert Simpson Company in Toronto. Guillaume's genius at creating news in hair fashions has made him a foremost creator of hair fashions in Paris for well over a decade.

Veering away from the complicated and ornate coiffures so prevalent at the present time, he plots a fashion trend toward the simpler hair styles that lend themselves to self care and versatility. Guillaume bares ears, temples and brow, as he lifts the coiffure up and away smoothly to the crown of the head. For morning wear he has created an accessory he calls "negligee for the hair". It is a two-tone chiffon bandeau, blossoming with fragile French flowers. The "negligee for the hair" complements his morning coiffure . . . a coiffure stressing the bared brow and the loose, unfettered tumbling of curls along the back of the head.

Guillaume of Paris

For afternoon wear, neatness and chic are accented in a coiffure designed to be worn with a hat. Again the brows and temples are bared but the curls are caught up in back to receive the hat and complete its lines. For evening wear, Guillaume often lifts the entire coiffure high in back, again sounding a note of utter simplicity in the basic hair style. However, for high drama, he has created extremely ornate, almost rococo flower accessories made of hair. With these swirls and puffs and petals of hair he glorifies the simple evening coiffure, building it even higher . . . but never destroying the serenity of the bared look at brow and temple.

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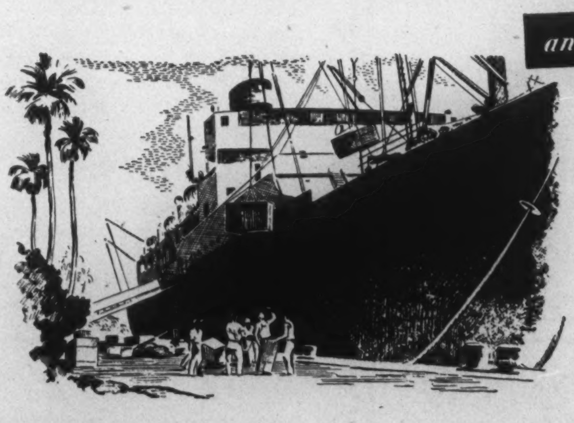
and so is THIS



Remember this, too, about Florida. It is not only a great place to play but a great place to work and to live. Such important factors as good working weather right through the year, sensible tax laws, substantial savings in plant construction and operation, and good location in respect to domestic and foreign markets, combine to provide real opportunities for many types of business and industry in America's fastest growing state. Employee morale is high, because Florida is a land of happier, healthier living. Investigate the profit advantages while you are vacationing in Florida this winter.

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CONCERNING FOOD

Let Goodwill Travel Overseas In Those Food Parcels For Britain

By JANET MARCH

PROBABLY more people today are interested in what they are going to eat at the next meal than ever before, but Escoffier, who was born a hundred years ago this month, would scorn most of the interest, which is rather on the lines of whether it will be beans or soup and black bread for supper. The niceties of the flavoring of the sauce to go with the sole is not a problem which worries the hungry, of whom there are all too many.

Even on this continent of plenty the menu which *Les Amis d'Escoffier* sat down to last week at the Waldorf reads like fabulous ancient history. In honor of the man said to be the world's greatest chef a dinner was served which included turtle broth, Channel sole, French partridge, pâté de fois gras, pêche Melba and a biscottine of hazel nuts, all complete with the correct sauces and vintage wines. In this country you can collect the items on such a menu, save for a bit of trouble with the wines, but it must make rather annoying reading for the rationed citizens of Britain. It rouses the same feelings as the working girl had who, hoping for a five dollar imitation string of pearls for Christmas, opened her paper to read of the Duchess of Windsor's loss.

Good morning begins at the breakfast table with dishes in a sprightly floral design that is both colorful and gay, on a cloth of Irish linen cross-barred in tile effect with green and yellow. An easy-to-do table decoration is made by spiking a pot of ivy with burnished red apples.

Famous
for flavour since 1892
—a high standard
of quality maintained
for half-a-century
has made 'Salada'
Canada's favourite
tea.

This does not seem to be the time to glorify the high cuisine or to publicize, however unwittingly, the possession of jewels. Too many people are concerned with just keeping alive without being able to sip Valmur Grand Cru Chablis 1929, or watching the stars move in their cloudy star sapphires.

Whatever else you may be planning for Christmas you will have sent or be sending food parcels to relatives and friends in the British Isles. The lift these parcels is said to give to the people who live in those islands where December, January and February are always pretty gloomy is out of all proportion to their contents. What if the postage does seem a bit high—what is inside will certainly be worth it to the recipient.

Lady Reading's Names

If you have no friends to whom you are sending, and even if you have, but your heart is large, how about taking on one of the names provided by Lady Reading, who vouches that the lists are of deserving people who will not be getting parcels from other people on this side of the ocean. Those of us who listened to Lady Reading will long remember her combination of charm and ability, and also her vivid account of how welcome parcels are.

Since she returned to England additional lists have been sent out to the various organizations in Canada who wished to help with this plan. In Toronto the Volunteer Department of the United Welfare Chest, 79 Queen Street East, Adelaide 5146, has a list of names and a letter or a telephone call will provide you with a bona fide English family who will simply love any parcels you may care to send.

If your parcels are going to families with a fair number of adults be sure to include dried milk. The British milk ration for children is small by our standards, and for adults it practically only colors the tea. For cooking the dried milk is invaluable, as indeed are dried eggs. These may not sound exotic Christmas presents but they stack up well with all the perfumes of Araby in the British Isles.

Cheese is very welcome, too, for a little of it will add flavor to the potato and to macaroni, these two standbys. Tinned tomatoes are wonderful but rather heavy to send, so for sheer value perhaps you had better stick to dried fruits, canned meats, salmon, if you can get it, and dehydrated vegetables. Concentrated orange and lemon juice are good, as is grape fruit juice, though it again is heavy for the amount you get.

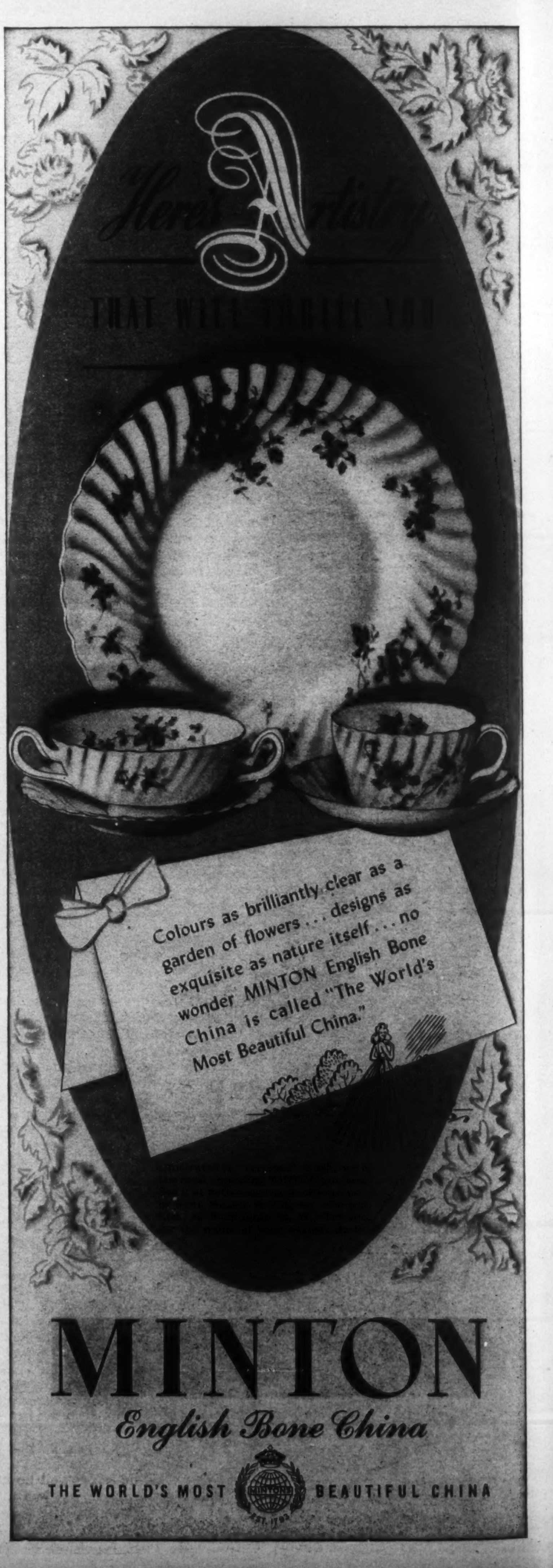
Fruits And Nuts

Candied fruits, shelled nuts, sweet and cooking chocolate and candy are popular. Of course jelly powders are fine because they require nothing but water to make a good dessert, but they are hard to find. A little easier are the boxed puddings which are all right if you have remembered the dried milk they need. Biscuit, gingerbread and cake mixes are very welcome, but try and find them, and then too there is a ready made pie crust which is better than most pastry you make yourself.

Sweetened cocoa powder, any syrup, jam or peanut butter you can get in a can—all make fine presents. There is a division of opinion about tea, some seem to welcome it but others claim they have plenty. Flavorings are scarce, which is one of the reasons the dried soups are so welcome for they seem to have lots of taste. A few packets of dried herbs and spices would fill up the corners. Then too, Christmas paper and seals and Christmas tree decorations are few and sometimes, there are odd corners in which they will fit. If your British family has many children, and therefore much washing, spare one of your precious cakes of soap.

You can really spend what you like on an English parcel. A tin of dried milk, some packages of dried noodle soup, a pound of prunes, some chocolate bars and a small Christmas pudding won't weigh a great deal or bankrupt you and will make some family's Christmas a lot merrier in a land where it is dark by four o'clock in the middle of winter, where fuel is scarce and 1/3 worth of meat a week does not allow an exciting dinner to break the chilly monotony of the long evenings. This seems a small way to try and repay some of the debt the Battle of Britain piled up against the rest of the world.

Goddard's
Silver Polishes
100 years *untarnished* reputation



Soup to Please the Inner Man

By MARY HILL

THESE are the evenings when a thick soup of the chowder type with plenty of vegetables hidden in its fragrant depths seems made to order. Servings must be generous of course, for soup like this is a main course, not an appetizer.

If you have an old-fashioned soup tureen hidden away on a top shelf get it down and use it for serving these whole meal soups. Accompany the soup with a big plate of crisp crackers or melba toast, follow up with salad or dessert and even the hollow-legged members of the family will leave the table replete and content.

Here are three recipes from the testing kitchen of the Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture, that have what it takes . . . fine flavor, ease of preparation and generous quantities.

Vegetable Chowder

1 cup white beans
3 cups cold water
1 cup sliced raw carrots
1 cup diced raw potatoes
1 cup canned peas
2 cups canned tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon celery salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 cup milk

Soak beans overnight in cold water. Cook for 1½ hours or until tender. Add vegetables and seasonings. Cook ½ hour; add milk and reheat.

Onion Chowder

3 cups sliced onion
2 tablespoons fat
4 cups boiling water
2 cups diced potatoes
2 teaspoons salt
2 cups milk
1 cup grated cheese
2 tablespoons minced parsley

Cook onions in fat for five minutes. Add boiling water, potatoes and salt. Cook until vegetables are tender. Add milk, grated cheese and parsley; and serve at once.

Oxtail Chowder

1 cup dried peas
3 cups cold water
2 teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons celery salt
1 lb. oxtails
3 cups canned tomatoes
4 carrots
2 onions
3 potatoes
1 bouillon cube
4 cups boiling water

Soak peas in cold water overnight. Add oxtails and seasonings. Cook 1 hour. Slice carrots lengthwise, cut onions and potatoes in large pieces. Dissolve bouillon cube in boiling water. Add with vegetables. Cook 1 hour.

• •

For Flavor

SAVOR the flavor when you add . . .
. . . a pinch of celery seed to potato salad
. . . a speck of mace to tomato soup
. . . a dash of ground cloves to creamed onions
. . . a bit of sage to meat loaves
. . . a little nutmeg to squash
. . . a clove to the stew
. . . a pinch of ginger to the pot roast.

The bouquet of several herbs left in the soup or sauce for just a few minutes has made French cooking famous.

If the stock pot hasn't provided a clear consommé for the first course, try dissolving a bouillon cube in boiling tomato juice and serving it piping hot.

Nothing is quite as good as mint with lamb; mace, or paprika, blends well with veal; sage with pork; cloves, horseradish or mustard with beef.

Sherry has many uses as a flavoring. Try it with consommé, oyster stew, cream of mushroom or asparagus soup. Add two teaspoons of sherry for each serving a minute or two before removing soup from the fire.

Everybody's doing it now...

All over town people are taking home Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Juice. It's fresh from the gardens, sparkling with flavour and vitamins. Your grocer is featuring Libby's new pack NOW!

One sip of Libby's and you really taste the garden-fresh flavour of tomatoes which have ripened on the vine. For thirty-four years Libby experts have selected the finest tomatoes from each successive crop and saved their seeds for next year. The result has been smooth, thin-skinned tomatoes, flawless beauties which are juicier, rosier, extra flavourful!

When these prize beauties reach juicy, ripe perfection, they're rushed to Libby's modern kitchens where Libby's patented "Gentle Press" extracts only the sweetest juice . . . captures their vine-ripened flavour and goodness—vitamins A and C.

Libby's is Canada's favourite health drink, more sought after than any other. Delight your family at dinner tonight—at breakfast tomorrow—with a brimming tumblerful. Keep Libby's in the refrigerator and let them help themselves. Order a generous supply now, from your grocer.*

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK if you don't agree that Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Products—Juice, Catchup and Soup—are the best you've ever tasted.

*Your grocer can also now supply you with Libby's new pack Vegetable Soup—a rich nourishing stock with vegetables fresh from the gardens—try it.

Libby's

Gentle Press TOMATO PRODUCTS

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THE OTHER PAGE

Ideas About Winnipeg

By G. V. FERGUSON

AFTER many years spent on the Prairies and in Winnipeg I was sitting in a Montreal streetcar the other day, wondering how people ever learned to walk up and down hills, when a girl's young, eager, attractive voice caught my ear. She was sitting beside me. She was about fifteen years old, and she was talking to her young brother, aged about thirteen, who was asking questions and hanging on her words. Both were obviously enjoying half-suppressed excitement, for the girl, it was clear, was off on her travels and her brother wanted to know all. She was going, it seemed, to Winnipeg.

"What kind of a place is it?" the boy asked.

"I don't know," she said. "But it has a bank and a station that stays open all year. There must be *somebody* there."

I pricked up my ears. I couldn't help it. Where had she come from, I wondered. But, not knowing my Canada well enough, I couldn't guess. Where in Canada, I asked myself, is it that the test of a town's importance is that its railway station (or its bank) stays open all year and not only for a season? Could it be that she came from some summer resort in the Laurentians or the Eastern Townships, where everything closes up in winter? Or are there villages or towns in eastern Ontario where winter brings all life to a standstill? On the Prairies, most places stay open all year. But she didn't come from the Prairies, or she would have known Winnipeg.

"Oh yes," she was saying, "there must be lots of Indians, but I think it's a kind of centre. I guess the white people for quite a ways around must come in there to kind of get together once in a while."

She paused and a broad and attractive grin broke over her face.

"But you can guess the kind of place it is. It's the kind of place that has a livery stable on the main street."

The street car stopped at my corner and I got off.

As I walked along St. Catherine Street, I wondered whether I shouldn't have stayed on board. Why hadn't I? And I would have liked to tap her arm and say to her. "My dear . . ." (I don't think I would have been misunderstood) — "My dear," I would have said, "I couldn't help eavesdropping. I heard you were going to Winnipeg. What you have heard of it is quite true. It has indeed a bank, and I lived there for twenty years and I never saw the day when the railway station was closed down, though the trains were often very late. But the trouble is the blizzards and the polar bears, not the Indians. There are no Indians. Only Eskimos. And in January, as you fight your way through the drifts near the livery stable on Main Street watch out for the polar bears. They're hungry in winter-time and sometimes they chase you as far as the bank, huffing and puffing and snapping at your heels."

"There have been no Indians for some years now. But, back in the '30's—Oh boy! I once saw Premier Bracken just duck a tomahawk on Portage Avenue. His hair has been curly ever since."

"The real trouble," I would go on, "is not the Indians. It's the Scotsmen. You're right about trouble. They come in from all over the Prairies every winter to curl in the bonspiel — the Macgregors and the Thomsons, the Chisholms and the Stewarts, the Dubinskys, the Skopalychuks, the Chesters, the O'Briens and the Sullivans and the Schmidts—all the Scotsmen there are on the Prairies, and all with tam-o'shanters and brooms and strange, wild, thirsty noises in the backs of their throats.

"But don't worry about them, my dear. They're harmless, and anyway the bank and the railway station are always open, and the livery barn is warm."

But I did not stay on the street car, and I said none of this to that sweet-faced Canadian youngster, who, with some bravery, was starting off to become, perhaps, the golden girl of the west.

I wish her luck, bless her heart, and I hope the sight of Winnipeg, when she gets there, is not too great a shock to her.

But, being old and serious and rather stodgy, I could not help wondering if what she said did not have some significance to others than her young brother. We pride ourselves on being smart and knowledgeable, and we spend a great deal of time and money educating our children, and most of them take to it with not too much reluctance. Yet here was a blessed lamb, fresh out of school, whose idea of Winnipeg would have been natural enough had she been brought up in Burton-on-Trent or Venezia Giulia, but seemed strange to a rather sensitive westerner with strong views about Canada.

I don't mean she should have known *all* about Winnipeg but, surely, she should have known just a tiny bit more than that the station was open all winter, and I suppose she had only picked up that bit of information along with her ticket.

This all goes to show something, I'm not sure what. Perhaps it is only the working of a western inferiority complex. Perhaps it's not important anyway. But, somehow, I think it is.

A Study in Light and Shade

BY VIOLET KEENE

Size approximately 6" x 8", priced each $10; three for $18; six for $25.

Phone TR. 5111 or TR. 1952 for appointment.

PORTRAIT STUDIO — SECOND FLOOR

EATON'S-COLLEGE STREET

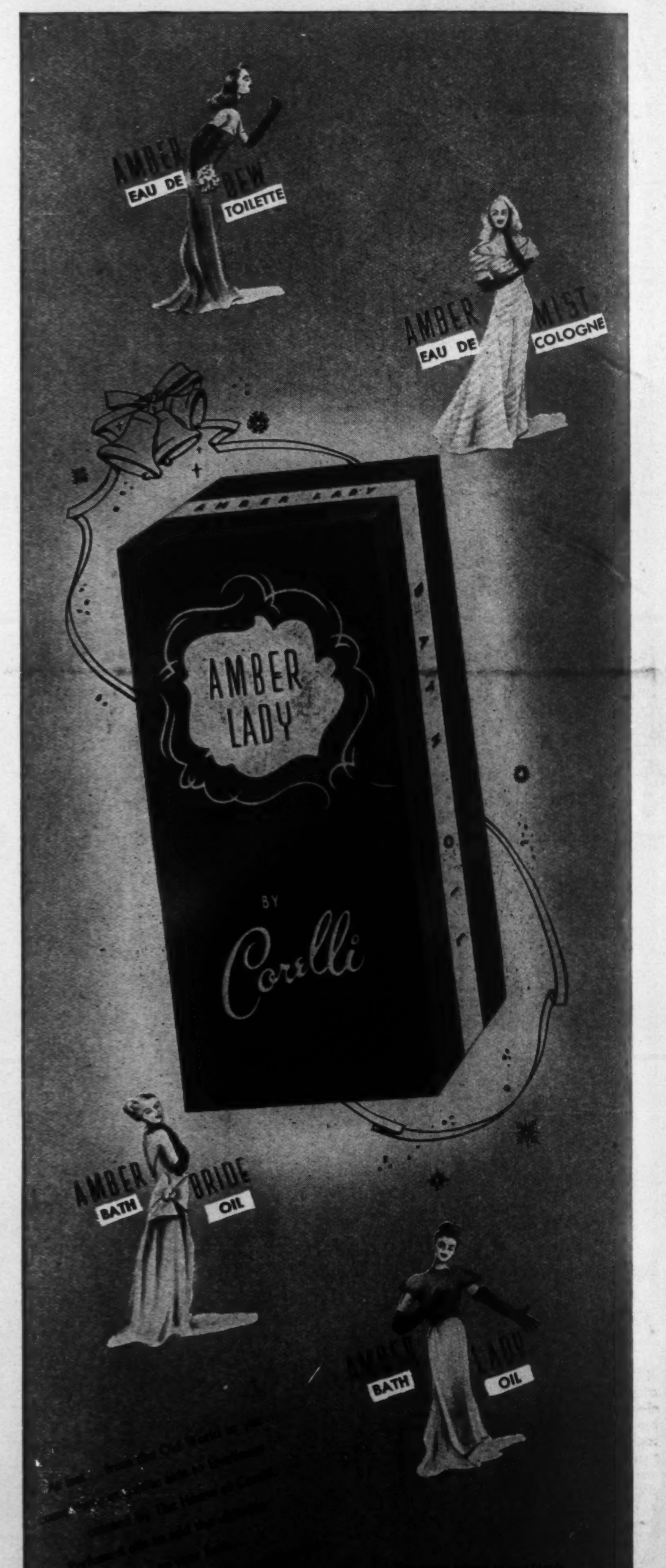
Afternoon at Sand Point

By FLORIS McLAREN

THE heat radiated upward in visible waves from the beach and the lake surface, and drew pungent beads of resin from the trunks of the long-needled pines. A few children splashed in the water; a few young men dived from the high springboard; most of the brown nearly-naked bodies sprawled motionless, as though held flat to the sand by the weight of the sun.

The row of tourist cabins between the railroad embankment and the beach enclosed the heat, deadened and stifling, like a row of small impersonal ovens. In the last cabin Margery sat on a hard chair beside the oilcloth-topped table and watched Ralph carry the last load of blankets from the car and drop it on the bare mattress in the other room. Cartons of cooking utensils and food, not unpacked, were set on the floor. The children's clothes were dropped in two little piles where they had changed. Through the open door, Margery could see them in their red bathing trunks running across the sand toward the water.

Ralph sat down across the table from her. His voice when he spoke



had the quietness and carefulness of near-exhaustion.

"Would you like me to unpack the supper things?"

"No, leave them. I'll put the kettle on in a few minutes."

She must move soon, must open tins of soup and meat, must slice bread and tomatoes. The children would come back hungry, and she and Ralph must eat. Two hundred and forty miles was too far to have driven today, especially on the sort of roads they had travelled for the last hundred miles.

We always drive too far, she thought; too weary to be irritated. And we stop somewhere, too tired to make beds and cook supper, but it has to be done. What makes us call this a holiday?

Of course this isn't all of it, her mind answered. You know there are the good parts . . . starting out after breakfast with Donny and Susan laughing in the back seat and the cool fresh morning in your face and the lovely unexplored map-names ahead of you; the smooth pouring speed down the half-empty highway; the stops for glasses of cold milk or baskets of grapes; the poring over the spread road-map and the pencil dot somewhere ahead. "Sand Point. We ought to be able to make that this afternoon."

"Don't you think it's too far to drive?"

"If it is, we can always stop somewhere else."

But of course they never did. That pencil dot on the map was a spell more inexorable than any childhood game of go to the seventh corner before you turn back. The air grew hot and the children fretful and sleepy and you went on at last in a sort of vacuum of weariness in which it was easier to go on driving than to stop.

For five years they had looked forward to this sort of holiday, had said, when the war's over . . . when gas rationing's over. . . This first summer of peace, this first holiday, as they had planned it, had become the whole symbol of their return to security, to their familiar world. How clear and carefree that first summer of peace had been in their anticipation; how unlike the reality of the pressing newspaper headlines, of the tension of the radio commentators, of the newsreel pictures of the mushroom cloud over Bikini.

Ralph was looking over Margery's head out the back window toward the railroad embankment. The echoing thunder of a train sounded distant, came nearer. Suddenly she saw Ralph stiffen as though he had touched a charged wire. Margery felt the impact of his shock and turned to follow his look.

The black unslackening bulk of the train had just come into view. Ahead of it, on the high embankment, a small white dog raced with desperate speed between the rails. The engine was overtaking it, . . there were only seconds separating them. Margery had one unforgettable glimpse of the flying white body, lengthened and flattened by terror, of the roaring speed of the pursuing train.

"Don't look," Ralph commanded urgently, and in a moment's instinctive obedience she wrenched her eyes away. When she looked back the engine was rounding the farther curve.

He must have got out of the way, she told herself. Just one sideways jump down the embankment. We didn't hear anything. Surely we would have. He must have jumped.

The freight cars were still going by, shaking the cabin. She could see the children coming back from the lake. It's so hot in the bedroom they won't go to sleep, she thought.

"I was a coward to look away," she said suddenly. "I wish I knew. Do you know?"

"It's all right. He jumped clear," Ralph answered.

She did not know whether it was true or not. She would never know. We want people to lie to us, she thought. We hide our eyes and fool ourselves. . . We're all cowards.

The children, shaking bright drops of water like puppies, were clamoring in the doorway. Their eyes sparkled, their hair clung in dripping points to their flushed faces. Margery wanted urgently to kneel and put her arms around them, to hold their d a m p bodies protectingly against her. But it would have been a silly gesture and the still, heat-flattened landscape outside held no menace.

She rose and began to unpack the supper carton.

• •

ON HUMAN LONGINGS

WHEN people in theatres rustle and guzzle
I long, rather wildly to toss them a muzzle!

MONA GOULD

NOW I KNOW HOW *easy* IT IS!

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The Telephone

By PERCY JACOBSON

THE telephone stood on a small pedestal beside his bed. To the man stretched out in utter weariness of spirit, it seemed like some squat evil Chinese god. A wide-nosed grinning sinister thing. A fate fraught with evil tidings. Its funereal blackness a certain harbinger of death.

The man shuddered at the thought. His fancy might well be near to prophecy. In a matter of hours this telephone could toll a bell to mark finis to all his happiness. The end of the loveliest chapter in his forty-five years of living.

This man's wife would die this night if . . . . a very small if . . . . the new pack failed to block an internal hemorrhage. Four blood transfusions had failed to hold a precious life from slipping its lovely slender case.

Now, on the too wide bed, the heart-broken husband remembered, with fear, that look in the doctor's eyes when he said in a kind but firm voice:

"You look quite spent, Mr. Gort. Go home and get some rest, the hospital will call you if . . . ." He had hesitated. "Of course miracles do happen," he added with great earnestness. "You might pray." God, how he had prayed!

The bedroom was white with moonlight. They had first met on just such a night. They had watched the moon spilling its unconscious beauty over the sea and she had said with a sigh, "All this is so lovely, too lovely, too lovely to last."

He had taken her in his arms and promised, "I will make it last for you, my darling."

He had done his best. For sixteen years this man and wife had pooled all that came into their two lives. The eggs of their happiness were all in one basket, for she was too frail to bear him a child. And now, for the man, the basket was about to fall, and he knew that "All the King's horses and all the King's men" would never be able to put his happiness together again.

A bell rapped the silence of the new dawn. The dread of a horrible finality strangled his swift movement. It rang twice, three, four times before he could grasp the receiver. A drunken voice greeted him in raucous tones.

"Whatcher t'hell ish the matter, ish that sho Mabel?" Thankfully Gort cut him off. It was a reprieve for the moment.

Now it was not fear that clutched his heart so tight but a horrible sensation of nausea. He made an attempt to reach the bathroom. A pain, dagger sharp in its intensity, made him reel and gasp a faint cry for help. Down, down his left arm shot the agonizing pain, the telephone rang and rang.

At the hospital, the switchboard operator was apologetic.

"I am sorry, doctor, but Mr. Gort does not answer."

The interne smiled. "Don't bother, Miss Ash, I guess the poor devil has fallen asleep. Gosh, won't he be happy to know that his wife has a good chance to live?"

The telephone stood like some squat evil Chinese god beside the man's bed. It rang and rang. No fate now fraught with evil tidings. Death had made it impotent. It was just another 'phone.

• •

SOUR THOUGHTS

THIS strident scene was once the realm
Of whispering ash and towering elm,
And silence reigned o'er oak and beech
Where freight-trains wail and street-cars screech.
Where chestnuts spread and maples waved
Banks jingle cash and beards are shaved.
On hills once crowned with gleaming laurel
Pundits and politicians quarrel,
And where once stood the lordly pine
Smug civil servants sit and dine. . . .
Lord, give man grace that he may be
A tenth as noble as a tree.

GEOFFREY VIVIEN

Shipping Competition Is Menace to Britain

By JOHN L. MARSTON
Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The present tremendous travel urge limelights the change which has taken place in world shipping since 1939. The phenomenal expansion of U.S. shipping, linked with that of countries which automatically looked to Britain for their sea transport in former years, is a serious problem which Britain will have to face in the immediate future.

A long-term factor which will also have to be considered is the undoubted advantages of air transport.

London.

THE publicity given to the first voyage of the *Queen Elizabeth* as a luxury liner is considerably more than the occasion itself seemed to warrant. The voyage was symbolic of the return to something like pre-war conditions in the luxury shipping business.

In the last annual report of Cunard White Star the late Sir Percy Bates referred to the unprecedented demand for movement which has been released now that the strictest wartime barriers have been broken down, and there is, indeed, a phenomenal number of people waiting to travel in ships—for business, for family reasons, or, after being caged up so long, merely for the sake of traveling. The question is who can provide the ships which will skim the cream off this exceptional trade in movement.

The shipping business has changed extensively since 1939, and it seems unlikely that it will return to its pre-war state. The greatest shipping power then was Britain. Now the United States leads. This change might, however, be only a shift of emphasis, from one shipping power to another—the United States was strongly shipping-conscious for many years before the war.

Perhaps more significant on the long term is the growth of shipping-consciousness among so many nations which normally took it for granted that their oversea transport needs would be fulfilled by the ships of Britain, the U.S., Greece, Norway, or some other maritime power.

Now Canada has a substantial fleet of her own, built during the war. Other Dominions — South Africa, Australia, New Zealand — and the South American states — even the small ones—are taking a State-sponsored interest in ships. A number of British vessels have already begun to sail under foreign flags.

The U.S. expansion is, of course, the phenomenon of the shipping world in the past decade. With a prospective total of 11 million deadweight tons of ocean-going ships the U.S. merchant fleet intends to cover the trade routes of the world. The very scale of the United States' shipping activities, however, makes it difficult to specialize, and specialization has been the characteristic of the hitherto unchallenged British merchant fleet. There are luxury liners, utility liners, refrigerated cargo ships, tankers, and plain tramps. There are vessels built specially for the North Atlantic or for the South African routes.

The U.S. Type

The standard U.S. ship is now comparatively small, fast and modern, mass-produced and serviceable for a variety of purposes. Its capital costs are still high, even by comparison with the British, but it is essentially an economical proposition and a very formidable competitor. In liners and refrigerated ships, the British service is likely to hold its own, but in tramp shipping, the backbone of the merchant fleet, the prospect is unin-

(*Continued on Next Page*)

Coast Mission Brings Medical Aid to Western Outposts

Founded in 1905, the Columbia Coast Mission of the Chuch of England sends four small ships throughout the year to 200 points of call along Canada's west coast to bring medical aid to 10,000 loggers, fishermen, Indians and their families. The Mission, with headquarters at Vancouver, has a staff of 40 clergy, doctors and nurses. Two of the ships, the "Columbia" and "John Antle" (named after Mission's founder), are in constant radio telephone touch with lumber camps and canneries, and provide ambulance service to the nearest hospital when necessary. The Mission itself has two hospitals, at Pender Harbor and Alert Bay, services of which are free to those unable to pay. Above picture shows an injured logger at Simoon Sound receiving first aid from the "Columbia's" doctor soon after call over radio telephone; below, the injured man is being taken aboard the 100-ft. hospital ship for surgical treatment.

Above, matron and orderly at St. George's, the Columbia Mission hospital at Alert Bay, help a patient down the steps for convalescent exercise.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Russia's Low Productivity

By P. M. RICHARDS

THE extraordinary appeal of Russian Communism to so many citizens of the western democracies, whose own standards of living and of personal liberty are so much higher, is explainable, of course, on many grounds, notably our current confusion of thought respecting our own democratic processes and aims, the raising of Soviet Russia's prestige by her victories in the war and the apparently widespread notion here that Russia is fast becoming so powerful as to be almost irresistible. It might be well to clear our minds of some misconceptions on the latter point. The "bear that walks like a man," says Benjamin W. Corrado in *Barron's*, may look grim and powerful, but he needs vitamins. His economic strength is much less than is commonly ascribed to him by those who take only a surface look at his size, his war victories, his five-year plans or his behavior in the world's council chambers.

This weakness is not directly military in nature—Russia has the largest standing army in the world, six million men—but stems from vital economic sources. Corrado points out that many of the objectives of Russia's first postwar plan are actually below those set for 1942 under the last pre-war plan. This fact reflects the wide destruction wrought by the Nazis, a destruction only partly offset by industrial seizures in Europe and Manchuria. It will take Russia at least five years to get back to its pre-war level of industrial production, and this gloomy potential is based upon the fact that some minimum consumer needs will have to be met from its industrial production, despite the stress laid on heavy industry for military or other reasons.

Compares Poorly in Steel

Since iron and steel-making facilities are the most important industrial segments to support industrial progress, it is important to note that Russia's steel capacity is approximately one-fourth that of the United States. Under its fourth five-year plan, Russia hopes to be producing 28.0 million net tons of steel by 1950. Obviously, current output and capacity must be below that. The United States' steel capacity is over 90 million tons annually right now. Though Russia will presumably work to increase its steel capacity, it is unlikely to be able to do so quickly. It took the U.S. five years, even under wartime pressure, to expand its own facilities by 10 million tons or 12½ per cent. The same goes for pig-iron capacity, the Russian objective for which is 21.5 million tons by 1950, as against its 1942 schedule of 24.3 million tons. The 1950 objective is less than one-third of the present U.S. pig-iron capacity of over 67 million tons.

Russia's most bitter disappointment probably is in its oil production, says Corrado. Its 1950 schedule is set for 247.8 million barrels, which is well below its 1937 schedule of 327.6 million barrels. Russian oil production has been way below schedule ever since the first five-year plan. This has been the case despite the fact that Russia's "known reserves" have recently been estimated at 22.5 million barrels, or 10 per cent more than those of the United States. Owing to the much more advanced state of the U.S. economy, its oil production is about six times that of Russia, or around 1.7 billion barrels a year. In 1945 the U.S. shipped to Russia some six million barrels of oil and petroleum products. The difference between Soviet and U.S. production is not changed importantly, even adding production from the countries within Russia's grasp.

Coal Prospects Brighter

Russia's prospects are brighter in respect of coal. Its fourth five-year plan pegs 1950 coal output at 275.6 million tons, almost double the 1937 actual production. But even this output is dwarfed by U.S. production, which is expected to run around 700 million tons by that year.

The fourth most important element in industrial production consists of the non-ferrous metals, and here again Russian production compares poorly with that of the United States. The U.S. capacity for primary aluminum production is over five times the ambitious Russian objective for 1950; its magnesium capacity is over thirty times Russia's 1950 goal; its copper production more than four times, lead three times and zinc output five times that of Russia.

These basic comparisons of raw materials tell only part of the story, since the key to industrial strength is a nation's machinery, particularly machine tools, points out Corrado. Russia's own capacity for producing machine tools is slight. Its 1950 objective is for a machine-tool industry able to turn out 74,000 units annually, which would be four times the current capacity. Russia's expansion in machinery is largely expected to come from seizures and reparations. The U.S. machine-tool industry can turn out some 15,000 units annually, and under wartime pressure with the aid of subcontracting it produced 307,000 units in 1942.

A major handicap for Russia is a shortage of skilled labor. The relatively low efficiency of Russian workers is indicated by the fact that the U.S. in December, 1944, had 13,379,000 wage earners in the manufacturing industries which operated the nation's 1.7 million machine tools. In contrast, Russia had twice as many industrial workers to support industries operating a considerably smaller number of machines. But Russia's new plan provides for a 56-hour week, or eight hours per day for seven days. More production incentives will be used to speed up worker output.

(*Continued from Page* 38)

spiring, even though the United States' Maritime Commission does not at present contemplate large-scale invasion of this field.

British costs and conditions are on a higher level than those of less scrupulous competitors; and the important trade in coal from Britain's own mines, which was a basic source of tramp revenue, has mostly withered away. Tankers are mainly owned by the oil companies, and are not, therefore, operated on national lines.

The nationalism in shipping (not basically affected by such tentative moves to international coordination as those discussed in Washington late in October) is, on the face of it, deplorable. It runs counter to all the protestations of freedom in international trade; it savors of the "autarchy" which afflicted so many countries between the wars.

But it is, viewed in another light, more like the drive for industrialization which is now commonly accepted as the primary producing countries' revolt against the dominance of a few advanced industrial powers. It is, indeed, the natural accompaniment of that revolt. Countries which have no merchant shipping must be at the mercy of the world shipping situation, as at the present; and this dependence is no more acceptable than the dependence on world commodity demand which has been the curse of the primary producers in their pre-industrial period.

For the world's carrier nation of bygone times, however, the change is serious. Britain has a permanent deficit on trade account which has been balanced only by performing such services as shipping, and a radical readjustment will be necessary when the world dearth of shipping facilities no longer assures profitable use of all the ships that can be mustered.

What the longer-term future holds is a matter for anxious speculation in the shipping world. The recent series of distressing air accidents cannot disguise the fact that air transport has immense advantages over railways and shipping.

It is the high-paying traffic — people, mails, and the more valuable goods—which is going to the airways at present; and it may be that in future years the ships will be carrying little besides the cruder commodities. Meantime, however, with traffic in people and goods increasing, shipping space will remain scarce.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Use of European Labor Favored to Aid Northern Development

By JOHN M. GRANT

INNUMERABLE appeals of late have urged on the Government the need of reasonable assistance if there is not to be a further slowing up of northern development. Adding his voice to the many, and speaking from his personal connections with mining for more than a third of a century, Andre Dorfman, president of Anglo-Huronian, Limited, a company extremely active in the financing of new prospecting endeavors, makes a strong plea to again allow the mines of the Dominion to draw on European labor. The labor situation in the north is due, in part only, to the war and shifting of men into the army and munition plants, Mr. Dorfman claims, the main cause being that immigration of Europeans stopped some 15 years ago.

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The conclusions drawn by Mr. Dorfman are from his personal experiences as he started working in the mines in 1910. The men who have cleared the woods of Porcupine, where the population is now about 50,000, and the land around Kirkland Lake where some 20,000 people are now living, and the men who have been taught to mine and have thus contributed to the wealth in which all have shared, are of European extraction, he states. "We brought them in," he continues. "They are now getting old. The second generation of these immigrants have provided soldiers, mining engineers, skilled mechanics, carpenters, office employees, etc., and some have gravitated into the towns. The cities needed more labor for their own expansion. And we find that city people do not make miners. Unless the Government changes its policy and again permits the mines to draw upon European labor, we must expect a still further slowing up of northern development."

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The case of Kerr-Addison Gold Mines is cited by Mr. Dorfman. This young and outstanding gold producer in the Larder Lake area, has only 450 men on the payroll, while it requires twice as many. While they are going ahead with the plant increase to 4,000 tons per day, nevertheless they are worried as to the future supply of manpower. "Our belief in the mining possibilities of Canada is as great as ever" was the assurance given by Mr. Dorfman to shareholders of Anglo-Huronian, which company has in the last 12 years distributed $3,500,000 in dividends, paid out substantial sums in prospecting and exploration in Canada and built up $20,000,000 in assets.

•

Estimated net earnings of $2.24 per share for Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Co., in the nine months ended September 30, indicate that profits for 1946 should be around $3 a share, a record for the company. The best previous year was 1943 when $2.73 was earned before depletion, while in 1937 profits were $2.71 a share. Ore milled during the three quarters was 1,378,526 tons and estimated net earnings, after all deductions were $6,167,302. The daily tonnage treated is slightly over 5,000 tons and with 2,200 men on the payroll the labor situation is fairly satisfactory. The program of general development being carried out is not quite as large as the management would like. Outside exploration work this year has been extensive, but nothing spectacular was revealed. Some results have been had from the testing plant for the treatment of zinc plant residue and it is now hoped that a solution can be worked out.

Values and widths encountered in the first nine drill holes at Joburke Gold Mines (controlled by Rush Lake and Berwick Gold Mines) in the Groundhog River area, are regarded as indicative of a major structure. Four drills are in operation and the excellent values and good widths have been obtained over a length of 600 feet. Two additional zones have been located from which gold has been panned. Two diamond drills are in operation on the property of Garnet Gold Mines controlled by Pen-Rey Gold Mines which adjoins Joburke Gold immediately on the west. The Garnet property is said to straddle the same main break as Joburke. Vincent Mining Corporation, holding a block of claims adjoining the Polomar Gold Mines group tying on to the east of

(*Continued on Page* 43)

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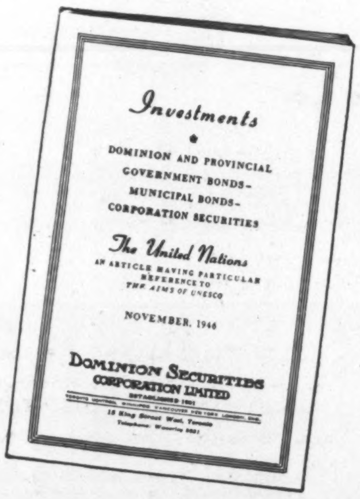

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THE LONDON LETTER

What's doing in Great Britain? You can depend on P.O'D., SATURDAY NIGHT'S resident correspondent, to keep you informed and entertained all in the same breath.—The Publishers.

SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

E. H. D., Cranbrook, B.C.—The HIGHLAND-BELL LIMITED property, a silver-lead-gold producer in the Beaverdell district of British Columbia, in which Leitch Gold Mines and associates acquired stock control early this year, is not equipped with a mill. It ships the high grade ore to Trail, B.C., for treatment. I understand however, that the management hopes to have sufficient information by next spring on which to base a decision regarding a mill for the property. A broad development and re-sampling program is being carried out with a view to determining the tonnage of milling grade ore. The intention is to continue to ship the high grade silver ore by the carload as formerly. Net profit for the first six months of 1946, after deduction for taxes and depreciation was $98,346, which compares with $122,769 for the whole of last year. A profit of 12 to 13 cents a share is expected if the second half of the year gives as favorable a performance as the first six months. A number of new vein intersections were disclosed in diamond drilling during the past summer on the "Highland Lass" property. A development program is planned to open the "Bell Mine" at new low depth.

R. D. T., Picton, Ont.—The recent activity and strength in shares of DETTA RED LAKE MINES is attributable to the securing of high gold values in diamond drilling. Three holes at 100-foot intervals, covering an indicated length of 200 feet have been finished and with highly favorable results. In hole No. 13 incomplete assay returns showed $30.15 across 10.5 feet and $100.70 across 5.6 feet, the company reports. The carbonate zone in this hole showed in a core length of 28 feet, while in hole No. 12, located 100 feet west, the carbonate zone showed a core length of 11.5 feet. Assays of $96.20 across 3.4 feet, or $45.40 across 7.3 feet are reported. Three sections in hole No. 6, 100 feet west of No. 12, showed visible gold. The most easterly hole shows the carbonate zone to be widening. The Detta property consists of 15 claims in Balmer township. Last June the company reported cash on hand of $183,276 and only nominal current liabilities.

B. D. A., Toronto, Ont.—The volume of business of STANDARD PAVING & MATERIALS LTD. for the year ending March 31, 1947, it is understood, will be moderately heavier than in the previous year. Good demand for supplies and the maintenance of a substantial backlog of orders provide a promising outlook. A contract for provincial roads in the Red Lake area has been secured, and this work will take considerable time to complete. The new asphalt plant completed here is operating satisfactorily.

W. O. P., Red Deer, Alta.—The information given you is correct. The McMARMAC RED LAKE GOLD MINES property in Dome township, Red Lake area, is a former gold producer. It is equipped with a 75-85 ton mill, but this has not been in operation for two years. Up to the suspension of milling it produced approximately $1,472,500 from 118,825 tons of ore. Results of the current development and exploration campaign have been promising and it is altogether likely that consideration will shortly be given to resuming production. The second ore area to be outlined in recent work is said to be taking shape at the south end of the workings on the first level. Continuation of this ore is indicated by an old surface hole, 35 feet to the southwest. In the north carbonate structure at the No. 2 shaft, a drill hole from the second level, has cut the

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Post-Election Reactions

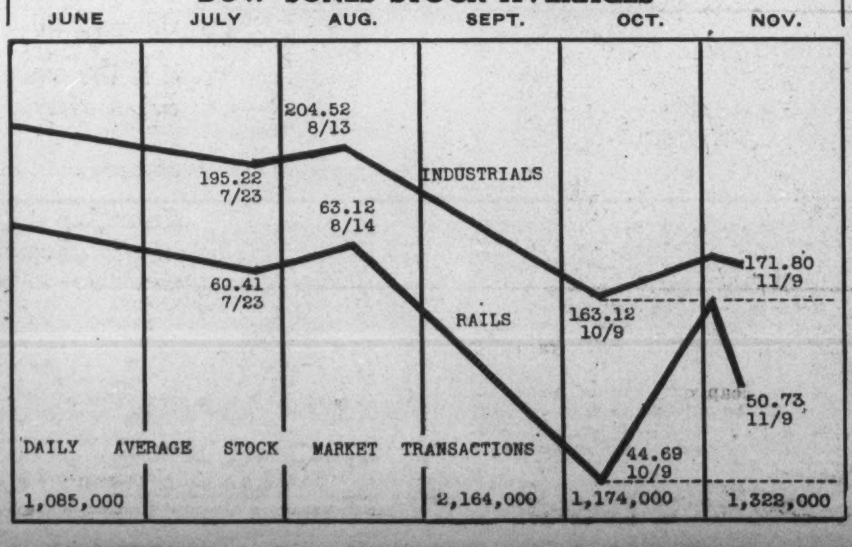
BY HARUSPEX

THE ONE TO TWO-YEAR N.Y. MARKET (which dominates Canadian stock prices) TREND: Downside penetration of February 1946 low points by both the Dow-Jones railroad and industrial averages confirms a primary downtrend as under way, duration and extent indeterminate and the intermediate trend of the market is to be classed as downward from the May-June high points of 212.50 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 68.31 on the rail average.

On the day following the American elections, the market showed a rather marked decline. This was attributed by some to the fact that the opposition party as a result of such elections, came into control of the legislative branch of the American government, thus suggesting an almost certain stalemate over the two years ahead as the legislative branch on the one hand, the Administration on the other, manoeuvre for position in the great presidential battle to be fought in 1948. Another explanation of this post-election weakness, however, is that it represented normal profit taking by those traders and others who bought in anticipation of a victory by the Republicans who are more fully represented by the industrial interests of the country and, when the "good news" was out, subsequently sold their holdings. If the latter viewpoint is correct, then the market strength setting in several days after the elections might well carry further, as discussed in the following paragraph.

In the pre-election strength the Dow-Jones railroad average achieved decisive penetration of its mid-October rally point of 49.00 but the industrial average fell short of its similar peak at 175.94. Renewed strength, based on various immediate developments of a temporary bullish nature, as discussed last week, carrying the closing rail average above 51.22—its November 2 peak—and the closing industrial average to or above 176.95 would signal an intermediate uptrend as under way. Such development would suggest a try at the 185/190 level on the industrials, or a full technical rebound from the recent decline. Decisive breaking by both averages of their early October lows, to the contrary, as would be disclosed by closes at 162.11 and 43.68, would reconfirm the intermediate and primary declines as still under way.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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Notice is hereby given that a semi-annual dividend of 25 cents per share in Canadian Currency has been declared and that such dividend will be payable on or after December 2nd, 1946 in respect of the outstanding shares of the Company.

The said dividend in respect of shares specified in any Bearer Share Warrant of the Company of the 1929 issue will be paid upon presentation and delivery of Coupon No. 66 at:

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA
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The said dividend will be paid by cheque mailed from the offices of the Company on November 30th, 1946 to Shareholders of record at the close of business on November 15th, 1946 and whose shares are represented by Registered Certificates of the 1929 issue.

The transfer books of the Company will be closed from November 16th to December 2nd, 1946, inclusive, and no Bearer Share Warrants will be "split" during that period.

Shareholders resident in the United States are advised that a credit for the 15% Canadian tax withheld at source or deducted upon payment of coupons is allowable against the tax shown on their United States Federal Income tax return. In order to claim such credit the United States tax authorities require evidence of the deduction of said tax, for which purpose Ownership Certificates (Form No. 601) must be completed in duplicate and the Bank cashing the coupons will endorse both copies with a certificate relative to the deduction and payment of the tax and return one Certificate to the shareholder. If Forms No. 601 are not available at local United States banks, they can be secured from the Company's office or the Royal Bank of Canada, Toronto.

Subject to Canadian regulations affecting enemy aliens, non-residents of Canada may convert this dividend at current Canadian Foreign Exchange Control rates into U.S. Currency or such other foreign currencies as are permitted by the general regulations of the Canadian Foreign Exchange Control Board. Such conversion can be effected only through an Authorized Dealer, i.e., a Canadian branch of any Canadian chartered bank. The Agency of the Royal Bank of Canada, 68 William Street, New York City, is prepared to accept dividend cheques or coupons for collection through an Authorized Dealer and conversion into any permitted foreign currency.

By order of the Board,
C. H. MULLINGER,
Secretary.

434 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada
4th November, 1946

zone 70 feet farther to the southwest with a 3.3-foot section assaying 2.7 ounces. Preparations are being made to open up this ore from the third horizon.

C. M. S., Fort William, Ont.—Yes, the declaration of a quarterly dividend of 25 cents a share on the common stock of BARBER-ELLIS OF CANADA LTD., payable Dec. 15, places the shares on an annual dividend basis of $1 per share, or double the previous regular rate of 50 cents a share. Disbursements this year total $1 a share, an increase of 25 cents a share over the 75 cents a share paid for 1945. Regular payments of 12½ cents a share and extras of 12½ cents a share were made in each of the three preceding quarters.

R. H. S., Toronto, Ont.—Extremely interesting results have marked diamond drilling to date at the AKAITCHO YELLOWKNIFE GOLD MINES property, under option to Frobisher Exploration Company, located north of and adjoining Giant Yellowknife. While officials state it is a little early to foretell the length, width and value of the orebody, it is considered an important orebody is being defined. Over 20 holes have, so far, been drilled and yielded values ranging from 0.20 ounce to 8.5 ounces, with sections averaging up to 1.6 ounce over 15 feet. The length of the indicated ore-bearing zone is now over 700 feet. Two drills are operating and the company is extending its exploration north with holes at 100-foot intervals.

T. S. M., New Westminster, B.C.—The common stock of WESTEEL PRODUCTS, LTD., has been placed on a regular annual dividend basis of $1 a share with the declaration of a semi-annual of 50 cents a share payable Dec. 14. Directors feel the company's earning power and present financial position justifies the dividend action, states G. W. Hutchins, president, who adds that if future earnings and conditions warranted, the policy would be to add to such dividends by declaration of extras from time to time. Conversion to peacetime operations has been successfully completed. With labor conditions more stable in the basic steel industries, the outlook for continued profitable operations appears satisfactory.

B. K. G., Victoria, B.C.—The OSISKO LAKE MINES property has a most interesting location adjoining Noranda Mines on the east and south, but the shortage of manpower has delayed commencement of the proposed exploration drive from the 2,475-foot of Noranda Mines. It is hoped men will be available for this underground exploration this winter and intentions are to also carry on a deep diamond drilling campaign from the ice. Several shallow drill holes were put down last summer for geological information. The deep work is planned to follow up previous diamond drill indications of rhyolite rock considered favorable at around 2,500 feet. The company earlier this year increased its capital from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 shares and from the underwriting will receive $978,878 in cash, leaving 436,366 shares in the treasury.

P. N. G., Aurora, Ont.—Directors of GODFREY REALTY CORP. have authorized an interim disbursement of $46 per share out of the company's assets, reports V. H. Chislett, secretary. When all liabilities have been settled, a final distribution of assets will be made and shareholders will be notified to surrender their share certificates against payment of the final distribution, which is unlikely to exceed $1 per share.

The Stock Appraiser

By W. GRANT THOMSON

SUCCESSFUL investment depends on knowing two things:—(1) What to buy (or sell) (2) When to buy (or sell). The Stock Appraiser—a study of Canadian stock habits—answers the first question.

All active and well distributed stocks (with a few minor exceptions) advance or decline with the Averages. The better grade investment stocks do not normally move as fast as the averages, while on the other hand the very speculative issues have a relative velocity more than twice or three times as great.

The STOCK APPRAISER divides stocks into three Groups according to their normal velocity in relation to the Averages.

The Factors affecting the longer term movements of a company's shares are ascertained from a study of their normal habits. Predominant Factors are shown as:

GROUP "A"—Investment Stocks
GROUP "B"—Speculative Investments
GROUP "C"—Speculations

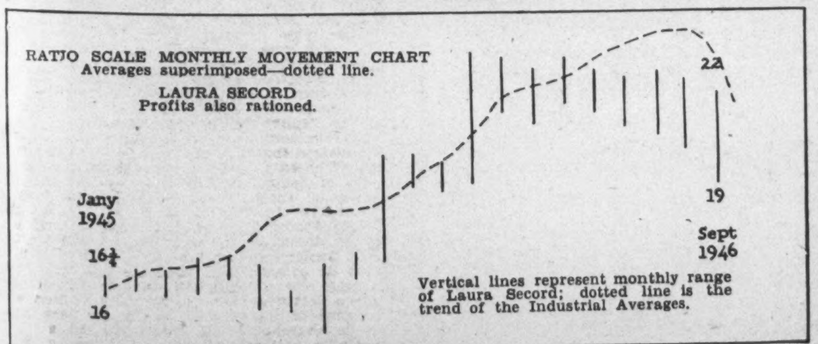
1. FAVORABLE
2. NEUTRAL or
3. UNATTRACTIVE

A stock rated Favorable or Neutral-Plus has considerably more attraction than those with a lower rating, but it is imperative that purchases be made, even of stocks with favorable ratings, with due regard to timing, because few stocks will go against the trend of the Averages.

The Investment Index is the average yield of all stocks expressed as a percentage of the yield of any stock, thus showing at a glance the relative investment value placed on it by the "bloodless verdict of the market-place."

Laura Secord Candy Shops Limited

				Averages		Laura Secord	
PRICE 27 Sept. 46	— $19.50						
YIELD	— 4.1%						
INVESTMENT INDEX	— 105	Last 1 month		Down	10.1%	Down	9.3%
GROUP	— "A"	Last 12 months		Up	12.7%	Up	16.4%
FACTORS	— Neutral	1942-1946	range	Up	160.0%	Up	255.6%
		1946	decline	Down	18.9%	Down	17.8%



SUMMARY: The comparison, shown above, of the movements of Laura Secord and the Industrial Averages shows how closely they move. This is particularly evident during the past month; during the past 12 months; and during the decline of this year. Laura Secord may therefore be satisfactorily classed as a Neutral stock.

But an advance of 10 points in the Investment Index during the past year merits attention. This is not an extraordinary movement but it is sufficient to suggest that the balance of opinion is slightly favorable to this stock.

Laura Secord has operated under a handicap of rationed supplies for a long time, and there does not appear to be any immediate change for the better. But if profits can be made by selling half-pound boxes of candy during limited hours, is it too much to expect better earnings when sugar eventually comes off the rationed list?

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We offer as principals the new issue of:

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4½% Cumulative Convertible Redeemable Preference Shares $100 par value

Price: $100 to yield 4.50%

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—Earnings for the period November 1st, 1940 to August 10th, 1946, averaged 2.69 times Preference dividend and for 1946 fiscal year estimated 4 times.

—Convertible into 4 Common Shares to 1951 and into 3 Common Shares to 1956.

—Sinking Fund for Preference Shares commencing 1952.

A Prospectus will be gladly furnished upon request.

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MRS. W. PICKERING

Attending the annual convention of the "Women's Quarter Million Dollar Round Table" of the National Association of Life Underwriters in Cleveland recently, Mrs. Winnifred Pickering had the distinction of being the leading Canadian member. The group is composed of the top women insurance underwriters on this continent. Mrs. Pickering has been associated with Manager Graham A. Walter's Toronto Osgoode Branch of the Canada Life for the past four years and has earned a reputation as an outstanding life insurance representative.

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We have prepared a complete and up-to-date analysis of this company.

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DIVIDEND NO. 26

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share for the quarter ending December 31st., 1946, has been declared on the Class "A" shares of the Company payable on the 2nd. day of January, 1947, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 13th day of December, 1946.

By order of the Board,

E. L. Patchet,
Treasurer.

Toronto, Ont.
October 30, 1946

POWER CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED

The Board of Directors has declared this day the following dividend.

No par value Common Stock

No. 28. Interim, 20c. per share, payable December 31st, 1946, to holders of record at the close of business November 22nd, 1946.

L. C. HASKELL,
Secretary.

Montreal, October 25th, 1946.

The Consumers' Gas Company of Toronto

NOTICE of ANNUAL MEETING

The **ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE SHAREHOLDERS** of The Consumers Gas Company of Toronto, to receive the report of the Directors, for the Election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may properly be transacted at the meeting, will be held in the Company's Board Room, 17 Toronto Street, Toronto, on **MONDAY the 18th DAY OF NOVEMBER**, at 12 o'clock noon.

By Order of the Board.

EDWARD J. TUCKER,
General Manager.

Toronto, October 9th, 1946.

News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page 43*)

correlate the intersections from former drilling, which over a length of 500 feet gave assays from 35 cents up to $500.50 across widths up to 4.9 feet.

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A private preview of a new motion picture "Northern Frontier," photographed by Associated Screen News, and forcibly bringing home the growth of the Yellowknife area in the Northwest Territories, was recently given for a gathering of newspapermen. The feature film which was sponsored by Giant Yellowknife, Frobisher Exploration, Salmita Northwest Mine, Discovery and Colomac, will be an eye-opener to most people who see it. It shows how airplanes and dog teams co-operate to reach into this wilderness and then follows through with some highly interesting scenes in the camp as the search for gold goes on.

•

An all-time record in the number of mining claims staked and filed with the mining recorders during the first nine months of the current year is reported by Ontario Department of Mines. Altogether 17,497 mining claims were recorded and this exceeds the previous high of 17,280 claims for the whole year of 1936. The Sudbury district continues the leader in stakings and September witnessed the filing of 954 claims beating the previous months high of 909 for that district. The Port Arthur-Kowkash district had 319 claims recorded and Red Lake, third position for September, with 170 recordings.

•

A timely presentation on the "Future of Northern Canada" has been prepared by John B. Harvey, of Brewis & White Limited, which the latter has published in an attractive booklet. It is a further contribution to those dealing with the increasing importance of the Canadian Northland, not only economically, but also from the standpoint of Canada's new strategic position at the crossroads of aerial traffic between three continents. Mr. Harvey presents a case for an elaborate and immediate construction program for transport and communication facilities in the north regardless of cost, as a consequence of which, he states, these territories would then become populated in co-ordination with an extensive program of immigration, so vital to Canada's future economy. Mr. Harvey warns that if the people of Canada do not give serious thought to these transcending questions, it may well be that in years to come, we shall wake up some morning and hear over the radio that Canada does not belong to us any longer. A complimentary copy of this booklet may be secured by writing Brewis & White, 200 Bay Street, Toronto.

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Crosscutting and drifting are now proceeding on two levels at the Cache Bay property of Obalski (1945) Limited, in the Chibougamau area of Quebec. The shaft has been sunk to a depth of 277 feet. An assay plant was recently moved to the property and diamond drilling is also in progress. J. R. Giroux, president and managing director, states that the Chibougamau road is proceeding faster this year and although handicapped at the beginning of the season by much rain, the road should reach Lake Chamachouan this fall, which, he says, would represent approximately 2/3 of the road to Obalski property completed.

This British "dustman" has found a pre-Boer-war alarm clock and an antique teapot in a London garbage can. These will be sold to dealers.

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INCOME TAX CHANGES WILL AFFECT EXEMPTIONS FOR CHILDREN IN 1947

All Taxpayers Should Take Family Allowances to Benefit

Finance Minister Ilsley, in his Budget Speech announced changes in the exemptions for children which affect the payment of Family Allowances and advised all income taxpayers, who are not now claiming Family Allowances for eligible children, to make application for them to commence in 1947.

This applies to taxpayers in all income groups and the changes will come January

In 1947, it will be assumed that all taxpayers, with eligible children, will be receiving Family Allowances. Therefore, in order to obtain the fullest benefit from exemptions and Family Allowances, those not now receiving Family Allowances should apply for them to commence in 1947.

Family Allowances registration forms are available at all Post Offices should be filled out and mailed Regional Director, Fami in the capi which th

IF YOU ARE an income taxpayer with children under 16 years of age, you are advised to register them now for Family Allowances, if you have not already done so.

In that way, taxpayers in all income groups can obtain the full benefit from Family Allowances and the exemption from taxable income of $100 for each child, as provided for in the Income Tax Amendment passed during the last session of Parliament.

These changes take effect on January 1st, 1947, and from that date on, the Income Tax Department assumes that all taxpayers with eligible children are receiving Family Allowances. However, you MUST REGISTER YOUR CHILDREN to get Family Allowances.

If you have not already done so, follow the instructions below and REGISTER your children NOW.

1. Family Allowances Registration forms are obtainable at your local post office.
2. Fill in the form according to directions. (If you have received Family Allowances previously, please state and give Family Allowances serial number).
3. Write on the face of the form: "Payment to Begin, January, 1947".
4. Mail it to the Regional Director, Family Allowances in the capital city of your Province.
5. DO IT NOW! Your children will be the losers if you do not register in time to start payment in January.

REGISTER NOW FOR
FAMILY ALLOWANCES
if you have not already done so

Published under the authority of
Hon. BROOKE CLAXTON, Minister, DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL HEALTH & WELFARE, OTTAWA

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